

# Fun Lovin' Criminals, Scooby Snacks (schmoove

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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