We, The Three

Fun Lovin' Criminals

One, two, three and I come with the redneck style
'Cause you know I get paid by the Mile, like Avis
I pave this, fast save this, everybody smile and act gracious

See I rob banks, I pull pranks,
Sometimes I eat franks and knishes
Best wishes, I'm vicious but here
I am again like CNN, delivery my friend

Stick 'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' Criminal, the criminal
Stick 'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' Criminal, the criminal

Yes we bug a lot and my friends is loud and
I'm more freaky than disco 2000
I scream, I yell, I bark, I bite
I'll hit you with an egg on a hot summer night

I never let the cops get wind of me
And I never, ever, ever say die
I never take myself too seriously
'Cause everybody knows fat birds don't fly

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The Fun Lovin' Criminal
The Fun Lovin' Criminal
The Fun Lovin' Criminal

Means with the green, murder on your spleen
Living in a dream do you know what I mean
Goateed indeed, smart like John Steed
I'll steal your girlie and I'll steal your weed

I got so much flavor that I'll always leave you chewin'
I got so many styles you'll be thinking I'm from the U.N.
I broke into the white house and never got caught

And I'd be Neil Armstrong if I was an astronaut

I am always optimistic about human relations
I got more friends than my man Peter Gatien
We're always fun loving, so don't start bugging
If your girlie comes up and starts kiss-kiss-kissing and hugging

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