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 thats 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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