

# Jackyl, Can't Beat It With A Stick

Riding down the road in a nickel black cadillac  
Reckon tomorrow I don't want my money back  
If I roll then I roll  
Yeah I roll down the road  
I rolled this far  
Don't need no high sale  
No no no!

(Chorus)  
Can't beat it with a stick  
Bulletproof, three feet thick  
When you got it down keep beating it  
Can't beat it  
Can't beat it  
And if you can then you beat it like this

I had a dream  
Woke up in a cold cold sweat  
It was one of those dreams though  
That you know you'll never forget  
Well there was one, no two, no three, no four  
Women in the kitchen whipping me up some food  
Four women dressed to the hilt  
Dressed like prostitutes

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

(Chorus)