Superbee

Puffball

This devil is ready to explode on the strip.
It's worn out tyres won't get any grip.
Eyes staring out at the edge of the hood.
Driving a car has never felt so good.
Stripped from all nonsense and built to win.
When comfort is out, performance is in.

I PUMP THE GAS AS I TURN THE KEY
TO FIRE UP THE ENGINE IN MY BLACK SUPERBEE.

Pedal to the floor, hands on the wheel.
Got to shift gear but is too numb to feel.
Shaking from the tension and wet from the heat.
It feels like is being pushed through the seat.
Deaf from the Hemi in this late sixty-nine.
The essence of power and beauty combined.

SLICING THE STREET THE SOUND OF THE FREE
THE ROAR OF THE LUNGS IN MY BLACK SUPERBEE.

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!