

## **Dante Alana**

### **"Is That You?"**

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Violent J, Violent J, is that you?  
I'm on the microphone, so what'cha wanna do?  
Violent J, Violent J, is that you?  
A wicked, wicked clown painted just for you  
I drink Faygo it's only a buck-ten  
I'm a pour it on your tits when we fucking  
Cuz I'm with that kinky shit, hoe  
I can see you butt-naked in your window  
Shimmy up the house side dash  
Now I'm gonna press my nuts on the glass  
Let me in, hoe, don't ya know  
I'm Violent J of the ICP, yo I got me a checklins cashing  
If I could spend it with the hoes I'm crashing  
But don't get all geek slut  
Cuz I'm a buy ya some lava to wash your butt  
What's this clown shit about?  
A knife to your neck and your throats hanging out  
With a do-me-ray  
Now it's about time I say

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?  
Yeah, let me tell ya what I wanna do  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you? Yo, Nate, Yo, Nate  
Woohoo!!!  
Frontin', they frontin', everybody's frontin'  
Violent Violent J is gonna tell ya something

If ya know a bitch who got grits  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock will probably eat that shit  
Boohoo motherfucker what'cha cry for  
I'm that nigga that your bitch would die for  
The whore showed up at my front door  
So I fucked her in the ass and I threw her out the back door  
The bitch thought it was a cake drive  
She said drive me to the city, so I dropped her off at lakeside  
You driving me home, well I meant ta  
But plans have changed so get your ass on the centaur  
Hoe, this ain't no taxi I be mackin' hoes, they don't mack me

Never slacking, hoes I be macking  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock Never slacking, hoes I be macking

Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit  
The funk, the funk from the old days  
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit  
The funk from the old days

Well, I'm up for the shot in a minute  
Show me a valley, I might yodek in it  
Like somebody else I know I been to Mount Plen  
as I've been to Romeomeomeo  
Wicked clowns gonna flow for ya son  
Three for the treble, eight for the drum  
Five for the homies that I run with  
Bitch call your mother cause you're done with  
Toe tip-toe, I snuck in your house  
And fell asleep butt-naked on the front couch  
So, excuse me, pops, I'm napping  
So could ya shut the fuck up with that yapping  
And your wife's all worked up for nothing  
She act like she ain't never seen a wang or something  
Cuz it really don't matter I'm a show my nuts to  
innocent bystander  
Every fucking day  
Cuz it's about time I say

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?  
Yeah, let me tell you what I wanna do  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?  
I just said it was motherfucker

Skinny dipping in the pool, you know I drown hoes  
Fuck them doggie style and play that ass like a bongo  
Hit it, hit hi-hit it  
Hitting homeruns and never wimp, ho  
Smoke my dick like it's a big spliff  
This ain't a blooper and I'm no joker  
But I can shoot a nut 50 foot like a super soaker  
But I won't pull it out for a cheap joke  
Instead I play John Holmes in a sequel to Deep Throat  
Taste the nut in your mouth, just to school ya  
But ho, don't let the smooth taste fool ya  
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya...

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