

## Mr. Criminal

### "Stay On The Streets"

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Mr. Criminal  
Stay on the Streets

#### Verse 1

Its kinda of funny how the world turns  
I write a rap and let the blunt burn  
Think to myself who i was just a couple of years ago  
Now i have homies in my shoes doing time or out on  
parol  
Trapped in the system  
Fallen a victim  
To their governments  
Society lables you a convict when their done with you  
Its like somehow, someway  
You just cant over come this shit  
Try not to get the third strike  
But still you wanna come up real quick  
You couldn't get a descent job  
Because you got tatts in the face  
Pockets empty so you went and put a strike on your  
waist

I know exactly how it is  
When your trying not to fall  
Locked up behind the wall  
Visitation or collect calls  
Too many homies of mine  
Getting caught up for crimes  
Judges breaking mothafuckas off for too much time  
And its a shame homies fallen a victim to the game  
25 to life and thats life in the game.

#### Verse 2

He was only 13  
Influenced by his peers  
Jumped in the neighbor-hood  
And got a tattoo tear  
All the homies gave him a strap  
Yeah he didnt have no fears  
Slanging and doing dope  
His mind never was clear

He stared into a duration  
That he soon would regret  
Making mothafuckas bleed for disrespecting his set  
He wouldnt listen to nobody  
Went in one ear and out the other  
Disrespecting his mother  
Even stealing money for her

Now what was a shame  
Was the homie was naive to the game  
Thinking all he wanted to do in life was run the streets  
and bang  
Until he got caught with a strap  
Facing triple homicide  
Tried and convicted as an adult  
Now he's facing 25  
And thats life in the varrio  
Thats just hows its done  
You grab a strap  
Cock and shoot it up for the neighbor-hood your from.

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