

# Kid Rock "Wcsr"

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## (feat. Snoop Dogg)

Kid Rock I got the sex rhymes  
Kid Rock I got the sex rhymes  
Kid Rock I got the sex rhymes  
All world class

Kid Rock Mother fucker yo I ain't no fag  
I fuck bitches dry I fuck em on the rag  
Tag their toes - check em off my list  
Hoes get fucked - They don't get kissed  
A simplistic pimp gettin much respect  
I'll fuck your mouth and leave your ass in debt  
Jet set the country on your world perks  
Just to show you how a real pimp works  
Remove your shirt - show me them titties  
I'll drive my dick right through your twin cites  
Around your bends over your curves and ass  
Park it in your mouth till I run out of gas

Snoop Dog I got the sex rhymes  
Snoop Dog I got the sex rhymes  
Snoop Dog I got the sex rhymes  
All world class

It ain't nothing like black pussy on my dick  
Word to your mama and your sister bitch  
I play hoes like a mother fucking football game  
I pull my dick out and you'll say it's good ya'll came  
Ya'll did ya'll thing - worked a nigga front to back  
In the Bill Clinton Presidential Cadillac  
We smoked a sack - the bitches couldn't handle that  
Blew out my brains and left no stain  
I can't complain shit it's all done with game  
I've fucked so many hoes I can't remember their name  
But it ain't about that - Bitch I really doubt that  
Just turn the lights out and put my dick where yo mouth  
at

Kid Rock I got the sex rhymes  
Kid Rock you got the sex rhymes  
Snoop I got the presidential sex rhymes

My nigga

I'm on a private jet out of JFK  
Sippin' the Beck's - And feeling A Okay  
Looked across the aisle and who did I see  
Bill motherfuckin' Clinton sittin' next to me  
We kicked it talked had a couple of laughs  
The stewardess walked up and asked us for our  
autographs  
I thought I was mackin' gave her two free shirts

Bill stuck five fingers up in her skirt  
So, I stuck five and that made ten  
Shit two roosters and only one hen  
Billy winked at me - It was all too sweet  
We tag teamed that freak at 30,000 feet

Yeah - 30,000 mother fuckin feet flying high  
Kid Rock Beeped Out?  
And we thought we do's it the most on the coast  
Shit we got the sex rhymes  
Hold it, hold it, hold it, hold it  
Let me see if you got some gangster shit homey  
Cause if you do, I'm gunna kick something for you  
A little something like this

Oh shit some gangster shit  
All I need is a gangster bitch  
If gangster shit is all I kick  
I fucked with a black brown or a white chick  
Bitch you can act like you ain't with the shit  
I'm here to strip a bitch and cold pimp a bit  
Lookin for love in all the wrong places  
Lookin for love - fuck love it's too racists  
Smokin it up in too many places  
Bustin a nut in too many bitches faces

Well I'm Kid Rock  
got pussy galore  
You might get a lot of pussy, I gets much more  
Got scores of whores and macks knows what's up  
You's a player  
Nope I'm a flat out slut  
Got what you came for - yes indeed  
Ecstasy and a sea of weed  
Got a seed to plant in your field of crap  
I'll wear a cowboy hat and be your farmer Jack  
You can hold my sack while I pack your bag  
You can rub my back while I tack a keg  
One leg on the dash and one on the floor  
I'll pop a cork in your ass and make you scream for

more  
Pissed off, pissed off

Money, hoes, tits and asses  
We got the goods and the bullshit passes  
We got whatever you need  
I got ecstasy  
I got pounds of weed

Money, hoes, tits and asses  
We got the goods and the bullshit passes  
We got whatever you need  
I got ecstasy  
I got pounds of weed

Let's do it  
Should we do it  
Can we do it

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