

Fun Lovin' Criminals, Bear Hug

We got the crazy crew
you think you coming we say-
"na na na" we got the block locked up

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.

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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

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.

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.

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