The Lights flashing in your rearview mirror:
Song Lyrics

By Chris Szala

The szalaboom is about ready to blast
I've been accused of being too brash
But all I gotta do is flash that badge
And pop a .40 cal into your ass

You're writing checks that your body can't cash
I'm gonna burn your ass like cigarette ash
You think you're so cool doing that hash
But all you money and dreams will burn up in a flash

You don't do cocaine you only like the way it smells
With a nosebleed and shrunk nuts you'll be burning in hell
You had better pray all of your baseball cards sell
To keep your punkass out of a prison cell

Interlude:
Bitch, I know where you have been.
It's a small town; I'll be seeing you again...
And I'll bust your ass!!

Chorus: I'm the lights flashing in your rearview mirror
Nightstick swinging and brain superior
I'm gonna show you how you're inferior
I'm the lights flashing in your rearview mirror