Yeah, every crack in the vinyl
takes me back into time
to where my Catalina idled
Spent my last buck on the title
of my first car, my first love,
where I got my first rub
Where we did our first drugs
And the bikers and the vatos that I grew up with
Try to steal up my zapatos
Now they give me shit for never being home
for parties and the weekend trips
Well fuck it man
I'm comin' over man
I'll be there quick

You keep telling me to make it, yeah To the spot where we would stay lit A finished bottle's never wasted, yeah Cause that's where I'm from

I'm feeling like old school, mixtape
That's all I need
I'm killing that low ride Sunday
That's all I need
Everybody sing, "oooh oooh oooh"
There ain't no place I'd rather be
I'm talking bout right here, right now
That's all I need

Well this reminds me of a good time back in the day
Rolling through my neighborhood
Must've been a Sunday
Party with the Bad Seeds
pulling these rows singin' Scarlet Begonias
Cigarillos roll
The boxes in the back will make it sound so sweet
The dropped cadillac will make it bounce to the beat
I love the way it feels when the sun shines down on me

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I'm killing that low ride Sunday
That's all I need
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There ain't no place I'd rather be
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That's all I need
That's all I need
Everybody sing

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