

The Prodigal Son Returns

Kid Rock

P-P-P pass the boota, pass the boota
Cause i wanna get, P-P-P pass the boota
P-P-P pass the boota, cause i wanna get off
All the fuckers that are tryin to dis the Kid Rock
When it comes to rhymes i got a new Caddy
You can get shot, but first i'm gonna get hot
Cause you got about as much flavor as a fuckin rice patty
It lights the way ahh
Babe, ahh dont quit your day job
But on the mic i'm God
And workin hard for your moneys what i x'ed hoe
Cause i wont sell my soul for some wax dipped in cheap gold
Par 4 motherfucker whatcha gonna do
1 wood 7 iron and i'm on the green at 2
With 1 putt i lyin a birdy in the hole
So give it up hoe
I drive the show putt for dough
I get a lot of funny looks
I aint to fuckin crook
I aint stealin your music, my man

Your playin dummy with your pride
And all that jive your preachin, it's borin
And you cant tell me shit about a funny vibe
God saved my soul, you save the fuckin rain forest
And i'll meet you in hell
The prodigal son Kid Rock i rock well
(only time will tell)
Well it's been coast from the midway
And at first glance you wouldnt guess no
I even make my own homemade wine
Smokin grass and sniffin lines
Moonshine, Red wine, stir it up, drink it up
Cut it up, light it up, sniff it up, rock it up
Roll it up, light it up, toke down, pass around
Gimme a pipe and i just might smoke it
Object it, select it, clean it, protect it
Suck it in, tie it up, stick it and inject it
All night, that's right, pop it drop it

Set it on your tongue and then trip til you peak

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