

## Haystacks

### "Car Fulla White Boyz"

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(Intro)

It's time to step out on the scene  
Raise some hell.  
Drunk as a bicycle  
Can't you tell?  
Can't even see straight  
I'm cranked as hell  
Gone on that ga-green  
Can't you smell?  
Step out the backseat of a '78 Chevelle  
Club wasn't jumpin so we had to bail.

Fixen ta check out the next pot,  
My clicka's about to rec-shot.  
We don't dance we just bop,  
You run up, you get dropped.  
Parkin lot's crunk, thugs and the drug-pushers,  
Yea you know the steal-low, blunts in the sub-woofers.  
Car fulla' white boys, there's no doubt.  
Theres some shit go down, slim be the first one out.  
Locked up wit a fool three times his size,  
What you need on your team when it's time to ride. (Get  
'it)  
A buncha dirty white boys, that's not from the gangs,  
we gonna take yo ass to war, like Sadaam Hussein.

If you kick my ass, you got ta do it again,  
Everytime that you see me, till I finally win.  
And then, I'm kickin your ass, until I'm content,  
You gon' be walkin around for months wearing my  
finger prints.

I'm none of them goofy, white boys from the movies,  
Talk shit and have to shoot ya, (you hardcore?)  
Absolutely.  
Take it across your face wit the nick gold-plated,  
I think my jaw juss got dis-located by...

(Chorus)

It's on for tonight, boy,  
(Car fulla white boys)

All units, be on the lookout for...  
(Car fulla white boys)  
It's on for tonight, boy,  
(Car fulla white boys)  
(Sirens sound)  
(Car fulla white boys)  
It's on for tonight, boy,  
(Car fulla white boys)  
Dispatch, we got a visual on the...  
(Car fulla white boys)  
It's on for tonight, boy,  
(Car fulla white boys)  
(Sirens sound

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