

# Real Gone – Auta

I'm American made, Bud Light, Chevrolet  
My mama taught me wrong from right  
I was born in the south  
Sometimes I have a big mouth  
When I see something that I don't like  
I gotta say it  
We been driving this road  
For a mightily long time  
Payin' no mind to the signs  
Well this neighborhood's changed  
It's all been rearranged  
We left that change somewhere behind  
Slow down, you're gonna crash  
Baby you were screamin'  
It's a blast, blast, blast  
Look out babe you got your blinders on  
Everybody's lookin' for a way  
To get real gone, real gone  
There's a new cat in town  
He's got high paid friends  
Thinks he's gonna change history  
You think you know him so well  
Yeah you think he's so swell  
But he's just perpetuatin' prophecy  
Come on now  
Slow down, you're gonna crash  
Baby you were screamin'  
It's a blast, blast, blast  
Look out, you got your blinders on  
Everybody's lookin' for a way  
To get real gone  
Real gone  
Real gone  
Real gone  
SOLLO

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Well, you can say what you want  
But you can't say it 'round here  
Cause they'll catch  
You and give you a whippin'  
Well I believe I was right  
When I said you were wrong  
You didn't like the sound of that  
Now did ya?  
Slow down, you're gonna crash  
Baby you were screamin'  
It's a blast, blast, blast  
Look out, you got your blinders on  
Everybody's lookin' for a way  
To get real gone  
Well here I come, And I'm so not scared  
Got my pedal to the metal  
Got my hands in the air  
Well look out, you take your blinders off  
Everybody's lookin' for a way  
To get real gone, real gone  
Real gone  
Real gone  
Real gone



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych