

# Crank It Up!

## The Gone Jackals

Pipes comin nitrous as I distance my lair,  
No drunk bump s raggin can contain this affair.  
See, I m sweatin faster than the sky can absorb.  
My eyes are buggin like a cesspool frog.  
Crank it up! Lunch don t appeal once I m feeling the flow  
I ain t in the mood to break and spark up a bowl.  
The sun rakes the blacktop till she wriggles and smokes -  
If I don t stop soon, gonna burn my nose.  
Crank it up! Time s flyin by as I reel in the miles,  
My front end s shakin s put my speedo on trial.  
My pulse keeps a knockin past the redline zone,  
This white knuckle day s done rattled my bones.  
Crank it up!

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