

## Hoodoo Gurus

### "Criminal"

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[Intro: Shyheim]

27, aight, Terrorist, Killarmy, yeah  
Rulin' this, yea, real niggas love this shit right here  
Uh, come on, my real niggas gon' love this shit right here  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
My real niggas gonna love this shit, my real niggas gonna love this shit  
Watch, my real niggas gonna love this shit, tellin' you  
Real niggas, only real niggas bump shit like this, for real

[Shyheim]

I smack niggas like you and tell 'em, go get your gun  
As far as I'm concerned, you can suck dick and swallow cum  
I'm God's son, the rose of salvation  
Product of the ghetto, I'm the street's creation  
I move like vampires, only at night  
Handgrip like pliers, on the glock wit rapid fire  
It's automatic, Shyheim keeps a ratchet  
Me and thugs run together like cigarettes and matches  
Better give me mines, or I'mma let them rob you  
What would you do, when the dogs say you fool?  
Run in hideouts? Let me find out  
You squat when you piss, scared to pull your dick out  
I love drama, that's why surgeons know my name  
In the E.R. unit, for givin' cats pain  
I catch another "Buck 50", 'fore I give up my chain  
I'm God when I'm angry, makin' thunder and rain

[P.R. Terrorist]

You hardly qualify, fuckin' wit I, Terrorist, die  
I'm never calm, niggas scheme on gold and plat' charms  
Wit leathers and goose feathers on, I never felt the weather warm  
It's hot like when the sweaters torn, from the lead of Desert Storm  
Your resume was never sworn, I'm sharper than the cactus thorn

My practice on the patient's juggler, his ass was gone  
Backdrafts the norm', expose the chemical bombs  
Criminals, cons, thug drug dealers that carry arms  
Yo, leprechaun, show me the pot of gold  
Before my slug blow pain at third nostril like Picasso  
In your face, invadin' my space, you sayin' your grace  
I'm leavin' you laced, and beatin' the case  
All fake niggas stay in their place, it's the thrill of "The  
Chase"  
Tongue kiss the track, blow out the back of the base

[9th Prince]

Fifty four shots aimed at your knot  
We plot like them killers who shot Tupac  
Shyheim, pass me the iron glock, we keep crime in  
stock  
Platinum frame specs got me lookin' like Cyclops  
We hardcore like gang wars wit C4, raw like cavemen  
fightin' dinosaurs  
Outlaws, when I hear streets call, we brawl  
My dogs start to crawl, like project pitbulls  
Iron Metal Jackets is full, ready to blow ya fuckin' head  
off  
Like a sawed-off, you soft like a homo gettin' slain up  
north, word life

[Chorus 2X: P.R. Terrorist, Prodigal Sunn]

Everybody wanna be a thug  
Nobody wanna feel a slug, crush, stay mug  
Everybody wanna weep when they see the slugs  
Yet everybody coppin' pleas when they see the judge  
It's Criminal

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