

Boudewijn de groot

"East Side Mags"

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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 liquour 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

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