

# Scooby Snacks (20 Mg Version)

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

Me and Fast got the gats; we're out to rob a bank.

We got Steve outside and he's carrying

A full pack.

Now everything's cool and everthing's smooth.

I walked up to the teller, I gave her the letter

She gave 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 from behind

He said it was time to blow, ya know. So out the door we go.

Back to the ride with Steve inside and alive; off we drive

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. Running around robbing banks

All wacked off of Scooby Snacks! I don't give a fuck about the hell's

Gate, ain't punkin' the crowd and I'm still

Standing up staight.

So, we pull these jobs to make a little money;

No one gets hurt if they don't act funny.

On the way to the yacht, we almost got caught,

Fast is shooting mailboxes, not knowing

Where the cop is.

They're at the Dunkin Donuts, adjacent from

The Froman's whose mailbox had just

Exploded. They gave chase, but our man

Steve is an ace; we lost those brothers

With haste. We cast off and along we went

Off Bermuda to an island resort we rent. Running around robbing banks

All wacked off of Scooby Snacks!

Songwriters

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