

Mashin' On the Motorway

DJ Shadow

He just wanted us to call him Captain Da
He said, "You can call me Da-da", whatever that meantHey there, who me? Just your friendly neighborhood
speed demonI'm out to Nascar in a fast car to the last car
'Til there ain't no cars left
Enough cars go by with enough dust flyin' around to make you cry
Back down and choke half-near to death, I'm going leftSorry about that, see like you I push the bucket
I like to burn big, like, I've gotta cut all the bullshit out of my life to live
So I tell them move over, this road ain't big enough for youI'm flying like Knight Rider, they're trying to keep
up
With their grandma outside, on the side
Maybe their steel belted radials expired, maybe they're tired
Maybe their odometer needs to be rewired or somethin'My bad
Can you believe some of the drivers, they let out here on the roadSee, whole things slows down, you're gonna
find that clown
Who's gonna give you your scene with the chance to take it nowSo much hostility, y'all just keep checking your
rear windows
Maybe you'll catch me passing, mashedCut 'em, cut 'em, cut 'em, cut 'em, cut 'em, cut 'em off
Cut 'em, cut 'em, c-c-cut 'em, cut 'em off, cut, cut
Cut 'em, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut 'em, cut, cut, cut 'em
Cut 'em off in crash

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