

# Crime And Punishment

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

I pity the punks that partake in the madness  
Yingin' 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 dooper 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  
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