

# I Am the Bullgod

## Kid Rock

I am 'The Bullgod', I am free  
An' 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 an' 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 '86, man, I was seein' a shrink  
But now I'm humble an' I can only think  
About New Orleans an' those jumbo shrimp So ask no questions an' I'll tell no lies  
I got big ol' pupils an' blood shot eyes  
I'm on the brink, if you know what I mean  
An' 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 An' I'm trippin'  
Said, I'm trippin' I am 'The Bullgod', I am free  
An' I feed on all that is forsaken  
I'm gonna get you  
I see through you  
I'm gonna get you A lotta people poke fun an' that's alright  
But when I start pokin' back, they get all uptight  
You can't cap with the master, son  
So sit your ass down 'fore I blast ya one 'Cause I'm so greasy you can call me 'Mud'  
An' 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 Break it up, let's tie one on  
I gotta get set to go an' cut the lawn  
So I grab my Walkman but before I cut  
I go behind the garage an' 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 An' I'm trippin'  
Said, I'm trippin' I am 'The Bullgod', I am free  
An' I feed on all that is forsaken  
I'm forsaken, yeah 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  
An' I feed on all that is forsaken  
I am 'The Bullgod', I am free  
An' I feed on all that is I get a feelin' of peace, from a low slow high  
As I sit in my chair an' watch life go by  
These thoughts I have, I can't mold to sense  
Through the forest of my mind, they're all past tense Born an' raised in the outer lands  
An' at times you can say I'm outta hand  
I'm in a band of gypsies, we're on the run  
Every time that paper hits my tongue An' sometimes it seems so odd  
When my veins are poppin' an' I'm on the nod  
I am 'The Bullgod', you understand  
An' here in my head is my master plan I'm gonna get you  
I see through you  
I'm gonna get you  
I see through you

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