

White Trash

Steriogram

Well it's saturday night
And you know what that means
Its time for laps that's right
Start to rev those machines
You may think we're crazy
Driving round and round
But you would be this proud
If your sounds were this loud
Well i got my Holden
And I'm ready for rolling
This car ain't stolen
I've been saving my dough man
You may think i'm crazy and my brain is thrashed
But you're only saying that 'cause you aint true white trash
'cause i'm white trash
Yeah i'm real white trash
If you wanna see white trash
I'll show you white trash
Do you know what i mean
Well i walked out of school at twelve
I couldn't handle those letters
So i started my career
Dont at my uncles car wreckers
You should see my new hairdo
I dyed it jet black
Oh well its short on top
And it's long in the back
Well i got my belt buckle
And i'm wearing it out
'cause i wanna show the ladies what i'm all about
Well my jeans come in all colors as long as its black
'cause i wanna show the world that i'm true white trash