

## **Souls Bouncing**

### **"East Side Mags"**

Visit "[East Side Mags](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Ride! Ride! Ride!....

comin' out through the park

past the dog run smell of shit

burning in the sun

watch the cab dent his door

happy hour here let's pick up jorge

lock 'em up three cold beers in a cup

Inside Coney something ain't right

too many people on a friday night

i can't see straight in the flashing lights

i got a feeling there's gonna be a fight

wrap it up, pack it up saddle up

full tank of liquor in our guts

Drinkem down we gotta a ride

going through the lower east side

day or night mags on the run

looking for trouble

looking for fun

BMX we got suss

when we ride don't mess with us

