

Police Truck (live)

Nailbomb

Tonight's the night that we got the truck
We're goin' downtown, gonna beat up drunks
Your turn to drive I'll bring the beer
It's the late, late shift no one to fear Ride, ride how we ride
Ride, low ride It's roundup time when the good whores meet
Gonna drag one screaming off the street And ride, ride how we ride Black uniform and a silver badge
Cops for real, playin' cops for pay Let's ride, low ride Pull down your dress here's the kick in the ass
Beat you blue 'til you shit in your pants
[incomprehensible] got a black stick
There's six of us, babe, so suck on my dick And ride, ride how we ride
Let's ride, low ride The left newspapers might whine a bit
But the guys at the station they don't give a shit
Dispatch calls, "Are you doin' something wicked?"
"No siree, Jack, we're just givin' tickets" As we ride, ride, how we ride
Ride, ride, how we ride Ride, ride, how we ride
Let's ride, low ride

Songwriters

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