

Charleston City Paper

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VISITING ACT | Spinning Wheels

The Heritage Motorcycle Rally and Kid Rock kick up some dust

BY SHAWNTÉ SALABERT



Kid Rock

'Heritage Motorcycle Rally 2006'

w/ Kid Rock & The Twisted Brown Trucker Band

Sat. April 8

9 p.m.

\$25 (\$15 adv.)

Exchange Park

9850 Hwy. 78, Ladson

www.heritagemotorcyclerrally.com

"My Road Diary" by Kid Rock

You know, Diary, sometimes I look at myself and think, "Man, you're a lucky motherfucker!" I put out Devil Without a Cause in 1998 and thought I might get some ass, maybe get some songs on the radio, and then that shit blew up! That's right; eight years later, and people can't get enough of the American Badass. And even if they don't really like me, they're still fascinated by either my longevity or my mystifying way with the ladies ... I'm

not sure which.

So anyway, Diary, I have this new live album, Live Trucker. Get it? Like my badass, speed-metal lovin', cornbread-eatin' backing group, The Twisted Brown Trucker Band? Yeah, that's what I thought, sucka, Detroit's Favorite Son is showing up in your 'hood with a bottle of whiskey and shoving all of his favorite live country-rap-rock picks right down your dollar-lined consumerist throats! Whoooo! And what better way to celebrate my first live album than to tour the badasssss U-S-of-A!!! Just like I told that reporter in Boston, "The road for me is like Disneyland on wheels." Disneyland with a lot of fake tits and Jim Beam.

Oh yeah, speaking of the ladies ... Scott Stapp better watch it. Just because I ended up being videotaped working my XXX game with a bunch of group ... uh ... female admirers, and just because that Creed asshole was also in the video ... well, that don't mean I want that shit all up in the news. Wait ... I better talk to my manager about this one -- what's that saying about any publicity being good publicity?

Oh yeah, back to my music. Did I tell you this tour shit was badasssss? I know I psyched you all out when I did that nice "Picture" song with Sheryl Crow.

You know when you heard that "Picture" shit on the radio, you were like, "That's Kid? The Pimp of the Nation? 'Cause he kinda sounded like that Uncle Kracker guy..." But naw, I'm returning to my roots. After I finish boozin' it up around this great land (America! Fuck yeah!) and signing boobies with a felt-tip, I'm gonna roll back up to Detroit and start recording my next rap-rock opus. Opus ... wasn't that a comic strip?

Love, Kid

Disclaimer: The above is totally made up in the interest of mild humor and general information-presenting. We dare not imagine what a real Kid Rock diary entry might look like.