

John Rich "Mack Truck"

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What's up, y'all? This is Kid Rock
Turn it up, turn that shit up
Hit me like a Mack Truck
Yeah, she hit me, yeah, she hit me

She hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack Truck

I don't wanna beg but I think I'm gonna have to
Never laid my eyes on a girl so fine
Riding her pound on the disco saddle
Ripping that horn and blowing my mind

She hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack Truck

Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack Truck

Platinum spurs and a shredded up blue jeans
Drop down bonnet with a come on grin
[Incomprehensible] mama with a peddle on the
floorboard
Running me over again and again

She hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack Truck

Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack Truck

Hoo

Aw, play the fiddle, son

Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack Truck

Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Yeah, she hit me like a Mack Truck

Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack Truck

Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
Hit me like a Mack
She hit me like a Mack Truck

Mack Truck
Mack Truck
Mack Truck
Mack Truck

Yeah, she hit me like a Mack Truck

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