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Grease lightning lyrics youtube

Why, this car is automatic, it's systematic, it's hydromatic Why, it's a greased flash (Fat flash) We get some overhead jacks and about four barrel quads, oh yes (Keep talking, whoa, keep talking) Fuel injection cutoffs and chrome bars, oh yes (I'll get the money, I'll kill you to get the money) With four-speed on the floor, they'll wait at the door you know there's no shit, we'll have a lot of ticos in Tuk Lightning (Go , go) Go fat flash, you're burning up to a quarter of a mile (Fat flash, go fat flash) Go fat flash, you're sailing through the heat round trial (Fat flash, go fat flash) You're tallest, chicks'll cream for fat flash (Go, go, go, go) We'll get some purple fringed taillights and thirty inch fins, oh yes Palomino dashboard and duel silencer twins oh yes with the new pistons, stoppers and shocks I can get from my rocks You know I'm not bragging, she's a real car Fat flash (Go, go, go) Go fat flash, you're burning up to a quarter of a mile (Fat flash, Go fat flash) Go fat flash, you're sailing through the heat round trial (Fat flash, go fat flash) You're tallest, chick'll cream for fat flash (Go , go) Go fat flash, you're burning up to a quarter of a mile (Fat flash, go fat flash) Go fat flash, you're sailing through the heat of the test round (Fat flash, go fat flash) You're the tallest, chicks'll cream for fat flash, flash, lightning lightning, lightning, flashes Why is this car automatic It's systematic It's hydromatic Why is there a fat flash (Fat flash)We get some overhead jacks and about four barrel quads oh yes (Keep talking whoa keep talking) Fuel injection cutoff and chrome rods oh yes (I'll get the money I get money) With four speeds on the floor they will wait at the door You know no doubt we'll run in and out of Fat Lightning Go, go, go lubricate the flash that burns a quarter of a mile (Fat lightning go fat flash) Go fat flash you're sailing through the heat round the court You're the tallest chicks you'll scream at fat flash Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, gopurple french taillights and thirty inch fins oh yes palomino dashboard and duel silencer twins oh yes with new pistons, stoppers, and shocks I can get off my rocks You know I'm not bragging she's a real honey car Grease flash Go fat flash you're burning up to a quarter of a mile (Fat flash go fat flash) Go fat lighting you coast over heat round court You're the ultimate chicks'll scream at fat flash go fat You're burning up to a quarter of a mile (Fat flash go fat flash) Go fat lighting you're sailing through hit bike court You're the ultimate chicks'll scream at fat flash Lightning, lightning, lightning, lightning lightning