

Criminal (feat. Truck North and Saigon)

The Roots

[Chorus]

Monday they predict the storm
Tuesday they predict the bad
Wednesday they cover the grass
And I can see it's all about cash
And they got the nerve to hunt down my ass
And treat me like a criminal[Black Thought]
Look, it is what it is
Because of what it was
I did what I did
Cause it does what it does
I don't put nothin' above
What I am, what I love
My family, my blood
My city and my hood
Hater for the greater good
I'm back from Hollywood
And I ain't changed a lick
Though, I know I probably should
But, what I'm doin' is not a good look
I never did it by the good book, as a lifetime crook
All the petty crime took a toll on me
I look around at my homies that's gettin' old on me
But still somethin' gotta hold on me
Maybe it's faith
If it's comin', yo I'm willing to wait
I'm not runnin', I done ran through the mud
I done scrambled and such
I done robbed an odd job and gambled enough
Till I'm put up in handcuffs
And pissin' in a cup
If there's a God,
I don't know if he listenin' or what[Chorus][Truck North]
Yeah, it is what it is
And that's how it go
Get treated like a criminal
If crime is all you know
Get greeted like a nigga
If a nigga saw your show

A public enemy, to send a eye in the scope
My city like a island where you can't find a boat
Have you wishin' for a raft
And prayin' that hope flows
Some real f'ing things going down low so,
Who lookin' for a chair and some real strong rope
Just to end it all here
Screamin' "fuck the mayor"
He see the faces at the bottom of the welfare
They act like I'm somethin' to fear
Trapped in urban warfare
And pullin' triggers at a college career
Can't ignore the call of the wild
That's drawin' 'em near
Try to make fast money last long some years
Try to laugh it off
Still couldn't lose the tears
To the rules, I will not adhere
Break the law, yeah[Chorus][Saigon]
Who wanna challenge mine?
I'm sick of St. Valentine
I did the violent crimes
That's why I got this style of rhyme
Seek repentance to spittin' them sentences
To senseless experience is the difference
You can't convince this
In a crime sense, niggas is infants
I'm like a senior citizen
Still livin' but gettin' benefits
Put emphasis on hittin' my nemesis in high percentages
Crooked ass cops is the reason for my belligerence
And it gets deeper than that
Remember nights I used to sleep wit a gat
With a package of crack under my sneaker strap
D's sneak attack and raid me
It took a week for that
Beat the rat, but you're sayin' "look, he think he the mack"
Fuck yall!
Niggas who thinkin' they might try us
Watch us inside riots
Blue cars and light fires
We already been knocked, scrutinized
Plus, cops rush to brutalize us
America's polluted by lust
Who could I trust?

If I can't trust you, then I might touch you

If I ain't got love for you

Then fuck you! [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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