

Fun Lovin' Criminals, Scooby Snacks

Everybody be cool, this is a robbery!
Any of you fucking pricks move,
and I'll execute every motherfucking last one of you!

Me and Fast got the gats; we're out to rob a bank.
We got Steve outside carrying a full pack.
Now everything's cool and everything's smooth. (Hey that's smooth)
I walked up to the teller, I gave her the letter
She gave me the loot with puckered up lips
and a wink that I found cute, and I said,
"baby, baby, baby"
(Is this some Kharmic-Chi love thing happening here baby or what.)
By that time Fast tapped me with the 9
he said it was time to blow, ya know. So out the door we go.
Back to the ride with Steve inside and alive; off we drive
I hurt my lower lumbar, you know we'll
never get far, riding around in a stolen
police car, so we dropped it off and
piled in a Caddy; Steve was driving
because I had to talk to my man about something.

Look, I don't know anything about any fucking set-up, you can torture me all you want.
Torture you, that's good, that's a good idea, I like that one.

Running around robbing banks
all wacked off of Scooby Snacks! (2x)

I don't give a fuck about the hell's
gate, ain't punkin' the crowd and I'm still
standing up straight.
So, we pull these jobs to make a little money;
no one gets hurt if they don't act funny.
On the way to the yacht, we almost got caught,
fast is shooting mailboxes, not knowing
where the cop is.
They're at the Dunkin Donuts, adjacent from
the Froman's whose mailbox fast had just
exploded. They gave chase, but my man
Steve is an ace; we lost those brothers
with haste. We cast off and along we went
off Bermuda to an island resort we rented.

Sonny, I need you cool, are you cool?
I am cool.

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