

# Jimi Choo

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

I'm taking incoming rounds  
And it looks like the grounds  
Coming way too quick by the sounds all around  
But over the horizon I'm compilin' the style  
She makes me wild  
And yo, it's been a while  
Yeah, my one and only  
Livin' the story  
You beguiles the glory, smokey  
Heat up all night long  
Burn the red house down  
You put it on 'til it's gone

She gets me high in the middle of the mornin'  
She gets me high in the middle of the day  
And when I rolls her tight, she keeps me high all night  
I will be blazed till my dying day

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Yeah, I'm roasting on coals of suppression  
Not stressin' the mess I'm in  
Can't live your life regretting  
I'm betting you're like me  
I'm betting you can see  
The light from the fire on the eastern tree  
Machine guns all around you  
Machine guns pointed at me  
Building the son, intending, imposing  
Engrossing and posing with cinders of poison  
Get it hot here on the street for free

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