

Fun Lovin' Criminals "Blues For Suckers"

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We got the crazy crew
You think you coming we say
Na, na, na, we got the block locked up
Na, na, na, we got the block locked up
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Na, na, na, we got the block locked up

The foes that oppose me by proxy
They try to get foxy, they try to rock me
They say they got the 40 cal glock
With the 30 round clip and they losing their damn grip

Well, I came back from Hell, so God damn fit
I'll bust your lip, and make you strip
You can play them games
But don't play 'em in my park

I'll spill a wild bill before you get out you town car
Ranting and raving, claiming you're armed
I'll do the hit myself and then eat a chicken pram
Mackin' like bumpy, the business is boomin'

I'll chop your ass up like I was Jimmy Conan
The westy, honey don't test me
Ooh, I just ate 5 blotters
And things are gettin' kinda wacked

If you can't live the lie, let it die
And if you can't live a life full of strife
Just say oops and jump through hoops
And get to the end of the line
And get to the end of the line

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I got bear huge for my brothers
And I got no love for the others
Come on kids, you ain't built for bids
You'll get jacked in the ass like a sucker

Mucho Dinero, the man with the hat said
He changed his mind once the crack in his head bled
Movin' and shakin' the brittle illusion
Referring, concurring and workin' out solutions

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And get to the end of the line
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Know your man, know his game
Don't be ashamed from where you came
If you ask me, I'd rather have money than fame

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