

Yattering

"State Farm"

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High & dried, tyre rubber starts burning
Fill her up now before the table starts turning
Souped up, jacked up, cracked up, stacked up
Louie's got the gear
And Charlie's got his back up
And don't it make you feel good?

Says she's a dirt box
You're like a cannibal
Somebody feeds her, sure ain't the State Farm
Who buys the tickets and who buys the clothes
Puts the liquor in her stomach and the powder up her
nose
Move. That's right
And don't it make you feel good?

Don't mind me honey
I'm just looking
Smelt your chicken
And I watched you cooking
Souped up, jacked up, cracked up, stacked up
You're a bad stain
And you need to be cleaned up

And don't it make you feel good?
And don't it make you feel good?

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