Mustang Kids (feat. Baby E)

Zella Day

The mustang kids are out Rolling over hills and the roundabouts Black tar, tambourine Playing for the girls in the back seats The mustang kids are out Rolling over hills and the roundabouts White line, motor cade Sweeter than your baby faceSmall town gang got nothing to do We got guns, got drugs, got the sun and the moon We got big city plans but it always rains And the sheriff is a crook and knows me by nameI said momma was insane and daddy was a criminal I grew up in a trailer with a dream of fucking centerfolds Now I'm making money experimenting with chemicals The fact I'm still alive is why I still believe in miraclesThe mustang kids are out The mustang kids are outMustang kids are out Rolling over hills and the roundabouts Black tar, tambourine Playing for the girls in the back seats The mustang kids are out Rolling over hills and the roundabouts White line, motor cade Sweeter than your baby faceSmall town gang yeah we get so bored That I stole a shotgun and robbed a liquor store We're running these streets, we're the mustang kids Only doing what we want and don't take no shitI might seem wild but momma raised a gentleman In another life, no telling who I would have been Now you're a king or a boxer in a ring, But I'm just me so I sing The mustang kids are out [x6]I've been hearing all these things about you, Creepin' into all the things that I do, I've been hearing all these things about you About you, about youMustang kids are out Rolling over hills and the roundabouts Black tar, tambourine Playing for the girls in the back seats The mustang kids are out Rolling over hills and the roundabouts White line, motor cade

Sweeter than your baby face

Songwriters BARRY, ALEXANDER FRANCIS / GAGEL, WALLY / KERR, ZELLA DAY / LOWERY, ETHAN PHILIP / VASQUEZ, ALEXANDER CASTILLOPublished by Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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