

## **Fun Lovin' Criminals**

### **"Smoke 'em"**

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Smoke 'em, smoke 'em, smoke 'em if ya gottem  
If ya ain't gottem then ya hit rock bottom  
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Hey Muneka, I think I wanna take ya  
Back to the lab, with my gift of gab  
And a little dab'll do ya, maybe even school ya  
I'll rush your end zone like my man Don Shula  
You're my four leaf clover even bending over  
I love you like rover, you're my little lawnmower  
But, lower, lower, I'm the seed sower  
The funky weed grower, the mad rap thrower

See, I'm a man's man, do you understand?  
What I'm giving ain't cocked in the palm of my hand  
So take the nasty plunge plaid not grunge  
I know it's really hard when you love someone  
You always stood by me like Spanky did Stymie  
And if anybody messes, I'll bust'em in the eye  
And check that ass like Phil Esposito the Guido  
U.P.S. next day back to Toledo

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If ya ain't gottem well, well

Me and my Les Paul is out droppin' science  
Pocket full of blunts and a full carry license  
Never walking streets, lookin' past my shoulder  
Acting kinda bolder since my dog got older  
I walked the walk and I aced the test  
When I put the pressure on all your tendencies

manifest

Half spick pecker wood talkin' to the dead  
I'll break into your house and I'll smell your bed

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