<u>VOLUME 5: ELECTRONIC CHUMP</u>

“COUNTRYCORE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“EGO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“FEELIN’ RECKLESS” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“WATCH OUT FOR TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“DOUBLE WIDE ROCKET” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“KISS KISS BANG BANG” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“KILLIN’ JIM MILLER” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“COWBOY DISCO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“SEBASTIAN’S THEME” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“ROLL THE DICE” by BUKOWSKI arranged by *FOREST CHUMP*

“COUNTRYCORE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Sittin’ on my tractor, eatin’ spaghetti
Got Bud Light ice down in my Yeti

John Deere rollin’, LA trollin’
Applebee's for dinner — that's where I'm going

You're a country pop, top 40 hit song
Droppin’ blue collar name brands all day long

Swapped your Maserati for an F-150
No clue about Hank, Strait, Haggard, or Willie

Droppin’ bars with more brands than the Dutton Ranch,
makin’ those Ivy League ad execs cream in their pants.

CountryCore
CountryCore

Cus’ your rodeo reppin’, two-steppin’ in the land of the free
red, white, and blue, sippin’ that whiskey and sweet tea

CountryCore
CountryCore

Rodeo Drive Walmart rollin’
In your cyber truck

I'm not hatin’ — just wonderin’
Where you get the pen to sign up

Cus’ I've done much more for much less
the dollar’s got my soul

I'm goin’ all in on all this
gonna give those dice a roll

“EGO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Knock, knock
It's your ego here
Thought you ought to know
That you’re a fake and a fraud
And everybody knows

Knock, knock
It's your ego again
One thing I want to add
Don't bother chasing
Those dreams that you have
Cause you're gonna fail and end up looking really fucking sad

E-E-E-go, go fuck yourself
E-E-E-go, go fuck yourself
E-E-E-go, I ain't got time for (mother fuckin’) your shit

Knock, knock
It's your ego here
One thing I want to say
I’m that voice of
Doubt in your head
Showin’ up everyday

Knock, knock
It's your ego again
Just consider this
There's no point pushin’
Tryin’ or grindin’ cuz
You ain’t gonna amount to shit

“FEELIN’ RECKLESS” by FOREST CHUMP

TEXAS
TNT
RECKLESS
Well I guess that’s me

Turn down life’s troubles
And pump up that bass
I’m about to get down like a rodeo clown
And I’m gonna need my space

I’m feelin’ reckless
Got that devil in my soul
Don’t give a damn my man
Cus’ I’m outta control

Turn it up loud, I’m redneck proud
Only came here to do two things
Kick a little ass and drink some beer
Cus’ I’m a one man wreckin’ machine

HOUSTON
HURRICANE
RECKLESS
Might as well be my middle name

A little more drinkin’
A little less thinkin’
GOOD TIMES
Are my philosophy of mind

“WATCH OUT FOR TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Stylish, fun, smart, and cool
You commanded rooms, went to those fancy $5 schools
Never seen anyone do the things you could do
I fell head over heels in love with you

Watch out for the ones who
Seem too good to be true
They'll steal your heart with their devious charm
And walk all over you

They'll say or do anything to get their way
Take your heart, leave you broke holdin’ a bag of lies
It's just their DNA

I lied for you, almost died for you
Raised your kids with my love, in spite of you
In return, you abused me and used me up
Pulled a Gone Girl, stole my money and left me fucked

So watch out for the ones
Who seem too good to be true
So watch out for the ones
Who seem too good to be true

“DOUBLE WIDE ROCKET” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Boogie Down H town, Deep Space Cowboy
Most wanted man in the galaxy
Flying through space in his double wide rocket
Giving zero F’s in zero G’s

Let her rip. All systems go
Okay, 3-2-1, blast off

5150 at the cowboy disco
Houston to base, yeah, we're losing control
5150 at the cowboy disco

Boogie Down H town, Deep Space Cowgirl
Most wanted gal in the galaxy
Flying through space in her double wide rocket
Giving zero F’s in zero G’s

31st century’s Bonnie and Clyde
Disco dancing, outlaw romancing through space
Life's ride’s short, so find your P-I-C
Turn down life's trebles and turn up that bass

“KISS KISS BANG BANG” *by FOREST CHUMP*

She makes coffee nervous
She's a con man on the go
Can sell water to a faucet
Ice to an Eskimo

She's hotter than a furnace
Making grown men nervous

She says kiss kiss bang bang

And she moves to the groove
Till she just can't stop

She says kiss kiss bang bang

She rolls like a boss
And she flexes like Rick Ross

And she's about to…set it off
She says kiss kiss bang bang
Kiss kiss bang bang

Kiss kiss and bang bang baby
She's the worst kind of wrong for you

Kiss kiss and bang bang baby
Better run when you see her come for you

This book's got some pretty covers
But you better make sure that you read it too

Cuz at the end of chapter one, you're gonna find out
That she's the worst kind of wrong for you

Drippin’ charm, cool & calm
Hips that just don’t quit
Can take the shirt right off your back
She’s got more game and slick than Rick

“KILLIN’ JIM MILLER” *by FOREST CHUMP*

His name was Jim Miller
He’s the Texas gunslinger
He’s the stone-cold killer
KILLIN’ JIM

A .45 in his hand
The devil's right-hand man
Better run while you can
KILLIN’ JIM

Killin' Jim Miller
The Texas gunslinger
He's a cold-blooded killer
From that Lone Star State
Don't you mess with Texas
And don't fuck with Jim

He's got death in his eyes
He’s the devil in disguise
It comes as no surprise
Jim's from Texas

“COWBOY DISCO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

B–B-Bass be pumpin’
D-D-Dance floor hoppin’
B-B-Beat ’bout to drop
D-D-Disco cowboy poppin’

COWBOY DISCO……..

Everybody, move to the groove
At the cowboy disco
Cowboy disco

Everybody, move to the groove
At the cowboy disco,
Cowboy disco.

Sweat be droppin
Belt buckles poppin’
Slingin’ rhythm, not makin’ a livin’

But still rhinestone rockin’

COWBOY DISCO……..

“SEBASTIAN’S THEME” *by FOREST CHUMP*

“ROLL THE DICE” by BUKOWSKI arranged by *FOREST CHUMP*

If you're gonna try, go all the way.
Otherwise don’t even start.
This could mean losing family and friends
Your mind, jail time, and derision till the end.
And despite rejection & worst odds
You’ll be alone, soul on fire, with the gods.

If you're gonna try, go all the way.
It’s the only good fight there is.
You’ll ride life straight, to perfect laughter
Follow your path like nothing else matters
Keep on grindin’ — climbin’ higher
And all those nights will flame with fire.