

## **Leo Reisman % Harold Arlen**

### **"Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp"**

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This is the true story about mackin  
Check it  
Times are changin'  
Talk about it  
More so each year,  
But the Early Mornin'  
Stoned Pimp is here  
So let it rain, and let the guitar rock  
And if ya here me yawn  
Just drop that top  
Come on  
Hey hey hey  
Well well well well  
Hey hey hey  
Well well well well

And I be catchin' them northern pike  
Like on a ten pound test  
Success, never fess, take a guess  
I be the early mornin' stoned pimp  
Straight limpi,  
Boone's Farm drinkin  
At the party big booty pinchin'  
Chillin, like a villian, balloon fillin  
Whack MC killin, the fine ho drillin  
With the million dollar talent  
And the ten cent brain,  
Been gone too long, too much cocaine,  
But now that I'm back, on the block  
I'm ready to rock  
Left to right, all night  
My game's tight, I wish you might  
Take a bite  
Out of this here toxic, melodic, neurotic product  
Fresh from the harvest  
Who'll be the largest, hardest smartest label in town  
Top Dog get down  
Radio won't play me, but still I got the kids around  
The world goin' Kid Rock crazy  
Wicked witches be flyin' on broomsticks  
Kid Rock be comin' with the boom boom boom biatch

I from the sticks biatch  
Straight from the RO  
"Kid Rock I ain't no bitch"  
Ah, yes you are ho  
So quit frontin' like ya don't know,  
When I step straight into the party with my homeboy  
Tino  
"What's up?"  
So get a good look bro  
Get a good gander  
I'm made in Detroit  
but my name aint Stanzler  
Spreadin' like a cancer, a virus  
While you're lookin' really gay like fuckin' Billy Ray  
Cyrus  
I'm the highest MC of all time  
Got my mind on the D  
And the D on my mind  
And the line gets drawn when my eyes can't see  
Hit me twice with the Tussin and the morphine IV  
I be, what they call an O-G bitch  
I'm the motherfuckin' Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp

Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Because the Detroit party don't stop y'all

Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Because the Kid Rock party don't stop y'all

Now I'm the self made mack on a mountain on Mars  
Got the money green cut it with the high roll clause  
A Lincoln Continental and a Grand Marquis  
Rag top, drop down, rollin' on chrome D's biatch  
The purple furs and the gold trim glasses  
I only bust the fat asses  
And I don't be givin a fuck who da hell can rap better  
than me  
Cause I'm a true fuckin' player and I mack like a real G  
H-I-J-K, L-M-N-O-P is for pimpin  
Early mornin' stoned pimpin  
I been down, been around  
>From the bottom to the top  
Partyin' down with the slimmies in the cities that I rock  
Ooh baby, baby, baby let me love ya  
Or if you wanna get your freak on, I'll just fuck ya  
With the Ooh, ahh, ooh, ooh, ooh ahhh, biatch, shit  
I'm the Early Morning Stoned Pimp

Hey hey hey  
Come on yo

Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Because the Detroit party don't stop y'all

Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Because the Kid Rock party don't stop y'all

I'm Joe C bitch  
Let me get them digits  
I might be a little small hoe  
But I aint no god damn midget  
So stick it up your ass where the sun don't shine  
I'm verticly challenged, your verticly blind  
I'm 3 foot 9, it's 10 foot long  
I'm gonna smack that ass after I pack this bong  
I can flow on like all night long  
Till the break of dawn  
Till the early morn  
I'm a thorn in your side  
Can you feel me stickin  
80 pills a day bitch, I aint bullshittin  
So groove baby groove baby call your momma  
I'm like Charlie Hooker girl

I got the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama

Ridin' around the neighborhood  
Me and Kid Rock were up to no good  
With the boogie drama  
With your leather miniskirt and we got some wine  
Playin' the radio ya look so fine  
With the boogie drama  
Well, Well, Well, baby  
With the boogie drama  
Let's get funky, that's my job  
Punchin' 9 to 5, 7 times, times 24, times 12  
Day in and day out  
Let's get funky  
Come on everybody  
With the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama

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