

The Roots "Criminal"

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Monday they predict the storm
Tuesday they predict the bang
Wednesday they cover the crash
And I can see it's all about cash
And they got the nerve to hunt down my ass
And treat me like a criminal

Look, it is what it is because of what it was
I did what I did 'cause it does what it does
I don't put nothin' above what I am, what I love
My family, my blood, my city and my hood

Hater for the greater good, I'm back from Hollywood
And I ain't changed a lick, though I know I probably
should
But, what I'm doin' is not a good look
I never did it by the good book as a lifetime crook

All the petty crime took a toll on me
I look around at my homies that's gettin' old on me
But still somethin' gotta hold on me, maybe it's faith
If it's comin', yo I'm willing to wait

I'm not runnin', I done ran through the muck
I done scrambled and such
I done robbed an odd job and gambled enough
Till I'm put up in handcuffs and pissin' in a cup
If there's a God I don't know if he listenin' or what?

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Yeah, it is what it is and that's how it go
Get treated like a criminal if crime is all you know
Get get greeted like a nigga if the nigga is all you show
A public enemy to send a eye in the scope

My city like a island where you can't find a boat

Have you wishin' for a raft and prayin? that hope flows
Some will [Incomprehensible]
Who lookin' for a chair and some real strong rope

Just to end it all here, screamin', "Fuck the mayor"
He see the faces at the bottom of the welfare
They act like I'm somethin' to fear trapped in urban
warfare
Pullin' triggers at a college career

Can't ignore the call of the wild that's drawin' 'em near
Try to make fast money last long, some years
Try to laugh it off still couldn't lose the tears
To the rules, I will not adhere, break the law, yeah

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Who wanna challenge mine? I'm sick of St. Valentine
I did the violent crimes that's why I got this style of
rhyme
Seek repentance to spittin? them sentences to
senseless
Experience is the difference, you can't convince this

In a crime sense, niggas is infants
I'm like a senior citizen, still livin' but gettin' benefits
Put emphasis on hittin' my nemesis in high
percentages
Crooked ass cops is the reason for my belligerence

And it gets deeper than that
Remember nights I used to sleep wit a gat
With a package of crack under my sneaker strap
D's sneak attack and raid me, it took a week for that

Beat the rat, but you're sayin', "Look, he think he the
mack"
Fuck ya'll, niggas who thinkin' they might try us
Watch us inside riots, blue cars and light fires
We already been knocked, scrutinized

Plus, cops rush to brutalize us
America's polluted by lust, who could I trust?
If I can't trust you, then I might touch you
If I ain't got love for you then fuck you

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