

# Fun!

## Down with Webster

Get yourself a cooler, make yourself low  
Oh sit out by the pool while we countin' dough  
(Woo! Yes, yes, yes, we having fun tonight!)  
(So get that cheddar right)

It's all that I've ever known  
So baby, take a trip on my ride  
If you feel like you're all alone  
Put it in, drink it down, light it up

Fun in the sun, fun, fun  
Fun in the snow, oh, oh  
Fun in the sun, fun, fun  
Fun in the snow, oh, oh

I want some cash, cheddar, feta  
Whatever, et cetera  
'Cause nobody do it better than  
Me with the letter  
I'm talkin' Js, I'm amazed that I never hit these Ye's  
I'm the Gravy Boat now but I need another phase

I got speakers in my sneakers so I walk to the beat  
Like a hooker named Shameika getting caught by the heat  
I'm talkin' fun in the sun  
I'm talkin' G with a bun  
But I'm just talkin', Mr. Officer  
Quit jumpin' the gun

And when we strip the beat down and the whole band sings  
Girls start strippin' down to their belly button rings  
All a sudden we change, with the ching and the bling bling  
Adoptin' foreign orphans, name 'em Giuseppe and Ling Ling, damn

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Sauce in this, droppin' this  
Fatter than a hippopotamus  
So Butta have a little fun rockin' on to Romulus  
We comin' back crazy  
Butta Butta and Gravy  
And we bringin' it dirtier than that brother, Swayze

Comin' to the Patrick  
Bustin' out that heel-toe  
What, you havin' fun yet?  
What you think I'm here for?  
Seems like Big Brother [?]  
Start to stutter, once upon a

But there ain't nobody funner, man

I don't really care what be goin' on  
All I wanna do is just rip my bong  
And I do it for my kids who be up in the streets  
Yeah, those who be feelin' the beat, feelin' the beat  
And I don't really care what be goin' on  
All I wanna do is just sing my song  
And I do it for my people who be feelin' the beat  
Yeah, all of those who movin' their feet

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Fun in the snow, oh, oh

And whether it's bottles at the bar  
The throttle in my car  
Getting mashed to the max  
Like a model in a bra [?]

'Cause I'm a tree grippin', three flippin' skateboard kid  
Who loves the summer sun but when the snow comes in  
It's like a signal signifying good times are done  
[?] it with Krinkles, and yo I ride with a bun

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