

# Fun Lovin' Criminals, Smoke 'Em

Hey muneke, I think I wanna take ya  
back to the lab, with my gift of gab  
and a little dab'll do ya, maybe even school ya,  
I'll rush your end zone like my man Don Shula  
you're my four leaf clover even bending over;  
I love you like rover; I'm your little lawnmower  
but, lower, lower, I'm the seed sower  
the funky weed grower, the mad rap thrower.  
See, I'm a man's man; do you understand?  
What I'm giving ain't cocked in the palm of my hand.  
So take the nasty plunge plaid not grunge.  
I know it's really hard when you love someone. You always  
stood by me like Spanky did Stymiey and if anybody messes I'll  
bust'em in the eye. And check that ass like Phil Esposito  
the guido, U.P.S. next day back to Toledo.

Smoke 'em if ya gottem, if ya ain't gottem then ya hit rock bottom.

Me and my Les Paul is out droppin' science  
pocket full of blunts and a full carry license  
never walking streets, lookin' past my shouler acting kinda bolder  
since my dog got older; I walked the walk and I aced the test  
when I put the pressure on all your tendencies manifest  
I'm a half spick peckerwood talkin' to the dead  
I'll break into your house and I'll smell your bed.

Smoke 'em if ya gottem, if ya ain't gottem then ya hit rock bottom.