

Prodigal Son

Kid Rock

Cuz 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 me 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 tot he 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
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
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
now I've neen walkin the earth since the beginning of ti
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 like corky shootin smack
but still life goes on
visions of red shoot through my head
and I won't stop trippin till the day I'm dead.