

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!