

Fake "Automatic"

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Take a minute to be worried now
I'm riding out my demon car
And I drive it where I want
Burn rubber on the sidewalk, honey
You don't like my kind
And my wheels that glide
Just a low life joy ride fucker
Speeding up the lanes like a two-bit manic whore

I know all the things you wish to be is all I've ever been

You don't see me
'Cause I've got the hidden angle
Got the hidden angle
Magnetic speeds, I never drift and I never miss
'Cause I've got the hidden angle
Got the hidden angle yeah

Ooh yeah!
And through this body of chrome
400 h.p. of attitude that spits out it's dirty disease
Like a white boy rock star mutherfucking thing
Your cars are sterilized
So safe and paralyzed
Mustangs and Pontiacs best suit the asphalt roads that
I own

Speeding through the town like a bullet from a gun
Always got them cop cars coming after me
Watch them getting smaller in the rear view from my
seat

You don't see me oh
'Cause I've got the hidden angle
Got the hidden angle
Magnetic speeds, I never drift and I never miss
'Cause I've got the hidden angle
Got the hidden angle

Ooh love the feel of my monster car!

It's just a rock star little thing
At every stop sign all I see is green
Got a crew and a lifestyle on the road
It's automatic man "We don't let go!"
Engine sound is like the feel of the best drug. Hit it!
We get blitzed up, fixed up, licked up
Once you get a taste of it, everybody can't stop

Oooh forget about it, forget about it

You don't see me oh
'Cause I've got the hidden angle
Got the hidden angle
Magnetic speeds, I never drift and I never miss
'Cause I've got the hidden angle
Got the hidden angle

You can't beat me 'cause you can't stop me
'65 Chevy's gonna be my chick and a '58 Caddy's like a
speedball trip
Can you hear me roaring?

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