

Car Full Of Stash

Gluecifer

I got a car full of stash and I want to sell it
I got some tickets and hash and now I want to sell it
You wanna take out the trash, you wanna go around and tell it
I got a car full of stash, now you can go to hell with it 'Cause I'm about to get myself home
I'm about to get on the plane
So come on over and see it
Just come on over and see it We want to take your gold
We want to take your gold
Move right in and steal the mold
We want to take your gold I got some shit on a boat and I want to move it
A crate of guns and a goat and I want to move it
You wanna put on your hat yeah, you say, you need to prove it
You wanna see where it's at, I'm gonna tell you to prove it Well, I'm about to get on the plane
I'm about to do it We want to take your gold
We want to take your gold
Move right in and steal the mold
We want to take your gold And we're gonna get your soul
We're gonna get your soul
The weights are on the scale and they show
That we are here to get your soul I got a box at my house
And I want you to get it
You know that box at my house
Hey, I don't want you to fret it For I'll call 'em up in advance
I'll put the key around your neck
I'll be here doin' my dance
And you can pick a card You pick a card from the deck
Yeah, yeah, yeah We want to take your gold
We want to take your gold
Move right in and steal the mold
We want to take your gold And we're gonna get your soul
We're gonna get your soul
Get it in a move so bold
We're gonna get your soul

Songwriters

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