

Grandpa's Jam

Kid Rock

No I ain't your bro so don't call me brother
Cause hoes they know I'm one bad motherfucker
Team supreme, so fresh so clean
So pro you know, I'm like Mean Joe Greene
Pass the peas, hold the cheese
You could roll with Rock or you could swing on these
These, these, these nuts
Rocking all you bitches with the old school cuts
So please, please, please shut up
I got a lot of love but I'm all out of fucks
Rolling like the Doobie Brothers
Doing it my way, rocking down the highway
Rolling right through you suckers
Lame duck ass bitch ass broke motherfuckers

Slow down baby...

I'm a true blue blooded all American badass
I heard you're calling me white trash
Come and say it to my face bitch
And I fuck you in your ass quick with Taylor Swift's dick
They call me Nutty Professor
Staring down the barrel of an old Winchester
Another big buck down
So fuck lady up, I don't need her around
Wolf gang Puck, I ain't fucking around
Straight laying it down while you're punching the clown

Slow down baby...

Spring time, swing time
Shit I'm a little smarter than your average man
Moonshine, new time, red wine
I rock harder than your memaw's chair

They call me ridge reaper, the stone cold creeper
The pure hardcore thrift store antiquer
But I ain't really got a fuck to give
So I'm a do what I do and do it big, you dig
Hit you with the heavy so it's steady cause I'm ready
Yeah I ball like Betty so they call me the yeti
Don't dress preppy, ain't never been a Techy
But I got a lot of pennies like J Paul Getty
Don't take selfies, crash like Chelsea Handler
Kiss my ass and don't tempt me
Cause I ain't scared to spray back [?]
So motherfucker, don't be fucking with grandpa

Slow down baby...