

Trashmen

"My Woodie"

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Well if you ever go down to where the big cars go

Well you can ask anybody cause they all know

That there's one wild woodie that's really mean

She's a roller cam huffer blown fuelie machine

She's big, big, she's bad, bad, my woodie

She's a full out scavenger with racin' slicks

And when I'm lightin' the skins I really get my kicks

Uh well she's chopped and a'channeled and she's
stroked and bored

A big rubber daddy with a four on the floor

She's big, big, she's bad, bad, my woodie

A roller cam huffer blown fuelie machine

That really wails comin' out of the gate

I can hit second gear while you're still layin' rubber

And buddy by that time it's too late

So you better think twice cause your wastin' my time

When you come around messin' with that woodie of
mine

Cause she'll walk right over those bennie soups

The Stingrays, Caddies and the little deuce coupes

She's big, big, bad, bad, my woodie

She's big, big, bad, bad, my woodie

She's big, big, bad, bad, my woodie

She's big, big, bad, bad, my woodie

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