

# Cross, Rough Justice

Your criminal eyes, that see straight through  
We criminalise - your kind of voodoo  
Make me sell my soul for the easy life  
Sell my mother, trade in my wife  
Rough justice - alright - rough justice on the streets tonight  
Rough justice - we're the chosen few  
If you want to scream, if you want to fight  
Better take it to the man with the big house - in white  
It's rough justice  
Your bleeding heart got a hold on me  
Your criminal heart won't let me be  
For finer feelings I didn't feel the need  
When I'm dealing you'd better watch my speed  
Get rough  
Rough justice - alright  
Rough justice - on the streets tonight  
Rough justice - we're the chosen few  
Rough justice - somebody loosened my screws  
Vigilante man of the neighbourhood  
Well I ain't like Doris Day, and I ain't no Robin Hood  
It's rough justice  
Your criminal eyes - don't cut no ice  
We criminalise - don't take no outside advice  
It's a real cruel life when you have to lose it  
It's a heavy knife, when you have to use it  
It's rough justice - it's rough justice