

# Partner in Crime

## The 440s

She's blast, she puts her feet up on the dash  
She gets off when I go too fast  
Driving like you stole it, lock and load it  
Go there for the kill,  
She goes down, goes down like a pill  
Dressed up like the Hollywood hills  
The cops are knocking, she ain't talking.  
My hands are tied.  
She keeps me going all night,  
She likes to get drunk and fight,  
I kinda like doing time, 'cause she's my partner in crime.  
We like a match paid in hell,  
We light it up, this hotel,  
They'll never take us alive, yeah, she's my partner in crime.  
She's smooth, one hundred and eighty proof  
She's smoking in her birthday suit  
She's got a six gun tattoo pointed at you.  
Put your hands up.

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Yeah, she's my partner in crime.

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