

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
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