

# Steriogram, White Trash

Well it's saturday night  
And you know what that means  
Its time for laps that's right  
Start to rev those machines  
You may think we're crazy  
Driving round and round  
But you would be this proud  
If your sounds were this loud  
Well i got my Holden  
And I'm ready for rolling  
This car ain't stolen  
I've been saving my dough man  
You may think i'm crazy and my brain is thrashed  
But you're only saying that 'cause you aint true white trash  
'cause i'm white trash  
Yeah i'm real white trash  
If you wanna see white trash  
I'll show you white trash  
Do you know what i mean  
Well i walked out of school at twelve  
I couldn't handle those letters  
So i started my career  
Dont at my uncles car wreckers  
You should see my new hairdo  
I dyed it jet black  
Oh well its short on top  
And it's long in the back  
Well i got my belt buckle  
And i'm wearing it out  
'cause i wanna show the ladies what i'm all about  
Well my jeans come in all colors as long as its black  
'cause i wanna show the world that i'm true white trash