

Boogie Van

Fu Manchu

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Break, one nine, got your boots on
Gearjammer set, Boogie Van so far
How do you read me, three's and eight's high
Some kinda joyride, double nickel right by In here, everything I need, style, built for speed
Mother trucker runnin' low, four wheels overflow
Others passin' by, still movin' down the line
So says the written word, two down, now the third The greatest thing I've seen, do y'all know what I mean?
Meeting twenty was the plan, me and my Boogie Van
The Boogie Van, the Boogie Van, the Boogie Van Like most, Chevys coast to coast
People start to ride, dream machine burnin' wides
Layin' a furious yard, it smokes awful far
Highback chair is low, rollin' faster, off we go Tires roll flare to flare, custom shine everywhere
One-fifty, I don't care, halfway across the land, me and my Boogie Van
The Boogie Van, the Boogie Van, the Boogie Van Movin' on down the line, here we go one more time
Movin' on down the line, here we go one more time Break, one nine, got your boots on
Gearjammer set, Boogie Van so far
How do you read me, three's and eight's high
Some kinda joyride, double nickel right by

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