

Mashin' on the Motorway

DJ Shadow

He just wanted us to call him Captain Da.
He said you can call me Da-da, whatever that meant.

Out of gas, still burning.

Hey there... who me? Just your friendly neighbourhood speed demon.

I'm out to Nascar in a fast car to the last car
'Til there ain't no cars left
Enough cars go by with enough dust flying around
To make you cry back down and choke half-near to death
I'm up here on your left.

Sorry about that.

See like you I push the bucket
I like to burn big
Like you I've gotta cut all the bullshit out of my life to live
So I tell them move over, this road ain't big enough for you
I'm flying like Knight Rider they're trying to keep up
With their grandma outside on the sidewalk, size
Maybe their steel belted radials expired
Maybe they're tired
Maybe their odometer needs to be rewired
Or something

Fucking asshole! - My bad.
Can you believe some of the drivers they let out here on the road?

See, when the whole things slows down
You're gonna find that clown who's gonna give you your scene
With the chance to take it... now!

Damn what the fuck're you doing motherfuckin' asshole! - Sorry!
Get off my lane you fucking fuck! - hey I got yours right here buddy!
Bite me!
Dude, what the fuck is your problem!
(Spanish shouts) Maldito hijo de puta! - Well get outta the way then!
Move! I'll...catch ya on the rebound!
Goddamn motherfucker, what the hell are you doing!

So much hostility...
Y'all just keep checking your rear windows
Maybe you'll catch me passing...
Mashed.

Cut em-cut-cut em-cut em-cut em-cut-cut em off
Cut em-cut-cut em-cut em-cut-cut-cut-cut em off
Cut-cut-cut-cut-cut em-cut em-cut em off in the crash