

Rolling

Soul Coughing

I'm rolling. I've got to get a new balm. I've got to get a tight tension on. I've got to slip it up before the rush gets gone.

I've got to feel it with the hot mind on. I'm rolling. Hey Norman, was it thrown with a broken arm? Bottle it up, to keep it warm. I'm rolling. I know you got it but you got to go; I'm gonna get into the batter so the mix might glow. I hate to do it, but I did it though; I'm gonna bite into the body like the risk is no risk. I got the souped-up car and what you call tripping on the boom-bap etymological. I ride the fader and I ride it low; I'm gonna slip into the field like Han Solo. I'm rolling. One, two, into the amplifier, the electrified two, into the amplifier, and you got to get to, into the amplifier, one-two into the amplifier. I'm rolling.