

Uncle Kracker

"Heaven Featuring Kid Rock and Paradime"

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Kracker]

If Heaven ain't alot like Detroit

I don't wanna go

If Heaven ain't alot like Detroit

I just a soon stay home

If they ain't got no Eight Mile

Like they do up in the D

Just send me to Hell or Salt Lake City

It would be about the same to me

It would be about the same to me

[Paradime]

Detroit city

From Aretha to Aaliyah

To Bob Segar to

Joe Louis n' his arena and now me

Paradime the mic of overachievers

Smokin sewer caps bottom feeders and parking meters

A bunch of bad dudes in the mad brew and tattoos

So think twice before you pass through

Or get clapped through whack crews get hurt

We can take you for a ride (ride)

Or take you for your shirt (shirt)

I did it in the Bronx, I did in in Queens

And you can see me do it, do it, down in New Orleans

Fat backs and greens

I'm the scene of amazement

You'll be picking all your teeth up from the fuckin
pavement

Is that Kracker with a C

No Kracker with a K

Kracker mother fucker all God damn day

You could take Gratiot south, but that's a real rough
route

You'll get found face down with your pockets hangin
out

[Kracker]

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[Kid Rock]

My name is...

My name is...

I'm going platinum

Back up in the mother fuckin saddle

You wanna battle Kid Rock bitch

Your up shit's creek without a paddle

I'm no tattle because I do not snitch

I lick clits n' drop cock n' twats that spit

I spit like hicks and make hit's for flom

And that's what you call droppin bombs

Got a bullet head dick with a thirty aught six

And from a thousand yards I'll hit ya right in the
lips...shit

Motherfucker's wanna talk about shining

Here's four fingers kiss my fuckin diamonds

I keep climbing, but these charts ain't shit

I'm a whinin, linin, rhymin, son of a bitch

I'm the son of shotguns unsung cry

And I'm the only MC that'll never die

Cause if it's real you'll feel it so check for the name

Or look for the dog with the fade in the chain

Yeeeeeeeeaaaaaahhhhhh

[Kracker]

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[Kracker]

Kracker's the name double X in size

And I resid on the side were the sun rise

See I'll never be touched because I'm outta reach

Call me Kracker just be fuckin up spots like bleach

Worst in my division I got bitches on the file

From the Mississippi River on back to Belle Isle

I got style, but it dosn't show

I got more love for Detroit then you'll ever know

I know cats that sling crack and cats that scrap

Cats that bust beer bottles over baseball caps

Cats that get drunk and like to spark up skull cats

They keep sawed off chillin up in the trunks

Whores an 44's, scoops n' blow Faygo bitch

We pound cans of Stroh's

We run the mitten from the river way up to the farms

That's why we get these fuckin D's tattooed on our
arms

[Kracker]

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