

2 Pac "Criminal"

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Chorus: 3Xs

Born in the days of a Criminal

Criminal, criminal, criminal

Born in the days of a Criminal

Born in the days of a Criminal

Verse One

Born in the the days of a criminal

runnin from the cops and cash let em see me

So I'm hoping out the Benz

it's time to let the vallet step

Gotta make my ends, so business on the undertip

The coppers will get dropped, so tell them not to fuck
with me

if Oakland gets to hot, I'm headed for Marin City

Though hunted like a fugitive, those punks will never
capture me

Tech nine on my side, oh stay in back of me

I'm black from head to toe, I move and there's a silence

the smoothest criminal, a lunatic for violence

So I be taken no shorts, when the shit get scandalous

rippin' of this vest see, so nigga we can handle this

Run up and get smacked up, packed up and smacked
down

I'm a playa, there's more in the J town

Bitches wanna jock, and run they hands all in my hair

Hoe give up the cock, or you can get up outta here

I'm living like a mac, the narcissist will be minimal

Niggas getten jacked with they cap peeled back

In the days, of a criminal

Chorus: 3xs

[Born in the days of a criminal]

Criminal, criminal criminal

Born in the days of a criminal (repeat)

Verse Two

I'm kickin' kilos but I start of with a quarter ounce

servin with weight cause, every little dollar counts

Makin my grits and tryin to get my mail on

so fuck a cop he get dropped if he steps wrong

I'm the bad guy, everybody points at me

but fuck em, all, as long as the triggaz happy

Makin my cash flow, but how long will it last though

pimpin ain't easy but I still leavin your ass broke

Pass the vapors as the papers will be comin in

I give the cuts and give a fuck about being a friend

Bitch I'm a playa got no time to be bothered with

havin no babies in no long term relationships

Because a bitch will be a bitch no matter what you say

that's why I fuck em, bust a nut, and I'm on my way

Soon as I finish I'll be glad I even fucked a whore
cause she'll be blowin up my beeper before I shut the
door

But fuck a bitch I keep my mind on my drink cause yo
that's how I'm livin in the days, of a criminal

Chorus

It's the menace of Marin

It's the menace of Marin

It's the menace of Marin

Verse Three

It's the menace of Marin, I kill, I kill again

ain't nothing funny about the game the game I'm rollin
in

You got a problem with it, Mr. handle yours

I ain't no joke, I'll have you broke down to your draws

I'm trigga happy and I give less than a fuck

Love me or hate me I'ma show to rip shit up

It's Mr. nothin, nice on the mic stand

Mic in the left and the zest in my right hand

I took a puff had enough now, hold up

If that was endo, niggas gettin' rolled up

You think not, get dropped we can handle this

Cause 2Pac brain locked on the cannabis

Days are dangerous, shoot em but you can't miss

I never trip on your bitch cause she's scandalous

Now come and get a good look at the crook, who

lives his life in the streets of the jungle

Some call me animal, tell me how you figure though

Put em in the nimp, in the days of a criminal

Chorus: til fade

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