

## East Side Mags

## The Bouncing Souls

Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!

Through the park, past the dog run  
Smell of shit burning in the sun  
Watch the cab, dent his door  
Happy hours here let's pick up Jorge  
Lock 'em up, lock 'em up, lock 'em up  
Three cold beers, in a cup

Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!

Inside Coney something ain't right  
Too many people on a Friday night  
I can't see straight in the flashing lights  
But, I got a feeling there's gonna be a fight  
Pack it up, wrap it up, saddle up  
Full tank of liquor, in our guts

Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!

Drink em down, we gotta a ride  
Going out through the lower east side  
Day or night, mags on the run  
Looking for trouble, looking for fun  
BMX, we got suss  
When we ride, don't mess with us

Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!  
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!

Whoa  
Whoa  
Whoa  
We are the mags!