

Rosco

All

Held up, waiting in line
All raped up, all rapped out
All raped up, becoming wiped out Where are we all going?
We're just blowing time
We're just blowing time I've got this fantasy
It's a fourth gear ecstasy
In held up situations like these I'd really like to be the king of all of me
Twenty-three, going on
Zero to one-fifty Ten foot golden mags
High-octane rocket fuel
I let my lady drive
So I can steer the tunes In just a couple seconds
We'll be breathin' G's
Nugent's cranked to ten
Come on and breathe the breeze Cut off that white Miata
Roll over that Toyota Corolla
This is the righteous release Now we're really gaining speed
There's been a chain reaction
All the other cooped up slaves are following me Destroy that a.m., p.m.
Get all the cops where we can see 'em
It's time for it all to come down In just a couple seconds
We'll be breathin' G's
Nugent's cranked to ten
Come on and breathe the breeze Join us for fresh air Where are we all going?

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