

Corrosion Of Conformity, Gittin' It On

Sixty feet out of reach, hammer down every time
And we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on
Don't fuck with the stroker, it's 60 over
And I know that we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Power down in the hole,
and you was smokin' on the shoulder
Sucked you up like a leech
and now you're limpin' like a Duster
While we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Like a D/Class gasser, 4-speed suicide
We was gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Dominatin' the modified, force-fed power grind
And we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on

Power down in the hole
and you was smokin' on the shoulder
Sucked you up like a leech
and now yo're limpin' like a Duster
While we was gittin' it on, gittin' it on..

Gittin' it on, Gittin' it on
Got the heavies, Got the heavies