

Key That Lincoln

Bottom Feeders

Ooh my boss has got a lincoln and it's long and low
I drive an 81 Chevy that can barely roll
Pays this old man to keep it shiny and nice
I think it'd look better with a couple of stripes

Well my boss has got a lincoln it's as black as his soul yeah
Hey the man can't rock but he sure do roll
Lives in a mansion way up on a hill
Hey I'm down in the gutter payin all of his bills

Yeah the man got it all, got the car got the cash
I'm here makin pennies gettin kicked in the ass
I take a little from him, they'd up and throw me in jail
He takes it all from me behind the wheel of a big, fine, fat, funky lincoln

Now I got a plan and it's clear to me
A keep me goin deep into the next century
Hey I won't live forever but I'm tellin ya son
I'm gonna give father time one hell of a run

When I'm old gettin ready to die
Grim Reaper better watch it and I'm tellin you why
I hear he's got a lincoln it's a site to see
But it'll need a coat of paint if he comes for me
In his big, fine, fat, funky lincoln

Key that lincoln, key that lincoln

Well his wife lives in L.A. and his girlfriend in France
He got a nasty little nanny in tight leather pants
He got a pile of money, the finest liquor for drink
He got a big fat gouge down the passenger side of his lincoln

Key that lincoln, Key that lincoln
Oh it's what I do
I said I want me a nasty little nanny too
Key that lincoln

Lyrics submitted by Eric.

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