

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.

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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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