

Bombin' the L

Fun Lovin' Criminals

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Bombin' the L, bombin' the L I used to more [Incomprehensible] than Pfizer Pharmaceuticals
Paid my way through college, still had residuals
I moved more wait than Arnold on steroids
Shot more punks, than rocks in asteroids
Caught more heat than Aruba in August
Never spilled the beans when the cops finally caught us
All my liquid assets are flowin' like a stream
And my fingers are faster than Yngwie Malmsteen Everybody round me makin' money
I see everybody round me makin' money
Why can't I?
Everybody round me makin' money
I see everybody now round me makin' money
Lord I can't change
Lord I can't change
Lord I can't change
Lord I can't change I get my macaroni salad from Dean and Deluca
And I top my red death with the white Zambuca
Stick up kid yeah, without no errors
I'm smashin' twelve hundreds on sucker rhyme sayers
Like Hendrix I freak you, like Tito I treat you
Bombin' tha L, I see you
You freak, coochie Frito
There's somethin' about her dress Lord, I can't change
Lord, I can't change
Lord, I can't change
Lord, I can't change
Lord, I can't change
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Lord, I can't change Bombin' the L, bombin' the L
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Bombin' the L, bombin' the L Lord, I can't change
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