

Can't Beat It With A Stick

Jackyl

Riding down the road in a nickel black Cadillac
Reckon tomorrow, I don't want my money back
If I roll then I roll, yeah, I roll down the road
I rolled this far, don't need no high sale, no, no, no

Can't beat it with a stick
Bulletproof, three feet thick
When you got it down keep beating it
Can't beat it, can't beat it
And if you can then you beat it like this

I had a dream, woke up in a cold cold sweat
It was one of those dreams though
That you know, you'll never forget

Well, there was one, no two, no three, no four
Women in the kitchen whipping me up some food
Four women dressed to the hilt, dressed like prostitutes

Can't beat it with a stick
Bulletproof, three feet thick
When you got it down keep beating it
Can't beat it, can't beat it
And if you can then you beat it like this

Can't beat it with a stick
Bulletproof, three feet thick
When you got it down keep beating it
Can't beat it, can't beat it
And if you can then you beat it like this

Can't beat it with a stick
Bulletproof, three feet thick
When you got it down keep beating it
Can't beat it, can't beat it
And if you can then you beat it like this