

Kid Loco

"Prodigal Son"

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'cause 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 my 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 to the 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

I'm here and I'm there
I'm Kid Rock bitch and I'm everywhere
I'm here and I'm there
I'm Kid Rock hoe and I'm everywhere

Many nights she comes to me
She feels me where I lay
I hope to God one day she'll see that my love is not that
way
She holds me in the morning time and never lets me go
I hope that one she'll see and she come in to my show
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 fade 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 willll 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

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Now I've been walkin the earth since the beginning of
time,
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,
And I kick more bass then John Paul Jones
Visions of red shoot through my head,
And I won't stop trippin till the day I'm dead

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