

## **Puffball**

# **"Crackhouse Bonanza"**

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I came on too strong but I shine on the bike.  
A crackhouse bonanza you know what itç£— like.  
Pigs from the left and feds from the right.  
Free as foam, I cruise through the night.

Slick, strong and stoned the journey is on.  
All thoughts of that mess and cops they are gone.  
Peak of all peaks, an ultimate ride.  
Some kicks are good but this oneç£— bona fide.

CRACKHOUSE BONANZA IS LEFT BEHIND  
Iç£ ON THE ROAD WITH A FUCKED-UP MIND.

I rev up the engine, the stars are my guides.  
Havenç£~ seen people for too many miles.  
Forward to freedom or roll on to death.  
Tijuana here I come, lay up the meth.

Gliding so perfect, I control the zone.  
The roar in my head is setting the tone.  
Crossing the border with shark-like eyes.  
Iç£Ž out of fuel but it still feels nice.

CRACKHOUSE BONANZA IS LEFT BEHIND  
Iç£ ON THE ROAD WITH A FUCKED-UP MIND.  
BIG TROUBLE IN THE HOUSE OF CRACK.  
Iç£ ON THE ROAD AND I WONç£ © GO BACK.

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