

## **Bouncing Souls "East Side Mags"**

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Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride

Through the park past the dog run  
Smell of shit burning in the sun  
Watch the cab dent his door  
Happy hour's here, let's pick up Jorge

Lock 'em up, lock 'em up, lock 'em up  
Three cold beers in a cup

Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride

Inside Coney something ain't right  
Too many people on a Friday night  
I can't see straight in the flashing lights  
But 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

Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride

Drink 'em 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

Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride  
Ride, ride, ride, ride

Ride, ride, ride, ride

We are the mags

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