

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..