

Greased Lightning

Less Than Jake

This car is automatic
It's systematic
It's hydromatic
Why can't it be grease lightning

We'll get some overhead lifters
And four barrel quads, oh yeah
(Keep talking, whoa keep talking)
A fuel injection cutoff and chrome plated rods, oh yeah

(I'll get the money I'll kill to get the money)
With a four speed on the floor we'll be waiting at the door
You know that ain't no shit we'll be getting lots of tit
In grease lightning
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile
(Grease lightning, go grease lightning)
Go grease lightning you're crashing through the heat lap trial
(Grease lightning, go grease lightning)
You are supreme the chicks'll cream for grease lightning
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

We got purple french tail lights
And thirty inch fins, oh yeah
A Palomino dashboard
And duel muffler twins, oh yeah

With pistol plated shocks, I can get off my rocks
You know I ain't bragging she's a real pussy wagon
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Lightning, lightning