

# White Trash Freaks

Rob Zombie

Calling all white trash freaks and a boogaloo doll  
White trash freaks and a boogaloo doll

She got a sweet face smile and a wicked grin  
Shot to her crib is an unborn twin  
Dressed in poly of the union jack  
Looking like a new world shark attack

She go, shake it baby, shake it baby  
C'mon, get on  
Get on, get on  
The broken bones and microphones  
C'mon, get on  
Get on, get on  
The broken bones and microphones

She ride a mean machine called sugar dog  
Roar across the winter christmas fog  
A honey sweet shotgun wind-up toy  
Cranking on the shift like a myrna loy

She go, shake it baby, shake it baby  
C'mon, get on  
Get on, get on  
The broken bones and microphones  
C'mon, get on  
Get on, get on  
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She's a war hung painting heading west  
Outlaw ringo across her breath  
Covering a nasty pitball scar  
Life ain't shit if you ain't a star

I said, life ain't shit if you ain't a staarr

C'mon, get on  
Get on, get on  
The broken bones and microphones  
C'mon, get on  
Get on, get on  
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doll.. doll.. doll.. doll..