

White Crime

Lil Dicky

Lot of rappers talking that shit, not enough doing that shit
You know what I'm saying? Yeah, people acting like I ain't a fucking criminal (aight brah)

Like I ain't never doing dirt though
Probably 'cause the way I'm doing shit is clinical
But I've been putting in some work, brah
I see you looking at me cynical (stop looking at me)
I ain't fucking with your smirk ho (it's condescending)
We've been doing shit despicable (don't sleep)
But we just keep it on a low, for example
Walk into the movie with my pants full
Twix, bag of chips, plus a snapple
Stealing all the shampoo's, from the hotel's pretty bathrooms
Cheating, I've been peaking in the classroom
Looking like a nice guy, 'til I take your motherfucking Wi-Fi
Torrent every single song in my library
Then I drive while very fucking high by everybody
While my lady licking my five inch dick

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Do a lot of dirt, never doubt that
Lot of rap twerps love to shout crap
Love to make they mouth flap
When it come to Burd, no, we spout facts
You 'gon learn what I'm 'bout, breh Doing business at the airport
At security, I ain't fraught
Lot of shit up in my JanSport
Six ounce of the face wash (the limit three)
My duffle bigger then the can board
My shuffle on during take off
Will I help in an emergency? Yeah, sure
Exit row, finger straight crossed
Thinking Dave soft
But I know you see me J-walking
Piss in public, no caution

Halloween bucket? Take one, fuck you thinking Dave was?
Give me all your motherfucking chocolate, ho
At the stop sign, never fully stopping though
Filling water cups up, with a lot of coke
Egging homes, motherfucker, a lot of yolk
Not alone up in this motherfucker, a lot of folks, been doing

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You 'gon learn what I'm 'bout, brehEven though the speeding limit sixty five
I'm doing seventy five without a seat belt on
And I've been texting, driving reckless
I was seventeen when I first tried a Guinness on the tennis team
We used to haze a lot of freshmen
Lil Dicky put a hoop up in the street
Without obtaining permission
From the city in every Christmas day
I'm going to cinemas with single tickets to single flicks
But go to additional pictures, sorry, but your boy is maliciousAnd back when I was eighteen,
statutory raping
This little ho, even though we was dating
And if I am taking public transportation
On the quiet train I might have a conversation
Fuck it I'm the man
Putting trash up in some other people can's though
At the work fridge, stealing canned coke
And up at the holiday party, I'm grinding colleagues on the dance floor
Dick been rubbing against their assholes, say it's notWhite crime
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