

# You Got a Problem

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

3, 2, 1, I'm that son of a gun, but one who has  
the fun by the kilo and the ton. Like Marv  
Albert but worse, I got the curse, got  
perverse with the nurse in the maternity  
ward. That's right, I'm nuts, ask Fisty Cuts. I  
got outpatient status at the Brooklyn Zoo.  
Doobie doobie doo, we like the crew that  
runs up in the club wearin' alligator shoes.  
When I get the blues I get it really bad, ask  
Kronos for promos, Feliz Navidad. Johnny  
Black got my back, baby, happy or sad. If I  
fall out of your favor, don' get mad. If the heat don't get me then the drugs sure  
will, stirrin' scotch and soda's with a twenty  
dollar bill. My head feels like old vinyl, and like Lionel,  
I'm idle. Secretly stalking the title, stealin'  
scenes by ways and means. And that's why  
marines got M-16's I think I love her, but  
she's affected, bullshit detected. Wonder  
why she got neglected, I legged it, turned up  
here, I'll have a beer and a joke about that  
Guenevere. Lord I been knowin' there'd be  
days like these, but please don't hit me with  
the quick release, and don't rat me out to  
Edwin Meese, 'cause I been around the  
world and the seven seas. If the heat don't get me then the drugs sure  
will, stirrin' scotch and soda's with a twenty  
dollar bill. My mamma always told me  
never drink on pills, roll down the window  
'cause I'm feelin' kinda ill.

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