

Don Johnson Big Band "Harlem Davidson"

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Let the dust settle, step on the pedal
See the sun set but I'm, never gonna settle
For less than three hundred miles an hour in the chest
Burn the track, this is only a test
I'm the leader of the pack
My is that..
Number one is no Mathias rap
Don't try this at home little brother
Been doing it for years tearing up the rubber
There's thunder on the race track, fire in the sky
Anticipation and sweat in your eye
We letting it fly now, get up from your seat
Pumping up adrenaline and feeling the heat
Back in the pits the girls celebrate
Who the man? Straight to the getaway van
Never made plans, hands where the game is
Hear the people scream tell them what my name is
Coconut grove, one hell of a heat
Late roam to a party down Melbourne Street
There's five lanes, five bad brothers
Gonna migrate on your highway
Runners of gaming, at nine AM to the pavement
I'm on the new town by noon
The road is the one room I've ever paid rent for
(line needs to be added) They play ez rock but i was set
for
The soul purpose to rock you damn ready
To keep the hand steady and speed if I gotta go
Fast to a blond Betty in the junction
In the back section the girls all celebrate
Who the man? Straight to the getaway van
Never made plans, hands where the game is
Hear the people scream, tell them what my name is
Chorus x 2
Charismatic Johnson blew the bar
One, two, three, four, get in the car
Charismatic Johnson blew the bar
One, two, three, four, get in the car
I'm in the front row, front seat, last call
Asphalt on goodyear would gear my fast fall
People equal name with fame and
Speed with greed, slow down in the fast lane

Rubber and flesh, another turn missed
Blowing a kiss, paramedics on the scene
Brown skin ladies and the champagne flowin'
Towns swing to the music and it feels like a dream
Here here to the race and the strong competition
Put the drinks on me, the wrong kind of mission
But it's never gonna stop me enjoying the thrill
Godspeed, car speed and kill
Back in the pits, the girls all celebrate
Who the man? Straight to the getaway van
Never made plans, hands where the game is
Hear the people scream, tell them what my name is
Chorus x 2
Flute solo: Anthem of Mayhem
Chorus x 2
It's getting louder than an earthquake, the fabulous
four
About to crack it, and hammer down as never before
My leather jacket feel the force of my two wheel
monster
T-bone? Never, the damage is constant
'Cause I'm front door to the Ginmill with a sponsor on
my lip
An ounce or more, I hit the floor and bounce her on my
hip
Announce a war, I tip the missus, roll away from the
cherry tops
Dirty side down in the rain, another heavy shock

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