

Jalopy Style

Citizen King

Well, there's a spit shine avalanche keepin' one way
Headin' toward the light bright alleyway
The beard blew off the dandelion face
And left a 24 karat button in its place
The chain steering wheel boomerangs from the junkyard
Hard rolling but rolling on the real hard turf
For what it's worth another dent for another tent
So I'm going down jalopy style if I'm going down
I roll the fur dice playing with the lowlife
I travel light I travel proud
And when I rock the box I rock the box loud

Bumping and rolling no stopping for red now
Wheeling and dealing just stretching the bread now
I'm hatchin' the gold mine spreading the fever
Take it all over jalopy style

Got the rumble seat bleach with the ruckus on ready
Givin' him the finger with a beep like Jerry
Takin' the trip hit bricks to the sticks on the macrame heyday
seven mile itch
The whitewalls hit the deck from bionic on the low-
fi jeep beat sonic turf
For what it's worth

I'm fixing this mix up
From bumper to beat
Just rollin' on just rollin' on
Kalaka my way down on nickel bag street
Just rollin' on