

It Ain't a Crime

House of Pain

Johnny was a bad boy, he was juvenile delinquent
He had his picture on the wall of every precinct
He had a rep of hanging out with his homies
Puffin' on the blunts and sippin' on the forties
But when he spoke, nobody would listen
And when he was home, yo, his parents they would diss him
They called him a bum, a worthless piece of shit
So over this he had a fit
And now he grabs his bag and heads for the door
And walks to the neighborhood liquor store
Pulls out a gun, tells the old man, "Hit the floor"
Then breaks open his register drawer
Pulls out the money, stuffs it in his pocket
Points his pistol then he starts to cock it
The man panics and gun goes off
Stupid old fool made Johnny blow his head off
But he don't care 'cuz Johnny was taught
It ain't a crime if you don't get caught
It ain't a crime if you don't get caught
It ain't a crime if you don't get caught
That's how it is, homie, like it or not
Now coming out store, Johnny shot two Haisidic Jews
And when he got home his face was on the news
His mom freaked out, told him get the fuck out
That when the pigs rolls up, so yo, he ducked out
He hit the backdoor like his name was Carl Lewis
Dipped to the pay phone to find out where his crew is
He called up his homeboy Jose, "Word up"
"Can I come over my man?" he said, "No way"
A cop was here, he was looking all over for you
But I told the pig that I didn't know you"
He said, "Cool, meet me up at the school
I need a ride 'cuz I'm wanted for homicide"
Johnny's got a gun and he's on the run
But he don't care to him this shits fun
Now that he's an outlaw sorta like Robin Hood
The hard rock hero of the whole neighborhood
If they catch him he'll wind up in court
But it ain't a crime if you don't get caught
It ain't a crime if you don't get caught
It ain't a crime if you don't get caught

It ain't a crime if you don't get caught
That's how it is, homie, like it or not

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