

## Yaz "State Farm"

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High and dried, tire 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

Go, no  
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, no  
And don't it make you feel good?

Get down, boy  
Get down, boy  
Get down, boy  
Get down

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

Go, no  
And don't it make you feel good?  
And don't it make you feel good?

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