

# Criminal (feat. Truck North & Saigon)

## The Roots

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 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  
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 (?) going down on soul (?)

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... 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 y'all!  
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!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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