

Leo Reisman % Harold Arlen**"I am the Bullgod"**

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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 youuu)

Verse 1:

I'm like a train I roll hard lettin' off much steam
In the cut-off flanel 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 '86
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'

Chorus

Verse 2:

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 hate 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?)

Chorus

(Forsaken)

Psh...You ain't
nothin'...Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

(Come on get 'em up)
(Come on get 'em up)
(Come on get 'em up)

Chorus (2x)
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Yeah)

Verse 3:
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, 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 on the nod
I am the Bullgod, you understand?
And here in my hand 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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