Scooby Snacks

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{Everybody be cool, this is a robbery
Any of you fucking pricks move
And I'll execute every motherfucking last one of you}Me and Fast got the gats, we're out to rob a bank
We got Steve outside carrying a full pack
Now everything's cool and everything's smooth
(Hey that's smooth)I walked up to the teller, I gave her the letter
She gives me the loot with puckered up lips and a wink
That I found cute and I said, "Baby, baby, baby"
(Is this some kharmic-chi love thing happening here baby or what?)By that time Fast tapped me with the 9
He said it was time to blow, ya know
So out the door we go back to the ride with Steve inside
And alive and off we driveSee, I hurt my lower lumbar, you know we'll never get far
Riding around in a stolen police car
So we dropped it off and piled in a Caddy
Steve was driving because I had to talk to my man about something{Look, I don't know anything about any fucking set-up
You can torture me all you want
Torture you, that's good, that's a good idea, I like that one}Running around robbing banks
All wacked off of Scooby Snacks
Running around robbing banks
All wacked off of Scooby SnacksAnd I don't give a fuck about the hell's gate
Ain't punkin' the crowd and I'm still standing up straight
So, we pull these jobs to make a little money
No one gets hurt if they don't act funnyOn the way to the yacht, we almost got caught
Fast is shooting mailboxes, not knowing where the cop is, yeah
They're at the Dunkin Donuts, adjacent from the Froman's
Whose mailbox fast had just explodedThey gave chase, but my man Steve is an ace
And we lost those brothers with haste
We casted off and along we went
Off Bermuda to an island resort we rented{Sonny, I need you cool, are you cool?
I am cool}Running around robbing banks
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