

Earl Wayne "Nascar (feat. Linda Jo) (Parody Of Rockstar By Nickelback)"

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I must be out of my mind,
For just finding myself in.
Lines that seem to me to have no end,
Just to be a spectator,
When I can drive ever bit as good as them.

So what you want?

I want a Daytona trophy,
That sits on my shelf.
Right next to the brick,
That I won myself.
And not just because they rigged those races for me.

Tell me what you need.

I need to drink my beer,
Right from the can.
Cause when I crush it,
I feel just like a man.
And I like to impress those girls any way that I can.

You always do.

I want a trailer truck,
That hauls my car.
A sponsor big enough,
For a racing star.
And any old number at all would just fine with me.

So how you gonna get it?

Iâ€™m gonna trade this beer belly for a racing suit,
And a trophy big enough to be a good spittoon.

Cause I really just want to be a racing star,
Screaming round that track passing all those cars.
The girls come easy as the trophies I reap,
Oh how I wish those cars they had a back seat.
Well I show those slow fools how they should drive,
When I blow right past and I leave them behind.

The only time I pit is to change my snuff,
Look at myself in the mirror and let others catch up.

Well, hey - hey I want to drive a NASCAR,
hey - hey I want to drive a NASCAR,

I want to be great like Junior,
Without the hassles.
If you ain't trading paint,
You ain't racing you assholes.
Keep your racetrack rush hour cause I came here to
win. Yes I did.

That's how to do it.

Well you can keep your gold diggers,
Cause I don't need them.
Just a girl with two bouncing tickets to heaven,
And my name and number
Plastered on her t-shirt.

So how you gonna get me?

I'm gonna trade this beer belly for a racing suit,
And a trophy big enough to be a good spittoon.

Cause I really just want to be a racing star,
Screaming round that track passing all those cars.
The girls come easy as the trophies I reap,
Oh how I wish those cars they had a back seat.
Well I show those slow fools how they should drive,
When I blow right past and I leave them behind.
The only time I pit is to change my snuff,
Look at myself in the mirror and let others catch up.
And I sign autographs after the race,
Sell lots of merchandise and get choppered away.
I'll be the speed daddy all the girls do adore,
Just a hot rod lover that they're all begging for.
Well, hey - hey I want to drive a NASCAR.

I'm gonna drive that car as fast as I can,
Know all the trophy girls with their sprayed on tans.
You'd think I was hauling shine across the county line,
The way I'm driving and having just a good old time.

Well I really just want to be a racing star,
Screaming round that track passing all those cars.
The girls come easy cause the trophies I reap,
Oh how I wish those cars they had a back seat.
Well I show those slow fools how they should drive,

When I blow right past and I leave them behind.
The only time I pit is to change my snuff,
Look at myself in the mirror and let others catch up.
And I sign autographs after the race,
Sell lots of merchandise and get choppered away.
You know I am the speed daddy all the girls do adore,
Just a hot rod lover that they're all begging for yeah.

Oh I love driving NASCAR.

Yes, thank you God,
For NASCAR.

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