Greased Lightning

Only Entertainment

[Ryder:]
Why this car is automatic
It's systematic
It's hydromatic
Why it's grease lightning ([Sam:] Grease lightning)
We'll get some overhead lifters and some four barrel quads
oh yeah

[Sam:]
Keep talking whoa keep talking

[Ryder:]
A fuel injection cutoff and chrome plated rods oh yeah

[Sam:]
I'll get the money I'll kill to get the money

[Ryder:]
With a four speed on the floor they'll be waiting at the door
You know that ain't no crap we'll be getting lots of that
In Grease Lightning

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

[Ryder:]
Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Grease lightning go grease lightning

[Ryder:]
Go grease lightning you're coasting through the heat lap trial

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Grease lightning go grease lightning

[Ryder (New Direction Boys and Mike):]
You are supreme (Oh oh!) the chicks'll scream (Oh oh!) for grease lightning

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

[Ryder:]
We'll get some purple french tail lights and thirty inch fins
oh yeah
A Palomino dashboard and duel muffler twins
oh yeah
With new pistons, plugs, and shocks I can get off my rocks
You know that I ain't bragging she's a real honey wagon
Grease lightning

[Ryder:]
Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Grease lightning go grease lightning

[Ryder:]
Go grease lighting you're coasting through the heat lap trial

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Grease lightning go grease lightning

[Ryder (New Direction Boys and Mike):]
You are supreme (Oh oh!) the chicks'll scream (Oh oh!) for grease lightning

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

[Ryder:]
Go grease lightning you're burning up the quarter mile

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Grease lightning go grease lightning

[Ryder:]
Go grease lighting you're coasting through the hit lap trial

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]
Grease lightning go grease lightning

[Ryder (New Direction Boys and Mike):]
You are supreme (Oh oh!) the chicks'll scream (Oh oh!) for grease lightning

[New Direction Boys and Mike:]

Lightning, lightning, lightning
Lightning, lightning, lightning
Lightning

[Ryder:]
Yeah!

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