

Fun Lovin' Criminals, Passive/Aggressive

I'm a nicely zooted new car owner, and I'm somewhat convoluted
because I'm living in a coma
I render those useless who pinch off my trim,
Your light they are on but your lights they are dim
I got the bushmill shots, and cops that give me props
I got the Motts, Spike, I got the Motts.
Having fun with my gun, son, its always loaded and the FLC
is raw y'all not candy coated.

Cooling on the block
With my case of Rolling Rock
Thinking up the schemes to get ourselves the knot
cause you know we love to get down and party with the big boys
They asked me to be mayor, and if I had a choice
I love you people and my boys love you too,
So f**k the king of beers this ones for you.
So if grunts from stunts is what you want say, "ow"
the FLC with the mucho grande style

You know you can't boom with a bullshit system and you can't fix
a man when he's broke. You know you can't max if you don't pay
the tax and you can't wax the man if you choke.

You know the funk I drop is wild just like Aretha beltin',
My shit is going fast, so get your second helping,
My brain cells are dying, young women are crying,
but I keep on trying,
Like my man Jack Ryan.
You see my man is in my fae as if he has been drinking
They say that he needs space but I know what he is thinking
We have a common bond the fact we all get lifted
The rocks that hit our head have left us somewhat gifted
Its the Fun Lovin' Criminal out to represent
I know its tough being hard and politically correct
So if grunts from stunts is what you want say, "ow"
the FLC with the mucho grande style

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