

Fun Lovin' Criminals

"Big Night Out"

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I was with 'em
He had seven Jack and Cokes in 'em
They had platform heels, Nose job beards
Some looked like they were ill with their fucked-up grill.
Supermodels on my D - 1,2,3
He said two for you, two for me.
Face like a saint, suckin' like a sinner,
Cocaine makes you thinner
Cocaine makes you thinner - uh!
I got supermodels on my D,
D,
I got supermodels on my D,
D,
I got supermodels on my D,
D.
Like Roger Grimsby on Avenues' Noose,
He'll tell you the truth while he's singing the blues.
Just like Gasarama on Avenue B,
He'll check under the hood, man, he'll teach you
Tai'Chi.
He laughed at the suggestion
"You want drinks with the girls?"
He said "You gotta have a love in this fucked-up world"
(Echo) "You gotta have a love in this fucked-up world"
"You gotta have that sweet, sweet love, that keeps you
warm at night"
Oom-bah, bob-sha-la.
You gotta have a love, cos the world,
Pulling but its cracked-up,

Getting cracked-up.
And me, ha ha ha,
Shooby ba-ba-ba.
I got supermodels on my D,
D
I got supermodels on my D,
D
I got supermodels on my D,
D
I got supermodels on my D,
D
I got supermodels on my D,
D

D
I got supermodels on my D,
D
I got supermodels on my D,
D
[Spoken] Can't you see? Can't you see?
[Spoken] That I gotta supermodel on my D.
[Spoken] Can't you see? (Can't you see?) Can't you see
now? (Now can't you
see?)
[Spoken] That there's a supermodel
[Spoken] Upon my D.
Can't you see? Can't you see?
That I gotta supermodel,
On my D.
Can't you see? Can't you see?
That I gotta supermodel,
On my D.
[Spoken] Yeah, yeah she loves my D
[Spoken] Yeah, she needs my D
[Spoken] And you know what?
[Spoken] It's my D
Can't you see? Can't you see?
That I gotta supermodel on my D?
Can't you see? Can't you see?
That I gotta supermodel,
[Spoken] On my D, yeah.

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