

John Travolta, Greased Lightning

Why this car is systematic

It's hydromatic

It's ultramatic

Why it's a grease lightning (Grease lightning)

We'll get some overhead lifters and four barrel quads

oh yeah

(Keep talking whoa keep talking)

Fuel injection cutoffs and chrome plated rods oh yeah

(I'll get the money, i'll kill to get the money)

With the four speed on the floor they'll be waiting at the door

You know that ain't no shit we'll be getting lots of tit

In Grease Lightning

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile

(Grease lightning go grease lightning)

Go grease lightning you're coasting through the heat lap trial

(Grease lightning go grease lightning)

You are supreme the chicks'll cream for grease lightning

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

We'll get some purple hued tailpipes and some thirty inch fins

oh yeah

We'll pound 'em in the dashboard and duel muffler twins

oh yeah

With new pistons, plugs and shocks I could get off my rocks

You know that I ain't bragging she's a real pussy wagon

Grease lightning

Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile

(Grease lightning go grease lightning)

Go grease lightning you're coasting through the heat lap trial

(Grease lightning go grease lightning)

You are supreme the chicks'll cream for grease lightning

Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile

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(Grease lightning go grease lightning)

You are supreme the chicks'll cream for grease lightning

Lightning, lightning, lightning

Lightning, lightning, lightning

Lightning