

## MURS

# "She Had A Nascar"

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Go race!

[Verse One]:

It's the National Association  
Of Stock Car Auto Racin'  
And it's so amazin'  
I got hooked on it from this girl I'm datin'  
Hick chick  
Thick as hell  
Met her at a bar down in A.T.L.  
I bought her a drink, she said, "I like the taste.  
But I can't talk to you until after the race."  
"If that's the case, then baby what's the deal?  
I don't understand NASCAR, what's the thrill?"  
She said, "What?! It's speed, power, passion."  
"To me it's just a bunch of white boys in traffic."  
She laughed and she said, "Shut up and watch.  
That's Jeff Gordan goin' for the number one spot.  
If the 48 car gonna win this race,  
Then me and you son, goin' back to your place."

[Chorus]:

She told me she drove a fast car  
She was flier than the chick at the last bar  
So she took me to my crib, it wasn't that far  
We fell asleep on my couch watchin' Nascar

[Verse Two]:

Let's go  
We talked all night till the break of dawn  
She said, "I might as well stay cause the race is on."  
I said, "That's cool. I'ma take me a nap.  
I ain't watchin' these fools do 500 laps."  
She said, "It's not that it's the number of miles.  
It goes by fast, just watch for awhile.  
The average speed is a 180."

I watched for awhile, "These white boys crazy?!"  
All up on the wall, smashin', turnin'  
Every half hour, crashin', burnin'  
I was learnin'  
She was teachin'

Rules, points, the different teams  
Hendrick, Penske, Childress, Roush  
First I didn't know what she was talkin' about  
Pretty soon, it started to connect  
But then I remembered I was tryin' to have sex

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]:

My pole position, her Busch series  
We did it from the back so she could see clearly  
I had to back of it, yellow flag caution  
Made a quick pit, green flag awesome  
Change rubbers, now I got grip  
Slow on them curves, huggin' them hips  
Didn't slip, I was in the groove  
She started runnin' hot so I made my move  
No long term, I go for the cup  
Full throttle, I opened her up  
Balls to the wall, redlining  
The last two laps is all about timin'  
Hold my place, stayed in the chase  
Right on pace, about to win this race  
Checker flag, now she's screamin' my name  
We watch recaps from victory lane

[Chorus]

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