

## Passive/Aggressive

### Fun Lovin' Criminals

I'm a nicely zooted new car owner, and I'm somewhat convoluted  
because I'm living in a coma  
I render those useless who pinch off my trim,  
Your light they are on but your lights they are dim  
I got the bushmill shots, and cops that give me props  
I got the Motts, Spike, I got the Motts.  
Having fun with my gun, son, its always loaded and the FLC  
is raw y'all not candy coated.

Cooling on the block  
With my case of Rolling Rock  
Thinking up the schemes to get ourselves the knot  
cause you know we love to get down and party with the big boys  
They asked me to be mayor, and if I had a choice  
I love you people and my boys love you too,  
So fuck the king of beers this ones for you.  
So if grunts from stunts is what you want say, "ow"  
the FLC with the mucho grande style

You know you can't boom with a bullshit system and you can't fi  
x  
a man when he's broke. You know you can't max if you don't pay  
the tax and you can't wax the man if you choke.

You know the funk I drop is wild just like Aretha beltin',  
My shit is going fast, so get your second helping,  
My brain cells are dying, young women are crying,  
but I keep on trying,  
Like my man Jack Ryan.  
You see my man is in my fae as if he has been drinking  
They say that he needs space but I know what he is thinking  
We have a common bond the fact we all get lifted  
The rocks that hit our head have left us somewhat gifted  
Its the Fun Lovin' Criminal out to represent  
I know its tough being hard and politically correct  
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