

## **VOLUME 5: ELECTRONIC CHUMP**

**“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.













