

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.

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