

My Woodie

The Trashmen

Well if you ever go down to where the big cars go
Well you can ask anybody cause they all know
That there's one wild woodie that's really mean
She's a roller cam huffer blown fuelie machine

She's big, big, she's bad, bad, my woodie

She's a full out scavenger with racin' slicks
And when I'm lightin' the skins I really get my kicks
Uh well she's chopped and a'channeled and she's stroked and bored
A big rubber daddy with a four on the floor

She's big, big, she's bad, bad, my woodie

A roller cam huffer blown fuelie machine
That really wails comin' out of the gate
I can hit second gear while you're still layin' rubber
And buddy by that time it's too late

So you better think twice cause your wastin' my time
When you come around messin' with that woodie of mine
Cause she'll walk right over those bennie soups
The Stingrays, Caddies and the little deuce coupes

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