

Shit Kicker

The Atomic Bitchwax

Man, I got a double super-buzz. Here I was huffing, uh, li-, uh, airplane glue in a sandwich bag. Ya know, just all I could I breathed it on into my lungs and gettin' high. And then I'd take me a hit of that gas. Right after I'd hit it, man, you talk about a warped mind, I got one. And lighter fluid, ya know, I'd sniff-hit by the can. I mean I was Superman.

Hey man you must be chokin'
High life, the chicks, and chain smokin'
Hey shitkicker, you're alright
Grass hits the scratch in the back of your throat
A piece of ass in the back and you go, yeah
Hey shitkicker, you're alright

Hey man you must be chokin'
A pack of reds and some herb your toking
Hey shitkicker, you're alright
Hey man you must be chokin'
High life, the chicks, and chain smokin'
Hey shitkicker, you're alright

Grass hits the scratch in the back of your throat
A piece of ass in the back and you go, yeah
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Hey man you must be chokin'
High life, the chicks, and chain smokin'
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