

Fun Lovin' Criminals, The Grave And The Consta

I used to wear dress blues, I used to get my cues from the dudes in D.C. with the wing tip shoes.

My boss said it was Parris or Prison, the judge said son you better make a decision.

I chose the former because I heard it was warmer, April in Parris, hell south of the border. They put me together, tougher than leather. Set me on your ass because they didn't know better.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.

I hold the fort left, right and center
the number running hardass punk, flygirl bender. Check the photo
finish I'm in this to satisfy parole, not posing or playing the role,
see I got more gumbas than Bobby De Niro and if I was you I'd
act like Nixon and Spiro. So smoke your pot and drink your rock
and chill where it's shady. I got more endurance than In-A-Gadda-
Da-Vida baby.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.

Up to no good, with no place to go but down. . .

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.