

Kid Rock, Prodigal Son

'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 dealing and stealing
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
Don'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, ho and I'm everywhere

Many nights she comes to me and fills me where I lay
I hope to god one day she gonna see that love is not that way
She holds in that morning time and never lets me go
I hold on back one day she gonna see and come into 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 fake 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
Shall be put to rest
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 walking 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 don't 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 really ain't 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 get more bass
Then John Paul Jones

Visions of red shoot through my head
And I won't stop trippin
'til the day I'm dead

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

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Yeah...Yeah...Yeah on down
Hey...hey, hey...hey, hey, hey, hey
On down, on down, on down, down, down, down, down, down
Well, well, well, well
Hey heeeeeeeeeeyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
Yeah your fuckin with the Kid Rock honey
Get back on the streets and get my money
Money, money, money, money, money, money
Get my money
Yeah you fuckin with the Kid Rock baby
You can have my car if it will drive you crazy
Crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy

Yeah your fuckin with the Kid Rock honey
Get back on the streets and get my money
Yeah you fuckin with the Kid Rock baby
You can have my car if it will drive you crazy