

# Prodigal Son

Kid Rock

Cuz growin up I was never the logical one  
packed my shit and left home like the prodigal son  
with a bottle of jack and my shotgun strapped  
I went looking for fame and yo I've never been back  
filled with spite staying high as a kite  
I was dealin and stealin everything in sight  
pool hustling trying to make that green  
I've been ramblin and gamblin since the age of 13  
working like a bitch like a god damn tank  
some disagree because me rents had bank  
but all that's gold non't always glitter  
so I'll take another puff from my one hitter  
I'm a slave tot he trade I'm paid to rhyme  
blow all my cash on cheap women and wine  
cause money, money, money ain't shit to me  
but I gotta make a lot just to be free  
Please God Please I'll pay any cost  
If you'd just stop the world cause I wanna get off  
there's too much hardship there's too much pain  
there's too many motherfuckers tryin to get in my brain  
I've been to your mountains I've been to your seaside  
and everywhere I went somebody's wanted a free ride  
but parasites can't fake the Rock  
and any suckers that step in my way are getting shot  
cause I hold key to my own success  
and suckers that step shall be put to rest  
yes, I hold the key to my own success  
and suckers that step will catch a bullet in their chest,  
so pass the buddha the funky tie hooter  
and watch me rip because I'm such a slick shooter.  
not a generic dime a dozen M.C.  
never was in a posse never wanted to be  
now I've neen walkin the earth since the beginning of ti  
and won't leave till I've received that 7th sign  
all this talk their gonna drop the bomb,  
but life keeps going on and on and on and on  
the world's end don't worry me  
and I'm gonna get where I'm going just hurry me  
cause I'm in no rush and I can't stand rushin  
everything is slow motion like I'm trippin on tussin  
fussin with the girls they waste my time  
thrashin and bashin going out of my mind  
crucified by the critics everyday  
cause I ain't really got that much to say  
I'm a slave to the trade I'm paid to rhyme  
I don't wear a watch and i don't keep time  
I live my life just like the skipper  
but only at night because I'm a day tripper  
twitchin-shakin like corky shootin smack  
but still life goes on  
visions of red shoot through my head  
and I won't stop trippin till the day I'm dead.