

Gold Trans Am

Kesha

This song makes me wanna,
Have sex in my car, (ugh).Wham! Bam! Thank you, man!
Get inside my fuckin',
Gold Trans Am!
Wham! Bam! Thank you, man!
Get inside my fuckin',
Gold Trans Am!Pull over, sucker!
Now spread 'em,
Let me see what you're packin',
Inside that denim.
Pedal to the metal,
Lookin' straight amazin'.
I can't help all the hell,
That I'm raisin'! (Sorry)!Stoppin' traffic like,
An ambulance,
Try'na get my hands,
In your one-dollar pants.Hey, you, skinner,
(Hey)! T-Shirt tight,
Baby, need a ride? (Ow)!
I'm the captain,
Of this ship so,
Shut up and get inside.
(Get inside)!
Come on climb into,
My golden coffin, (c'mon)!
Love you till your seeing,
Stars and stripes, (get inside)!
Burning rubber on the,
Southern highway,
Gonna take you for a,
Freedom ride, (c'mon),
(Get inside)!Wham! Bam! Thank you, man!
Get inside my fuckin',
Gold Trans Am!
Wham! Bam! Thank you, man!
Get inside my fuckin',
Gold Trans Am!A sweet-ass mullet, (ugh),
Caught my eye, (yup)!
Now you got me jonesin'
For a moustache ride!Twenty bucks and a,
Switch blade knife.
American metal,

With a devil inside! Daisy Dukes showin',
Off my ass,
And when I walk past,
Give the boys whiplash! Hey, you, skinner,
(Hey)! T-Shirt tight,
Baby, need a ride?
(Yeah you do)!
I'm the captain,
Of this ship so,
Shut up and get inside.
(Get inside)! Come on climb into,
My golden coffin, (oh c'mon)!
Love you till your seeing,
Stars and stripes, (get inside)!
Burning rubber on the,
Southern highway, (highway, yeah),
Gonna take you,
For a freedom ride,
(Get inside)! (C'mon! Do it! Get inside)!
(Get inside)! Freedom ride! (Get inside)!
Come on climb into, (c'mon),
My golden coffin, (don't be scared)!
Love you till your seeing,
Stars and stripes, (c'mon, boy)!
Burning rubber on the, (woah)!
Southern highway,
(Southern highway)!
Gonna take you,
For a freedom ride,
(Get inside)!

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

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