

# Bombin' The L

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

Bombin' the L, bombin' the L  
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Bombin' the L, bombin' the L I used to more [Incomprehensible] than Pfizer Pharmaceuticals

Paid my way through college, still had residuals

I moved more wait than Arnold on steroids

Shot more punks, than rocks in asteroids

Caught more heat than Aruba in August

Never spilled the beans when the cops finally caught us

All my liquid assets are flowin' like a stream

And my fingers are faster than Yngwie Malmsteen Everybody round me makin' money

I see everybody round me makin' money

Why can't I?

Everybody round me makin' money

I see everybody now round me makin' money

Lord I can't change

Lord I can't change

Lord I can't change

Lord I can't change I get my macaroni salad from Dean and Deluca

And I top my red death with the white Zambuca

Stick up kid yeah, without no errors

I'm smashin' twelve hundreds on sucker rhyme sayers

Like Hendrix I freak you, like Tito I treat you

Bombin' tha L, I see you

You freak, coochie Frito

There's somethin' about her dress Lord, I can't change

Lord, I can't change

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Lord, I can't change

Lord, I can't change

Lord, I can't change

Lord, I can't change Bombin' the L, bombin' the L

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Lord, I can't change  
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