

# 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  
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 lighting 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

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