

# 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