

What Had Happened (DJ Bombjack Remix)

Fun Lovin' Criminals

What had been had happened? Say what
Dyin' to be tryin' but comfy in the cut
See I be gettin' four from the score, plus three more
And I'll be damned if you treat me like some whore I be fun lovin', money makin', record breakin'
Milk shakin', drug takin', never fakin', end of statement
Crime don't pay but it's off the books
All the taxes I pay goes straight to crooks Back to what had happened
I was chillin' round the way with a woman
In her thirties and a nice Montrochet
I be like they be when they be out in West berry
Unnecessary with the wisecrack commentary They don't understand, if they keep buildin' cars
I'll keep burning them and leavin' them scars
But thats what happens when you lost your mind
Talkin' out of school puts you back behind it What had happened? Livin' it up, baby, layin' it down
Constables chasin' me from town to town
Like Nino Brown takin' over the Carter
Cash money boy and I ain't your father Fun Lovin' is my name
Lovin' is my game, never laid no blame
Never walked in shame
Never known to play People askin' why? Why he dress so fly?
Why he with the dime? Why he havin' fun all of the time?
It's because I rock when I rock and I rock when I'm not
So I'm hot when I'm not, that's why Chillin', chillin' Jacob Dylan, tastes great
But I'm not less fillin'
They broke up the party when they let one fly
Promoter's in the corner with some guy, askin' why?
Live and direct from the passenger side
Open up baby, just one more time What had happened?

Songwriters

Morgan Hugh Thomas; Brian Andrew Leiser Published by

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