

Crime and Punishment

Nocturne Moonrise

I pity the punks that partake in the madness
Yangin' 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 doper 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
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