

# Don Johnson Big Band, Harlem Davidson

Let the dust settle, step on the pedal  
See the sun set but I'm, never gonna settle  
For less than three hundred miles an hour in the chest  
Burn the track, this is only a test

I'm the leader of the pack  
My is that...  
Number one is no Mathias rap  
Don't try this at home little brother  
Been doing it for years tearing up the rubber

There's thunder on the race track, fire in the sky  
Anticipation and sweat in your eye  
We letting it fly now, get up from your seat  
Pumping up adrenaline and feeling the heat

Back in the pits the girls celebrate  
Who the man? Straight to the getaway van  
Never made plans, hands where the game is  
Hear the people scream tell them what my name is

Coconut grove, one hell of a heat  
Late roam to a party down Melbourne Street  
There's five lanes, five bad brothers  
Gonna migrate on your highway  
Runners of gaming, at nine AM to the pavement  
I'm on the new town by noon  
The road is the one room I've ever paid rent for

(line needs to be added)They play ez rock but I was set for

The soul purpose to rock you damn ready  
To keep the hand steady and speed if I gotta go  
Fast to a blond Betty in the junction

In the back section the girls all celebrate  
Who the man? Straight to the getaway van  
Never made plans, hands where the game is  
Hear the people scream, tell them what my name is

Chorus x 2  
Charismatic Johnson blew the bar  
One, two, three, four, get in the car  
Charismatic Johnson blew the bar  
One, two, three, four, get in the car

I'm in the front row, front seat, last call  
Asphalt on goodyear would gear my fast fall  
People equal name with fame and  
Speed with greed, slow down in the fast lane

Rubber and flesh, another turn missed  
Blowing a kiss, paramedics on the scene  
Brown skin ladies and the champagne flowin'  
Towns swing to the music and it feels like a dream

Here here to the race and the strong competition  
Put the drinks on me, the wrong kind of mission  
But it's never gonna stop me enjoying the thrill  
godspeed, car speed and kill

Back in the pits, the girls all celebrate  
Who the man? Straight to the getaway van  
Never made plans, hands where the game is

Hear the people scream, tell them what my name is

Chorus x 2

Flute solo: Anthem of Mayhem

Chorus x 2

It's getting louder than an earthquake, the fabulous four  
About to crack it, and hammer down as never before  
My leather jacket feel the force of my two wheel monster  
T-bone? Never, the damage is constant

'Cause I'm front door to the Ginmill with a sponsor on my lip  
An ounce or more, I hit the floor and bounce her on my hip  
Announce a war, I tip the missus, roll away from the cherry tops  
Dirty side down in the rain, another heavy shock