

U.P.O. "Jaks"

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I aint goin to work today yea why not? 'cause I'd rather
work on breakin my own
Bones with some style ya know Go 45 M.P.H Go down
hill on a skate there's a Code
That ya better know and there's one style & it's to skate
We skate in packs our
Flag is Jaks there's always time to race only a fool has a
pool and keeps it
Full only a trader don't drain his pools (chorus) There i
am skatin' solo down
9th Ave. A couple bikers pull up up on me one on each
side they're wavin back
And forth they try to lock me in and here comes a bus
these scumbags want me
Dead i know they want my head A jak pulls up, pulls a
drumstick out of his
Pocket sticks it in the spokes, and the biker slams don't
laugh 'cause he was a jak
We gotta go

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