

I Am the Bullgod

Kid Rock

I am the bullgod...I am free
And I feed on all that is forsaken
I'm gonna get you
I see through you
I'm gonna get you

I'm like a train I roll hard lettin off much steam
In the Carhart flannel and dusty jeans baby
I never was cool with James Dean
But I be hanging tough with my man Jim Beam
I swing low like a chimp
Back in 86 man I was seein a shrink
But now I'm humble and I can only think
About New Orleans and those jumbo shrimp
So ask no questions and I'll tell no lies
I got big ole pupils and blood shot eyes
I'm on the brink if you know what I mean
And a twelve step program couldn't keep me clean
Cause I'm the bullgod you understand
The illegitimate son of man
The T-O-P to the D-O-G
Or the P-O-T to the G-O-D
And I'm trippin...Bitch
Said I'm trippin....Bitch

I am the bullgod...I am free
And I feed on all that is forsaken
I'm gonna get you
I see through you
I'm gonna get you

A lot of people poke fun and that's alright
But when I start pokin back they get all uptight...Huh
You can't cap with the master son
So sit your ass down before I blast ya one
Cause I'm so greasy you can call me mud
And I feel a little Hank runnin through my blood
I wanna flood the world with my twisted thoughts
You can bet all day but I can't be bought
Uh Break it up let's tie one on
I gotta get set to go and cut the lawn
So I grab my walkman but before I cut
I go behind the garage and fire it up
Cause I'm the bullgod you understand
The illegitimate son of man
The T-O-P to the D-O-G
Or the P-O-T to the G-O-D
And I'm trippin
Said I'm trippin

I am the bullgod...I am free
And I feed on all that is forsaken
I'm forsaken...yeah

You ain't nothing

Yeah yeah yeah

Come on get em up
Come on get em up
Come on get em up

I am the bullgod...I am free
And I feed on all that is forsaken
I am the bullgod...I am free
And I feed on all that is

I get a feeling of peace, from a low so high
As I sit in my chair and watch life go by
These thoughts I have can't mold to sense
Through the forest of my mind, they're all past tense
Born and raised in the outer lands
And at times you can say I'm outta hand
I'm in a band of gypsies, we're on the run
Everytime that paper hits my tongue
And sometimes it seems so odd
When my veins are popping and I'm on the nod
I am the bullgod you understand
And here in my head is my master plan

Uh I'm gonna get you
I see through you
I'm gonna get you
I see through you