

I Am the Bullgod

Kid Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 Carhartt flannel and the dusty jeans, baby
I never was cool with James Dean, but I be hangin' tough
With my man Jim Beam
I swing low like a chimp
Back in eighty-six, then 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 tell no lies
I got big old pupils and bloodshot eyes
I'm on the brink, if you know what I mean
And the 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' Unh, huh-huh, said I'm trippin' 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, uh
You can't cap with the master, son
So sit your ass down 'fore I blast you one
'Cause I'm so greasy you can call me mud
And I feel a little Hank running through my blood
I wanna flood the world with my twisted thoughts

You can bid 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'Huh, huh, said I'm trippin' (didn't you know?)I am the Bullgod
I am free
And I feed on all that is forsaken
(I'm forsaken)
Pshh, you ain't nothin'
(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 forsakenI get a feeling of peace from a low, slow high
As I sit in my chair and watch life go by
These thoughts I have, I can't mold the sense
Through the forest of my mind, they're all past tense
Born and raised in the outer lands
And at times you could say I'm out of hand
I'm in a band of gypsies, we're on the run
Every time that paper hits my tongue
And sometimes it seems so odd
When my veins are poppin' and I'm holdin' a nine
I am the Bullgod, you understand?
And here in my hand is my master plan, uhI'm gonna get you
I see through you
I'm gonna get you
I see through you

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