

Gone Jackals, The "Crank It Up!"

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Pipes comin nitrous as I distance my lair,
No drunk bump s raggin can contain this affair.
See, I m sweatin faster than the sky can absorb.
My eyes are buggin like a cesspool frog.
Crank it up!

Lunch don t appeal once I m feeling the flow
I ain t in the mood to break and spark up a bowl.
The sun rakes the blacktop till she wriggles and
smokes -
If I don t stop soon, gonna burn my nose.

Crank it up!

Time s flyin by as I reel in the miles,
My front end s shakin s put my speedo on trial.
My pulse keeps a knockin past the redline zone,
This white knuckle day s done rattled my bones.
Crank it up!

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