

Jimmys Chicken Shack, School Bus

Hey Mr. Driver, turn up the radio
Shut up kid, get in your seat
Big, Yellow
Black stripes down the side
I ride you two times a day
Up and back
Black tires, they go spinning
To my grave
Everybody wants to
Get the back seat
Somebody up front says
Hey, what's that smell?
Whoo!
Stinky
That shit is stinky