

## Kid Loco

### "I Am The Bullgod"

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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 ol' pupils and blood shot eyes  
I'm on the brink if you know what I mean  
And a 12 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'  
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  
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 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 got 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'

(don't you know?)  
I am the bullgod...I am free...and I feed on all that is  
forsaken  
I'm forsaken yeah

You ain't nothing

I-i-i-i-i-i-i-i  
Yeah 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 læſ! 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

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