Fun Lovin' Criminals "Crime And Punishment"

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I pity the punks that partake in the madness Yangin' the young for their products and profits The pushers keep pushin' on D and on Jump Street Pushin' the passive pill, so ya don't need

Kids makin' bids with nines in their goose downs 'Cause college is pricey and some brothers ain't got none

You try to discern between truth and suggestion But they bid for your ID via fear of rejection

All I see is outfits and attitudes, congenial criminality The hidden agenda is a psychic necessity Hungry minds so sad in the hearts of darkness Manifesting some forms of natural impatience

Deaf Macbeth, scar city, the slasher Enveloping the B-Boy, the doper and the thrasher Looking to be judged but when judged by the book Son you're running to the hook, get the heck out

Back with the funk hits
Uncle Huey is back with the funk hits
And the F.L.C. is coming to grips with a fist full of funk
hits
Check it out

I got the feel good hit of the year
I got two thumbs up and I stuck 'em in his ear
The man stepped to me, he wouldn't let it end though
So I threw his ass out the Roxy Deli window

I ain't pushin' no party, I ain't meddlin' in Saudi But I think it's fucked up, what the federal has laid on me

I've been watchin' the news, you're forcing people To choose between the lesser of two evils, my red, white, and blue

The deceiver's deceiving because the people believe him

Now the troops'll be bleedin' and their mama's will be

grieving
So keep on payin' your taxes, when you don't know the facts
Let the contracts get backed, while your conscience relaxes

Yeah, I pity the punks that partake in the madness Yeah, I pity the punks that partake in the madness Yeah, I pity the punks that partake in the madness Yeah, I pity the punks that partake in the madness

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