Bombin' The L

Fun Lovin' Criminals

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Bombin' the LLord, I can't change

Lord, I can't changeI usta more ya yo than Phizer Pharmaceuticals

paid my way through college, and still had residuals

Moved more wait than arnold on steriods

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 flowing like a stream

and my fingers are faster than Yngwie Malmstein

Everybody round me making money

I see everybody round me making money

Why can't I?Lord, I can't change

Lord, I can't change

Lord, I can't change

Lord, I can't changeI 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 smashing twelve hundreds on

sucker rhyme sayers

Like Hendrix I freak you, like Tito I treat you

Bombin' Tha "L" i see you

You freak, you coochie frito! There's something about a train!Lord, I can't change

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Songwriters

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