

East Side Mags

The Bouncing Souls

Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!
Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!
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Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!

Through the park, past the dog run
Smell of shit burning in the sun
Watch the cab, dent his door
Happy hours here let's pick up Jorge
Lock 'em up, lock 'em up, lock 'em up
Three cold beers, in a cup

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Inside Coney something ain't right
Too many people on a Friday night
I can't see straight in the flashing lights
But, I got a feeling there's gonna be a fight
Pack it up, wrap it up, saddle up
Full tank of liquor, in our guts

Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!
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Drink em down, we gotta a ride
Going out through the lower east side
Day or night, mags on the run
Looking for trouble, looking for fun
BMX, we got suss
When we ride, don't mess with us

Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!
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Ride! Ride! Ride! Ride!

Whoa
Whoa
Whoa
We are the mags!