

Jacks Of All Trades, Traffic Jam

I spend my mornings in my car on the freeway
Driving down like a bullet on that highway
Making tricks with the freaks on my backseat
And the streets full of fire and gasoline
Don't you know how it goes for a man like me
I'm feeling free like a bird without a nest in a tree
So you know that life starts at hundred miles
And I won't stop rocking till my tank's ran dry

I found that sin that makes me spin
Around my selfishness
My body swings out of control
In this beautiful mess
The whirlwind blows from side to side
Makes me settle for less
This is the sin that makes me spin
Away from righteousness

I won't get stuck in a traffic jam
Oh man, don't you love the way she bangs
Hear the roar in my ear when I switch a bigger gear
No fear ' fire shooting out the rear
454, all American iron
go kitty go or don't you know which side on
nothing beats the feeling when I'm out with my friends
I got power underneath and I know it won't end