

# Warlord

## Mr. Bout-It

When you see me comin' flying down the road

    You know I ain't afraid to lay it down

    Yea got me some leather. Leather is my skin

    Black'n'chrome flashin' through the town.

Some call me the WARLORD 'cause I'm a god-damn  
bad machine, young'n'hungry, not too proud'n'mean

    Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,

    Riding, riding, riding, ain't never growin' old.

    Take what I want and I go where I please

    Got the world right by the balls. This world ain't

    big enough to keep me down. Yea we're livin'

    in a sick world. The man on the T.V. said we

    got lotsa trouble overseas, well what the hell

    do I care? Think they care about me?

    Stop sending money send'em all a bomb.

    Ride, ride, ride, I'm the WARLORD of the road,

    Ridin', ridin', ridin', ain't never growin' old.

    Born to live in the fast lane on a chopped up

    Harley-D, smell that oil and high test gasoline.

    Never got a shortage of girls to share my seat.

    Well they all want to know what people say is true,

    You know, get a biker started 'n he'll drive all

    damn night. Well hold on honey 'cause this ride's

    for a ride.

    Ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, ride

    I'm the WARLORD of the road.

    Ridin', ridin', ridin', ain't never growin' old.

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