

Kool Keith "Diesel Truckin'"

Visit "[Diesel Truckin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. MC Dopestyle)

Yeah, headin across country
Ain't no stoppin

[Intro: Kool Keith]

Diesel truckin baby - poppin No-Doz for nights
Lookin out the tight skirts rollin up the turnpike
Rollin down the highway - tanks, food, gas
Look in your rearview, kid I'm up on yo' ass

[Kool Keith]

Diesel trucks with big engines, Caterpillar motors
Y'all move over, we honkin the horns behind your
Escalade
Bam-bam-bam-bammm! That's us
With one overload, behind your Range Rover, truck
stops
Last night we made the drops, air pressure on the
brakes
Fssssssssshew, one tank better than Jake
Y'all talk a lot of mouth, while we pulled up at the waffle
house
Interstate we movin forward, 18 gears the bridge ain't
closed
4008 Peterbilt, orange and gray long-nose, haulin
apples grade A
Swap trailers on payday
Your meat get delivered on tough beats
While y'all supposed to be movin on tough streets
Play it back baby, crank the pipes, I don't think they got
heat
(Breaker 1-9, this is Fat Mic)

[Chorus: Kool Keith]

Diesel truckin baby - poppin No-Doz for nights
Lookin out the tight skirts rollin up the turnpike
Rollin down the highway - I'm overweight, runnin late
Didn't stop at the scale, highway patrol on my tail
Diesel truckin baby - poppin No-Doz for nights
Lookin out the tight skirts rollin up the turnpike
Rollin down the highway - tanks, food, gas

Look in your rearview, kid I'm up on yo' ass

[MC Dopestyle - *best guess*]

Diesel monster truck rollin, huh, burgundy
Surly more deadly and ready for roadkill melee
I shear, runnin over deers and queers
Niggaz, way back, suck cheers and beer, last chance
for fear
Hey - HELLLLOHH, little kiddie
Pink bows in your hair and ahh, you're lookin - pretty
What I really look like, I leave no one else
No mercy a killer, kiss my pinkie ring, come kiss it
Sit in fun seats, shiny skirts, big dice on the dash
Flamin all lost with David Lynch, highbeams flash
The cash in ya brastrap, is how much I spent on
hubcaps
Blew my 8, cylinder, right before, I split ya
Put a nice suck me suck me cut me orgasm champagne
Vibe bully pistol me kink throw me slit my throat shut
me out
It was out in my diesel truck, that I call Lil' Sally

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Man you're ready for Kansas, up here I'm rollin
21 gears behind a lady drivin a Volkswagen, I can't
stand this
Box weight, ox weight
I gotta be in Grand Rapids at a quarter to 8, not a
quarter too late
When I hit the clutch, everything shake
I don't know what route I'ma take
Hit Flying J's in the Great Lakes
Engine red hot, his coffee pot, two barrels of fuel on
each side
I laugh at the gas exit when you've gotta stop
Respect all the way up to the radars, check my rearview
Wave at weigh stations, it's all love for you
With sheriffs and cops, Detroit diesel engine you can't
stop
When the reindeer lock, everything stay 100 speed
limit
Watch the grill block
(Watch out out there, this is Fat Mic, up the road they
got a jackknife)

[Chorus]

