

## Fun Factory

### "Fun Lovin' Criminals"

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One, two, three and I come with the redneck style  
Because you know I get paid by the mile, like Avis  
I pave this, Fast save this, everybody smile. . .  
And act gracious  
See I rob banks, I pull pranks, sometimes I eat  
Franks and knishes, best wishes, I'm vicious and here  
I am again like CNN. Delivery my friend.  
Stick 'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' Criminal  
Yes we bug a lot and my friends is loud and. . .  
I'm more freaky than Disco 2000  
I scream, I yell, I bark, I bite  
I'll hit you with an egg on a hot summer night  
I never let the cops get wind of me  
I never say die  
I never take myself too seriously  
Cause everybody knows fat birds don't fly  
Stick'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' Criminal  
Means with the green, murder on your spleen  
Living in a dream do you know what I mean  
Goateed indeed, smart like John Steed  
I'll steal your girlie and I'll steal your weed  
I got so much flavor. . . I always leave you chewin'  
I got so many styles you think I'm from the U.N.  
I broke into the White House and never got caught  
And I'd be Neil Armstrong if I was an astronaut  
We're always optimistic about human relations  
We've got more friends than my man Peter Gatién  
We're always fun loving, so don't start bugging  
If your girlie comes up and starts kissing and hugging  
Stick'em up punk, it's the Fun Lovin' Criminal

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