

Citizen King, Jalopy Style

there's a spit shine avalanche headin' one
way headed toward the light bright alley
face and left a 24 karat button in its place
way the beard blew off the dandelion
from the junkyard hard rolling but rolling
another dent for another tent so i'm going
the chain steering wheel boomerangs
on the real hard turf or for what it's worth
the fur dice playing with the lowlife i
travel light i travel proud and when i rock
down jalopy style if i'm going down i roll
the box i rock the box loud bumping and
rolling no stopping for red now wheeling
and dealing just stretching the bread now

i'm hatchin' the gold mine spreading the
fever take it all over jalopy style got the
ready givin' him the finger with a beep
rumble seat bleach with the ruckus on
like jerry takin' the trip hit bricks with the
sticks on the macrame heyday seven mile
itch the whitewalls hit the deck from
bionic on the low-fi jeep beat sonic turf
for what it's worth i'm fixing this mix up
from bumper to beat kalaka my way
down on nickel bag street just rollin' on