Kriminal Minded

Assassin

Chorus: 3Xs

Born in the days of a Criminal
Criminal, criminal, criminal
Born in the days of a Criminal
Born in the days of a Criminal

Verse One

Born in the the days of a criminal
runnin from the cops and cash let em see me
So I'm hoping out the Benz
it's time to let the vallet step
Gotta make my ends, so business on the undertip
The coppers will get dropped, so tell them not to fuck with me
if Oakland gets to hot, I'm headed for Marin City
Though hunted like a fugitive, those punks will never capture me
Tech nine on my side, oh stay in back of me
I'm black from head to toe, I move and there's a silence
the smoothest criminal, a lunatic for violence
So I be taken no shorts, when the shit get scandalous
rippin' of this vest see, so nigga we can handle this
Run up and get smacked up, packed up and smacked down
I'm a playa, there's more in the J town
Bitches wanna jock, and run they hands all in my hair
Hoe give up the cock, or you can get up outta here
I'm living like a mac, the narcist will be minimal
Niggas getten jacked with they cap peeled back
In the days, of a criminal

Chorus: 3xs

[Born in the days of a criminal]
Criminal, criminal criminal
Born in the days of a criminal (repeat)

Verse Two

I'm kickin' kilos but I start of with a quarter ounce
servin with weight cause, every little dollar counts

Makin my grits and tryin to get my mail on
so fuck a cop he get dropped if he steps wrong
I'm the bad guy, everybody points at me
but fuck em, all, as long as the triggaz happy
Makin my cash flow, but how long will it last though
pimpin ain't easy but I still leavin your ass broke
Pass the vapors as the papers will be comin in
I give the cuts and give a fuck about being a friend
Bitch I'm a playa got no time to be bothered with
havin no babies in no long term relationships
Because a bitch will be a bitch no matter what you say
that's why I fuck em, bust a nut, and I'm on my way
Soon as I finish I'll be glad I even fucked a whore
cause she'll be blowin up my beeper before I shut the door
But fuck a bitch I keep my mind on my drink cause yo
that's how I'm livin in the days, of a criminal

Chorus

It's the menace of Marin
It's the menace of Marin
It's the menace of Marin

Verse Three

It's the menace of Marin, I kill, I kill again
ain't nothing funny about the game the game I'm rollin in
You got a problem with it, Mr. handle yours
I ain't no joke, I'll have you broke down to your draws
I'm trigga happy and I give less than a fuck
Love me or hate me I'ma show to rip shit up
It's Mr. nothin, nice on the mic stand
Mic in the left and the zest in my right hand
I took a puff had enough now, hold up
If that was endo, niggas gettin' rolled up
You think not, get dropped we can handle this
Cause 2Pac brain locked on the cannabis
Days are dangerous, shoot em but you can't miss
I never trip on your bitch cause she's scandalous
Now come and get a good look at the crook, who
lives his life in the streets of the jungle
Some call me animal, tell me how you figure though
Put em in the nimp, in the days of a criminal

Lyrics submitted by Mr Jean Moubadda Kobeis.

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