

Kid Rock

"I AM THE BULLGOD Album 'Devil Without A Cause'"

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CHORUS:

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 cutoff flannel and the dusty jeans, baby. I never was cool wit James Dean but I be hangin tough wit my man Jim Bean.

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 old pupils and bloodshot eyes.

I'm on the brink, if ya know what I mean. And a 12 step program couldn't keep me clean. Cuz I'm the bullgod, you understand? The illegitimate son of man.

The TOP to the DOG on the POT to the GOD.

And I'm trippin.....Uh....Huh-Huh....said I'm trippin.

CHORUS

A lot of people poke fun And that's all right. But when I start pokin back

they get all uptight - HuH!

You can't cap with the master, son...so sit your ass down before I blast ya one.

Cuz I'm so greasy you could call me mud....And I feel a little hate running

through my blood. I wanna FUD the world with my twisted thoughts, You could

bet all day but I can't be bought - Ugh!

Break it up, let's tie one on....I gotta get set, then go and cut the lawn.

So I grab my walkman but before I cut, I go behind the garage and fire it up!

Cuz I'm the bullgod, you understand? The illegitimate
son of man. The TOP to
the DOG on the POT to the GOD.
And I'm trippin.....Huh-huh....said I'm trippin. And you
know.....

CHORUS

yea, yea, yea.....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 (yea, yea,
yea) on all that
is forsaken.

I get a feeling of peace from a low, slow high....As I sit
in my chair and
watch life go by. These thought I have, I can't mold a
sentence....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 everytime that paper hits my
tongue. And sometimes
it seems so odd when my veins are poppin and I'm on
the nod. I am the
bullgod, you understand? And here in my hand is my
master plan.....Ugh.

I'm gonna get you....I see through you.....I'm gonna get
you....I see
through you.

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