

Fun Lovin' Criminals, Crime And Punishment

I pity the punks that partake in the madness
Yangin' the young for their products and profit
The pushers keep pushin' on D and on Jump Street
Pushin' the passive pill, so ya don't need
kids makin' bids with their nine's in their goose downs
'Cause college is pricey and some brothers ain't got none
You try to discern between truth and suggestion
but they bid for your ID via fear of rejection

All I see is outfits and attitudes, congenial criminality
The hidden agenda is a psychic necessity
Hungry minds so sad in the hearts of darkness
manifesting some sort of natural impatience
Deaf MacBeth, scar city, the slasher
Enveloping the b-boy, the dooper, the thrasher
Looking to be judged but when judged by the book
Son you're running to the hook

Back with the funk hits, Uncle Huey is back with
the funk hits, and the F.L.C. is coming to grips
with a fist full of funk hits
I got the feel good hit of the year, I got two thumbs up
and I stuck'em in his ear. The man stepped to me,
he wouldn't let it end though, so I threw his ass out
the Roxy Deli window

I ain't pushin' no party, I ain't meddlin' in Saudi,
but i think it's fucked up, what the federal has laid on me
I've been watchin' the news, you're forcing people
to choose between the lesser of two evils; my red, white, and blue
The deceiver's deceiving because the people believe him
Soon the troops'll be bleedin' and their mama's will be grieving
So keep on payin' your taxes, when you don't know the facts
Let the contracts get backed, while your conscience relaxes