

Built for Speed

Lee Rocker

Here I come in my fifty-seven
She's a real low rider paint perfection
With a custom engine painted black with flames
Ain't nobody gonna call that hot rod tame
V eight engine with the fuel injection
Two eight three, that's my ounce of perfection
Get that rod out when it's very late
Haven't gotten' round to getting license plates

Well I'm cruising low and I'm cruising mean
Well I'm cruising slow in my street machine
You're my hot rod mama And you're really built for speed You're
built for speed baby

When I reach that final destination
I will drive a car and leave a compensation
With a little reeling and a lot of rockin'
You're my hot rod mama in your fishnet stockings

Well I'm cruising low and
I'm cruising mean Well
I'm cruising slow in my street machine
You're my hot rod mama
And you're really built for speed
You're built for speed
You're built for speed
You're built for speed