

House Of Love

"It Aint A Crime"

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Johnny was a bad boy He was a juvenile delinquent He
had his picture On the wall of every precinct He had a
rep for hangin' out with his homies And sippin' on the
40's Puffin' on the blunts Nobody would listen But when
he spoke And when he was home His parents, they
would diss him They called him a bum A worthless
piece of shit And now he grabs his bag So over this he
had a fit And heads for the door Liquor store And walks
to the neighborhood Pulls out a gat And tells the old
man, "Hit the floor" Then breaks open his register
drawer Pulls out the money Stuffs it in his pocket Points
his pistol The man panicks and the gun goes off Then
he starts to cock it Made Johnny blow his head off
Stupid old fool But he don't care 'Cause he was taught
It ain't a crime If ya don't get caught

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