

## Kick out the Jams

### American Nightmare

And right now...  
Right now...  
Right now, it's time to...  
Kick out the jams, motherfuckers!

Yeah! I, I, I, I, I'm gonna  
I'm gonna kick 'em out! Yeah!

Well, I feel pretty good  
And I guess that I could get crazy now, baby  
'Cause we all got in tune  
And when the dressing room got hazy now, baby

I know how you want it, child  
Hot, quick and tight  
The girls can't stand it  
When you're doin' it right

Let me up on the stand  
And let me kick out the jam  
Yes, kick out the jams  
I want to kick 'em out

Yes, I'm starting to sweat  
You know my shirt's all wet, what a feeling  
In the sound that abounds  
And resounds and rebounds off the ceiling

You gotta have it, baby  
You can't do without  
When you get that feeling  
You gotta sock 'em out

Put that mic in my hand  
And let me kick out the jam  
Yes! Kick out the jams  
I want to kick 'em out

Ah...oohhh...  
Yeah ha  
Alright....baby...  
Alright, alright, alright, alright, come on...  
Alright, alright, alright, yeah  
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

So you got to give it up  
You know you can't get enough, Miss McKenzie  
'Cause it gets in your brain  
It drives you insane with the frenzy

The wigglin' guitars, girl  
The crash of the drums  
Make you wanna keep-a-rockin'  
'Til morning comes

Let me be who I am  
And let me kick out the jam

Yes, kick out the jams  
I done kicked 'em out!