

Smoke Stack

The Lacs

Big black cloud
Comin' from the smoke stack
Big black cloud
Comin' from the smoke stack
Big black cloud
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Push the gas, haul ass
Make 'em, make 'em
All get back
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Cups in the sky
Everytime I ride by
All the girls wanna ride
Go on ahead, and climb inside
Black cloud, rollin' coal
Tearin' up them dirty roads
Yeah, I keep a dirty girl
But Lord, ain't she pretty though
Duck blind seats
Gun racks, and all that
54 inch nittos and the rims is all black
Yeah, the doggie's in the back
With them black tall stacks
If I ain't a redneck
Then what do ya call that

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Fire it up
Hot box
Snoop Dog this parkin' lot

So hard
Supercharged
Old folks gonna call the cops
Wear it out
Raise hell
Them good ol' boys say hell yeah
I'm cool with my rednecks
But I don't drive no fuel flex
Rollin' coal
And blowin' smoke
Them duramax and power stroke
Buddy, wanna ride that freight train
But you can't, this my show
You was gonna get ya girl and leave
But you can't now
She came 'round got lost up in the black cloud

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Yeah
Big chrome tips
Comin' out the side
I let it fly
When I'm at the red light
Big trucks, bad broads stay dancin'
Catcha with ya windows down, blow it in your sedan
I gotta truck jacked up
Call it blackberry smoke
And the wood on the console
Is white cherry oak
Twenty broads in the bed
But I can carry 'em though
Bumpin' David Allan Coe
Over my stereo

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