

## Test Drive

Riff Raff

It's the tan Peter Pan, pecan sedan  
Butterscotch boss, butterscotch Vans  
Watch me spend them grands, watch me run up them bands  
Bright wristlet, left blank disc  
Reveal what she missed, pour a six in my Sunkist  
Now watch me pass the time, Rolex with lemon-lime  
Lemon pepper, lemon garlic table salt  
Drop the top smoking Lamborghini leg lock  
I made a hundred grand today, and it wasn't even payday  
Salmon serpent soup, now I'm Babe Ruth  
I used to hoop, with crushed jewels on my tooth

It feels good riding 'round like it's a test drive  
It feels good rolling up the weed to get high  
It feels good hanging out with the gang all night  
It feels good knowing that everything's all right  
It feels good, good, good  
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On Versace walkie-talkies, in the Oval Office  
Dust my shoes off like Dustin Hoffman  
Jumped off the Buick like Bon Jovi  
Codeine in my coffee, keep these haters off me  
Them grands I spend often, higher than a flying saucer  
Look who it is, the butterscotch Herschel Walker  
When it rained on Biscayne, codeine tears on window pane  
40 days 40 nights, wall clean, Oreo cream soda  
Syrup in my soda keeps the chip off my shoulder  
Every year I get older, my wrist get colder  
My chain keeps changing weather, it's bipolar  
JODY HIGHROLLER

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