

# Mashin' on the Motorway

DJ Shadow

He just wanted us to call him Captain Da.  
He said you can call me Da-da, whatever that meant.

Out of gas, still burning.

Hey there... who me? Just your friendly neighbourhood speed demon.

I'm out to Nascar in a fast car to the last car  
'Til there ain't no cars left  
Enough cars go by with enough dust flying around  
To make you cry back down and choke half-near to death  
I'm up here on your left.

Sorry about that.

See like you I push the bucket  
I like to burn big  
Like you I've gotta cut all the bullshit out of my life to live  
So I tell them move over, this road ain't big enough for you  
I'm flying like Knight Rider they're trying to keep up  
With their grandma outside on the sidewalk, size  
Maybe their steel belted radials expired  
Maybe they're tired  
Maybe their odometer needs to be rewired  
Or something

Fucking asshole! - My bad.  
Can you believe some of the drivers they let out here on the road?

See, when the whole things slows down  
You're gonna find that clown who's gonna give you your scene  
With the chance to take it... now!

Damn what the fuck're you doing motherfuckin' asshole! - Sorry!  
Get off my lane you fucking fuck! - hey I got yours right here buddy!  
Bite me!  
Dude, what the fuck is your problem!  
(Spanish shouts) Maldito hijo de puta! - Well get outta the way then!  
Move! I'll...catch ya on the rebound!  
Goddamn motherfucker, what the hell are you doing!

So much hostility...  
Y'all just keep checking your rear windows  
Maybe you'll catch me passing...  
Mashed.

Cut em-cut-cut em-cut em-cut em-cut-cut em off  
Cut em-cut-cut em-cut em-cut-cut-cut-cut em off  
Cut-cut-cut-cut-cut em-cut em-cut em off in the crash