

Damn D.O.T.

Elmer Fudpucker

Well I topped that rock and I started on down
doin 75 head for my hometown
a-ridin broken springs in a tractor with one eye
3 days poppin them little white pills
got air leaks hiss in and a hummin wheels
cause I gotta get home to that purty woman a-mine
got a logbook aint been touched in days
a truckload a-beer and im overweight
passed them anteaters and all them peter cars
gonna see my woman in a couple hours
I might even stop and buy her some flowers
and take a break from all these freeway wars
I was listen to merle's latest hits
when I peer through the night
I saw its sign saying spot check
pull in please
I muttered to myself im a son of a bitch
I felt like putting my reg in a ditch
got a rough enough life why cant you assholes leave ol fudpucker alone
oh the D.O.T. you motherfuckers
why do you pick on truckers
tryna make a livin with each delivery
got kids to feed and my wife needs shoes
when I think im gonna win you make damn sure I lose
so go fuck yourself
damn D.O.T.
well I started lookin for a dark backroad
cause of my logbook and my overweight load
had to get around the scalehouse like I done before
well I couldnt find a place and I said this is it
ill figure somethin out cause I dont give a shit
so I pulled on in and stopped and a-opened my door
well the man came out with that chickenshit smile
said climb down boy stretch your legs for a while
then he went to checkin all around my rig
sure enough he found them broken springs, slick tires, and other things
he says (???) play it, D.O.T. Mr. Pig
he says wheres your logbook, I said in the truck
he says go get it I said well fuck

I knew he had nailed my balls to the tree this time
he looked at a book and laughed like hell
said you better come in and set us bail
cause it looks like tonight son, your ass is mine
oh the D.O.T. you motherfuckers
why do you pick on truckers
tryna make a livin with each delivery
got kids to feed and my wife needs shoes
when I think im gonna win you make damn sure I lose
so go fuck yourself
damn D.O.T.
he got out his pencil he was bein like a possum
I could see his mean streak startin to blossom and the bread in my jeans
I knew that fucker would take it all
he said you owe me 800
I said I only got 6
he said im sorry boy but youre in a fix
he smiled and said payphones over there on the wall
well I called for help but I couldnt get through
and I thought to myself what in the hell will I do
and I thought about my little woman waiting for me in bed
now theres gotta be a way I can settle this fine and get on home
to that baby of mine but looks like im gonna get fucked
right here instead
he said now boy
really im a nice guy
and we can get along if you'll only try
then he came around the counter and walked right up in my face
he said there is a way you can fix this fine
so I asked him what he had in mind
he said we can talk about it later
over at his place
oh the D.O.T. you motherfuckers
why do you pick on truckers
tryna make a livin with each delivery
got kids to feed and my wife needs shoes
when I think im gonna win you make damn sure I lose
so go fuck yourself
damn D.O.T.
he said ill be off here in just a little bit
then I thought to myself
now aint this some shit
then he took his hand and reached around and fell to my ass
I said what kinda crock of shit is this
then that fucker tried to gimme a kiss

like I was a worm and he was a horny bass
I jump back and yell you motherfucker
move your hand or you stopped your last trucker
he moved his hand and said
you dont have to be so mean
I said listen you fucked up human turd
Im on the CB and im spreading the word
soon the worlds gonna know that youre a freeway queen
he said gee wizz dont get carried away
I was just tryna help so you wouldnt have to pay
I walked to the door and said stick this fine up your ass instead
I thought now the D.O.T. aint bad enough
making every truckers life so rough
now we gotta put up with a fuckin gay fag
oh the D.O.T. you motherfuckers
why do you pick on truckers
tryna make a livin with each delivery
my kids needs clothes and my wife needs shoes
when I think im gonna win you make damn sure I lose
so go fuck yourself
damn D.O.T.
go fuck yourself
damn D.O.T.

I aint a gonna piss in that bottle you motherfucker

Lyrics Submitted by Burtp

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