

Mack Truck

John Rich

What's up, y'all? This is Kid Rock
Turn it up, turn that shit up
Hit me like a Mack Truck
Yeah, she hit me, yeah, she hit meShe hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack TruckI don't wanna beg but I think I'm gonna have to
Never laid my eyes on a girl so fine
Riding her pound on the disco saddle
Ripping that horn and blowing my mindShe hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack TruckHit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack TruckPlatinum spurs and a shredded up blue jeans
Drop down bonnet with a come on grin
Peterbilt mama with a peddle on the floorboard
Running me over again and againShe hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack TruckHit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack TruckHoo
Aw, play the fiddle, sonHit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack TruckHit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Yeah, she hit me like a Mack TruckHit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack TruckHit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack TruckMack Truck
Mack Truck

Mack Truck

Mack Truck Yeah, she hit me like a Mack Truck

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