

# Lyrical Exercise

## Mr. Criminal

Ahâ€¦â€¦â€¦(coughing)  
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Back busting like semiâ€™s  
Please father forgive me  
My mind lost in the clouds all off of that purple and remic  
I got the heart of a soldier  
Donâ€™t trip cuz Iâ€™ll fold ya  
Back in the day stay broke never got my face in them posters  
You see im fading not sober  
Beast not like Jehovahs  
You know I represent the mothafuckinâ€™ highpower soldiers  
You see the king had a dream (dream)  
Barack wanted change (change)  
All of my life was known to bang just tryinâ€™ to get paid  
So I did that now I sit back puffin on six just like a kid that had no goddess swear on my fathers yes Iâ€™m livin my  
enemy silence  
Smokin so much of that medical cush  
I just cannot open my eyelids  
Iâ€™m reppin that barrio subelo 13 till the day Iâ€™m retirin  
Iâ€™m ridin them pistols fibring keep running and duckin sirens  
All of my enemys know where Iâ€™m at but wonâ€™t do nothin about  
Still deep when we represent still bust with no hesitant  
Keep on talking that shyt we running up in your residence  
Out to make impression yea banging like ever since I was 12 in rebail  
In corteses and penitence  
Lookin in the mirror decide to shave up my head  
Creasing up my khakis pistol under my bed  
On my sidewalk we ride little kids here will wet you up  
Be careful of them bitches yea them tricks here will set you up  
This is southern California where them Lakers and Dodgers play  
Home of De La Hoya Fernando Vargas and Suga Shane  
Now welcome to California homie  
We wear packed vests  
Kickin them dubs represent the muthafuckin wicked west  
Iâ€™m comin with the villain and Iâ€™ma hitting where it hurts  
Leavin my enemys stuck in the dirt  
Levas be last Iâ€™m coming in first  
Burst there goes your life in a hertz  
Levas be runnin and runnin them down Criminals comin and shuttin them down

Comin to clown running around yes Iâ€™m coming and buckin the down  
Not even second or third place  
The only spot thatâ€™s open for you is first in a nerds race (hahaha)  
Iâ€™m lyrically insane  
Respected worldwide cuz the kids known to spit flames  
They jockin because theyâ€™ve been watchin me  
They pray that nothing can stop a G  
Iâ€™m seriously sick of this side of me givin the game a survivallry  
And Iâ€™m sick of this Latin rap fuck you crabs in the bucket  
Iâ€™m a beast in my habitat  
Fools be acting stupid as fuck like they puff never had a sack  
So after this album fuck the game you can have it back

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Lyrics submitted by Abel.

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