

# Trailer Park Pulp Fiction (feat. Ira Dean)

## Colt Ford

Low cut jeans, camel toe seams  
Baby didn't pass on the extra baked beans  
I lust you, you lust me  
It's redneck chemistry  
Got checks to bounce, got an ax to grind  
Got me on the bike, got you behind  
Buy your mom a BOB and your dad some tissues  
We got ideas and we got issuesWhoa oho  
Life's a real short party  
So let's turn it up, I'm gonna turn it up, I'm gonna burn, let's go  
Whoa oho  
Let's get some drama started  
Turn on the heat, turn up the friction  
Write a little bit of trailer park pulp fiction  
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Write a little bit of trailer park pulp fiction  
Jekyll and Hyde, Bonnie and Clyde  
Romeo and Juliet better run it high  
You got the look and you got the touch  
Got moves so hot make a prison guard blush  
Got no rules got no compunction  
A product of good down home dysfunction  
Straight off the farm, children of the corn  
Get totaled, here comes the stormWhoa oho  
Life's a real short party  
So let's turn it up, I'm gonna turn it up, I'm gonna burn, let's go  
Whoa oho  
Let's get some drama started  
Turn on the heat, turn up the friction  
Write a little bit of trailer park pulp fiction  
Write a little trailer park pulp fiction  
Write a little bit of trailer park pulp fiction  
We'll end up, in the sunset  
In our pink lawn chairs  
With plastic palm tress, a big screen TV  
On parole in the middle if nowhere  
Until we're thereWhoa oho  
Life's a real short party  
So let's turn it up, I'm gonna turn it up, I'm gonna burn, let's go  
Whoa oho  
Let's get some drama started  
Turn on the heat, turn up the friction

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>