

I Wanna Go Back

Kid Rock

Cause I remember way back when
Got kicked out the crib and had a place to stay in the Clem
With some friends George and Jay
It was a funky fresh crew and I'd DJ
What a shock it was to be on the steps
Comin from a nice home now livin in the projects
No regrets cause I learned alot
And I earned alot in the parking lot
Doin dirt for the O.Gs slangin rock
They used to call me that little white kid
Who could rock on the two turntables
And that aint no fable
Watchin' Eddie Murphy instead of Clark Gable
My whole life style switched Hoss
Puttin in hours at the 76 car wash
But I could never wait for them weekends to come
Dum ditty dum ditty ditty dum dum
Boom, chick boom, the bass went
On turntables fuckin it up in Duke's basement
Groove time productions, we kept the jam jumpin
Open up your ears Im tryin to tell you somethin
And give some love back to those who loved me
206 Court street and my second mom Tracy
Little Keesha and Cole
My mellow blow, and my homegirl Flo
Rock round see, you could find me some
But I kept my tables in the crib when I wasnt in the club
Tom Rich and Mike Shafer used to give me rides
And buy me groceries when I didn't have no paper
And Im grateful for this
Sometimes I look back and it's these times I miss
Making demos on my old four track

Sometimes I cant help but think, I Wanna Go Back I Wanna Go Back [x2]

Got kicked out again for bein fly
Got invited to stay with Tony and Eli
An' they treated me like brothers
R-I-P to their cool ass mother
An my brother din dada
For the homies up here I still gotta lot of love
I wanna go back, way back
To change things and bring y'all back
Im pourin beer out for y'all
Im singin I saw the light from my cousin Paul
Life brings alot of tragedy
I look around at times and its so sad to see
A wasted life, or a broken home
But all I can do is take care of my own
I feel so alone like a stranger
But sometimes I express my love through my anger
And I lost alot of friends for this
Blackman, T-Bone, Ernest KDC, and Chris
And the rest of the Beast crew
I aint sayin that Im awe, but I still got love for you
Cause I remember how it used to be
Make way motherfuckers beast crew's in the party

To the right and to the left
Many black men and Funk Daddy Def Stef
Cause sometimes I feel blessed for sure
To a been a part of one of raps last great tours
Ice Cube, Too Short, D-Nice, yo yo
Kid Rock and it don't stop

I Wanna Go Back [x3]

I remember litte Robert, cause I stayed with him
I used ta go and see Campbell, when I need a trim
And when times got grim and I lost my way,
I used to get blown of with Reve
Bumpin' shoulders and slappin' hands
Willie Knight had a disco, right in his basement man
Them New Haven jams
Me and Blackman running crazy scams,
Not a black or white thing, a wrong or right thing
Just makin' that money, and pullin them honies
Spandex shorts and the halter tops
Slanging them rocks, runnin' from the cops
The only white kid walkin' round on the block,
Cruisin' in Amp's low ridin' ragtop
Go see Howard for what ya need
Underage buyin' forties and bags of weed
Late night liquor from Bubba Coles
People used to say, Rock you got soul
Had a studio budget from the cocaine loot
Chuck D and Murph were the original three
Now Richard D and Cracker are down with me
I got a studio record and a taste of fame
But when I roll throught the Clem it's all the same
Even though things change, you know I ain't forgot
Cause the love from the past gave birth to Kid Rock
But it's hard to go back to the things I knew
Cause ta me life a have now lives for two

Yeah, and that's where I'm at
I wanna go back [x3]

Let it ride, let it ride
way back, uh-huh