

Crime and Punishment

Nocturne Moonrise

I pity the punks that partake in the madness
Yanguin' 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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