

# Run Daddy Run

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

Seems like every day there's another one comin'  
Another one runnin' and another one gunnin'  
[Incomprehensible] from random slums

And I ain't hell with them bumsSome fun it gotta be to grab your pee pee  
And sing so sweetly to the front row seat  
But that's the way it be watchin' that damn TV

Since you free come and spread it up MissouriRun daddy run  
Yeah, I fires them all but they be comin' back  
Run daddy run  
Black hat and black hearts to match

Run daddy runGive em a yard you best forget the wig  
'Cause this ain't the next whomever it's the new kid  
Let me see what you got baby, open it up  
If that's a big bag of money we be divvyin' up  
If that's a spliff in your mouth, best be lightin' it up

I need a drink 'cause the base is spillin' my cupI get up, I get down God willin' and able  
Bumps to many friends stole some cable  
Sometimes I speak my mind rather plainly

But I'm not a dick like CheneyYou take 10 drug dealers and a Chinese bordello  
Stick 'em out in Arkansaw, I sure do well  
For comin' straight out the ground, born fighter  
Fuckin' up your Christmas like I'm scammin' a lighter  
Now look at yourself rollin' in the blues  
You do it to yourself, you do, you doRun daddy run  
See I fires them all but they be comin' back  
Run daddy run  
Black hats and black hearts to match

Run daddy runYeah, give em a yard best forget the wig  
'Cause this ain't the next whomever, it's the new kid  
Big bag of money, big bag of money

Big bag of money, big bag of moneyLet me see what you got, baby, open it up  
If that's a big bag of money we be divvyin' up  
If that's a spliff in your mouth, best be lightin' it up

I need a drink 'cause the bass is spillin' my cupLet me see what you got, baby, open it up  
If that's a big bag of money we be divvyin' up  
If that's a spliff in your mouth, baby, pass it up

I need a drink 'cause the bass is spillin' my cupRun daddy run  
Yeah, fires them all but they be comin' back  
Run daddy run

Black trench and black hearts to matchRun daddy run  
Yeah, give 'em a yard best forget the wig  
'Cause this ain't the next whomever, it's the new kid  
Run daddy run, run daddy run  
Run daddy run

Songwriters

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