

## The Prodigal Son Returns

Kid Rock

P-P-P pass the boota, pass the boota  
Cause i wanna get, P-P-P pass the boota  
P-P-P pass the boota, cause i wanna get off  
All the fuckers that are tryin to dis the Kid Rock  
You can get shot, but first i'm gonna get hot  
When it comes to rhym's i got a new Caddy  
Cause you got about as much flavor as a fuckin rice patty  
Babe, ahh don't quit your day job  
It lights the way ahh  
But on the mic i'm God  
And workin hard for your moneys what i x'ed hoe  
Cause i wont sell my soul for some wax dipped in cheap gold  
Par 4 motherfucker whatcha gonna do  
1 wood 7 iron and i'm on the green at 2  
With 1 putt i lyin a birdy in the hole  
I drive the show putt for dough  
So give it up hoe  
I get a lot of funny looks  
I aint stealin your music, my man  
I aint to fuckin crook  
Your playin dummy with your pride  
And you cant tell me shit about a funny vibe  
And all that jive your preachin, it's borin  
God saved my soul, you save the fuckin rain forest  
And i'll meet you in hell  
The prodigal son Kid Rock i rock well  
(only time will tell)  
Well it's been coast from the midway  
Smokin grass and sniffin lines  
And at first glance you wouldnt guess no  
I even make my own homemade wine  
Moonshine, Red wine, stir it up, drink it up  
Roll it up, light it up, toke down, pass around  
Cut it up, light it up, sniff it up, rock it up  
Gimme a pipe and i just might smoke it  
Object it, sellect it, clean it, protect it  
Suck it in, tie it up, stick it and inject it  
All night, that's right, pop it drop it  
Set it on your tongue and then trip til you peak