

## What Had Happened?

### Fun Lovin' Criminals

What had been had happened, say what?  
Dyin' to be tryin' but comfy in the cut. See I be  
gettin' four from the score, plus three more  
and I'll be damned if you treat me like some  
whore. I be fun lovin', money makin', record  
breakin', milk shakin', drug takin', never  
fakin', end of statement. Crime don't pay but  
its off the books, all the taxes I pay, goes  
straight to crooks. Back to what had  
happened, I was chillin' round the way with a  
woman in her thirties and a nice Montrochet. I  
be like they be when they be out in Westberry,  
unecceary with the wisecrack commentary.  
They don't understand, if they keep buildin'  
cars, I'll keep burning them and leavin' them  
scars. But thats what happens when you lost  
your mind, talkin' out of school puts you back  
behind it.

What had happened?

Livin' it up, baby, layin' it down, constables  
chasin' me from town to town. Like Nino  
Brown takin' over the Carter, cash money boy,  
and I ain't your father. Fun lovin' is my name,  
lovin' is my game, never laid no blame, never  
walked in shame, never known to play. People  
askin' why? Why he dress so fly, why he with  
the dime, why he havin' fun all of the time? Its  
because I rock when I rock and I rock when  
I'm not, so I'm hot when I'm not, that's why.  
Chillin' chillin' Jacob Dylan, tastes great but  
I'm not less fillin'. They broke up the party  
when they let one fly, promoter's in the corner  
with some guy, askin' why? Live and direct  
from the passenger side, open up baby, just  
one more time.

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