

# Fun Lovin' Criminals, Blues For Suckers

We got the crazy crew  
you think you coming we say-  
"na na na"; we got the block locked up (4x)

The foes that oppose me by proxy,  
They try to get foxy  
They try to rock me  
They say they got the 40 cal glock  
With the 30 round clip  
and they losing their damn grip. . .  
Well, I came back from hell so God damn fit  
I'll bust your lip, and make you strip  
You can play them games  
but don't play'em in my park  
I'll spill a wild bill, before you get out you Town Car  
ranting and raving, claiming you're armed  
I'll do the hit myself and then eat a chicken parm  
mackin' like bumpy, the business is boomin'  
I'll chop your ass up like I was Jimmy Coonan  
the westy, honey don't test me!  
Ooooh - I just ate 5 blotters  
and things are gettin' kinda wacked!

If you can't live the lie, let it die  
and if you can't live a life full of strife  
just say oops! And jump through hoops,  
and get to the end of the line. (2x)

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"na na na"; we got the block locked up (2x)

I got bear huge for my brothers  
and I got no love for the others  
c'mon kids, you ain't built for bids  
You'll get jacked in the ass like a sucker  
"mucho dinero" the man with the hat said  
he changed his mind once the crack in his head bled  
movin' and shakin' the brittle illusion  
referring, concurring, and workin' out solutions

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and if you can't live a life full of strife  
just say oops! And jump through hoops,  
and get to the end of the line. (2x)

Know your man, know his game, don't be ashamed from where you came,  
if you ask me, I'd rather have money than fame.

We got the crazy crew  
you think you coming we say-  
"na na na"; we got the block locked up (8x)

Na na na