

# Quincy Punx, Under My Wheels

I've got a customized hearse with razor edged fins  
A fifty-seven Cadillac that's blacker than sin  
It's got a four-fifty-four and spikes on the grill  
I've got a license to drive, I've got a license to kill  
Cruising down main street on a Saturday night  
See some small town muscle head out looking for a fight  
Screech around the corner by the local malt shop  
Take out all the hicks and a couple of jocks

Headlights pin you down with fear  
Screeching rubber's the last thing you'll hear  
Sudden impact's all you'll feel  
As you're crumpled under my wheels

Back in the city there's lots more prey  
And if looks like things are going my way  
See a big flock of yuppies at the art bar uptown  
Jump the curb on Lake Street and run 'em all down