How Low?

Fun Lovin' Criminals

One, two, three and I come with the redneck style
because 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 and here
I am again like CNN. Delivery my friend.
Stick 'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' 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
I never say die
I never take myself too seriously
Cause everybody knows fat birds don't fly
Stick'em up punk, it's 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. . .I always leave you chewin'
I got so many styles you think 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
We're always optimistic about human relations
We've 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 kissing and hugging
Stick'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' Criminal
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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