

# Little Deuce Coupe

## Hollyridge Strings

Little deuce Coupe  
You don't know what I got  
Little deuce Coupe  
You don't know what I got  
Well I'm not braggin' babe so don't put me down  
But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town  
When something comes up to me he don't even try  
Cause if I had a set of wings man I know she could fly  
She's my little deuce coupe  
You don't know what I got  
(My little deuce coupe)  
(You don't know what I got)  
Just a little deuce coupe with a flat head mill  
But she'll walk a Thunderbird like (she's) it's standin' still  
She's ported and relieved and she's stroked and bored.  
She'll do a hundred and forty with the top end floored  
She's my little deuce coupe  
You don't know what I got  
(My little deuce coupe)  
(You don't know what I got)  
She's got a competition clutch with the four on the floor  
And she purrs like a kitten till the lake pipes roar  
And if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid  
There's one more thing, I got the pink slip daddy  
And comin' off the line when the light turns green  
Well she blows 'em outta the water like you never seen  
I get pushed out of shape and it's hard to steer  
When I get rubber in all four gears  
She's my little deuce coupe  
You don't know what I got  
(My little deuce coupe)  
(You don't know what I got)  
She's my little deuce coupe  
You don't know what I got  
(My little deuce coupe)  
(You don't know what I got)  
She's my little deuce coupe  
You don't know what I got

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