

Sick Thoughts

Mr. Criminal

Sick thoughts just travel to my membrain,
take a toke of Maryjane just to keep tain
Don't push me cause Im close to the edge.
Got a 9 Millimeter and it screaming out Death.

Seen a lot of blood shed in the night time,
Honestly i ain't in my right mind.
I've been subjected to the streets all neglected and...
Through the streets is how I get respected.
I've been connected to all sorts of crime
In a span of 25 years, a short life time.
A gang of robberies, a couple of kidnap,
See me flossin' these, the foo's have been Jacked.

I've been wanted for all types of shit.
Arrested at an early age.
What type of life is this?
I've been shackled from my feet up and hand cuffed.
Can't use excuses cause we always prove to have it rough.
I've been shot at, stabbed, and shot back.
A couple of homies that could not be brought back.
And that's that, that's life.
A couple of older homies got 25 to life.

All over gun fight's all in the sunlight,
they never made it to see then summer nights.
Cause we all brown and down and proud of how we live.
Still roll around the spots like i don't give a shit.
Knowing of these foo's wanna split me,
but i keep a stap by my side.
So why not try and get me.

I still refuse to lose,
walking around with a 12 Gage, 9, and a 22.
I don't trip off of the bullshit levas talking shit.
Fuck 'em homie, i got a full clip.
I'd rather be caught with it then without it.
I'd rather live in a cell then in the ground trick.
So I will not, cannot, and wont stop,
No matter what happens in life i wont flop.

I got kids to feed, I've got bills to pay.
Until they take care of that, Fuck what they say.

As far as i know I've figured out survival and in any
second i could be dead and i know.
So stroll, with my head in the clouds and tell them haters,
ain't no taking me out.

Lyrics submitted by Nene Ortiz.

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