

# Big Night Out

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

Maximilian morals, difference in opinion  
I was with him, he had 7 Jack and Cokes in him  
They had platform heels, nose job bills  
Some look like they're ill with the fucked up grill Supermodels on my D, 1 2 3  
He said two for you, two for me  
Face like a saint, suckin' like a sinner  
Cocaine makes you thinner, cocaine makes you thinner I got supermodels on my D, D  
I got supermodels on my D, D  
I got supermodels on my D, D Like Roger Grimsby on eye witness news, man  
He'll tell you the truth while he's singin' the blues  
Just like Gasarama on Avenue B  
He'll check under the hood, man, he'll teach you Tai Chi He laughed at you with a gesture, bought a drinks for  
the girls  
He said, You gotta have the love in this fucked up world  
You gotta have the love in this fucked up world "You gotta have that sweet, sweet love  
That keeps you warm at night, ooh bop bop, Shabba  
You gotta have the love for the world  
The world ain't what it's cracked up, get it cracked up to be  
Shoo be doo bop bop I got supermodels on my D, D  
I got supermodels on my D, D  
I got supermodels on my D, D  
I got supermodels on my D, D I got supermodels on my D, D  
I got supermodels on my D, D  
I got supermodels on my D, D Can't you see, can't you see  
That I got a supermodel on my D, D  
Can't you see, can't you see now  
That there's a supermodel on my D Can't you see, can't you see  
That I got a supermodel on my D  
Can't you see, can't you see now, yeah  
That there's a supermodel on my D Can't you see, can't you see  
That I got a supermodel on my D  
Can't you see, can't you see now, now  
That I got a supermodel on my D

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