

# Pink Limousine

## Rootbeer

I'm in the  
I'm in the  
We in the  
We in the, Yeah  
We in the Don't push me I'm about to blow up  
I've had it up to here with all your mess and your junk  
I bit my tongue for too long Now I gotta speak up  
Get out my way, get out my way  
Lord help me Jesus Well I'm doin' 120  
Rollin' over mail boxes  
We don't got no radar  
So please tell me where the cop is I'm chillin' like a villain  
In my resort  
I'm bombin' the whole parkin' lot  
And spittin' on the fake toys Yeah I'm a rollercoaster  
Yeah I'm a rollercoaster  
Yeah I go up and down  
Side to Side and up the holster Yeah I go loopy loopy  
Yeah I go loopy loopy  
Yeah I go loco loco Insane  
Call me Gary Busey I'm in the pink limousine  
The pink, pink limousine  
I'm in the pink limousine  
The pink, pink limousine We in the pink limousine  
The pink, pink limousine  
We in the pink limousine  
The pink, pink limousine I got my white rims orga trims  
Up on my sides  
Plad shorts Phantom horse  
I'm ready to ride Gayla-paru-boota  
Printed all on my chest  
Oh glory hallelujah I am the cool  
Test Keep pushin' me  
Keep pushin' me  
You're gonna get mushed  
Got no time for silly jokes  
Fuckin with the fake looks I'm in the (pink limousine)  
Feelin' like Bill Murray  
In the flurry seein' blurry

And I'm in a hur-hurry Yeah I'm a rollercoaster  
Yeah I'm a rollercoaster  
Yeah I go up and down  
Side to Side and up the holster We in the Yeah I'm a rollercoaster  
Yeah I'm a rollercoaster  
Yeah I go up and down  
Side to Side and up the holster

Songwriters

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