

Gettin' It On

Corrosion of Conformity

Sixty feet out of reach
Hammer down every time
And we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Don't fuck with the stroker
It's 60 over
And I know that we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Power down in the hole
You was smokin' on the shoulder
Sucked you up like a leech
You're limpin' like a Duster

While we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, yeah

Like a D-class gasser
4-speed suicide
We was, yeah
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Dominatin' the modified
Force-fed power grind
And we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Power down in the hole
You was smokin' on the shoulder
Sucked you up like a leech
You're limpin' like a Duster

While we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on

[Incomprehensible] gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Gittin' it on, gittin' it on
(Got the heavies, got the, got the heavies)

Got the heavies, got the, got the heavies
Got the heavies, got the, got the heavies