

# Jackyl

## "Can't Beat It With A Stick"

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Riding down the road in a nickel black Cadillac  
Reckon tomorrow, I don't want my money back  
If I roll then I roll, yeah, I roll down the road  
I rolled this far, don't need no high sale, no, no, no

Can't beat it with a stick  
Bulletproof, three feet thick  
When you got it down keep beating it  
Can't beat it, can't beat it  
And if you can then you beat it like this

I had a dream, woke up in a cold cold sweat  
It was one of those dreams though  
That you know, you'll never forget

Well, there was one, no two, no three, no four  
Women in the kitchen whipping me up some food  
Four women dressed to the hilt, dressed like  
prostitutes

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