

Waxed up, shining fat and clean
Double big shot pipes from hell
Air cleaner cover gleam
A vibe you can not buy or sell

The sparks ignite the oxygen and fuel blend
Gentle right-hand turn
Listen to the sound of thunder
Al 666 cubic inches burn

Fringes leather pistons throbbing
Mightt thunder now unleashed
The pipes begin to glow still I'm too slow
I thottle-up my beaast

I'm freeway mad I'm speedfreak glad
I smile against the wind I fly
A shooting star the road is far
I ride to live and I live to ride