

Prodigy Blacck, They Call Me A Crimminal

(Intro: Prodigy Blacck)

How am I a crimminal..
You tell me, I'm waitin..

(Chorus x3)

Look into my eye's, tell me what you see..
A crimminal? Or an innocent one please..Uh..
When will they stop doin this to me?

(Verse 1: Prodigy Blacck)

It's been fourty five mile's..
Am still runnin..
Dodging and encountering..
The police commin..
I'm innocent, how am I a crimminal?
You annoy me..
They tryin stack my f**kin decimals..
I don't know when it's the end..
Die in a body bag..
Or die by the hands of my best friend..
This isn't no thug life..
If it was..
How come am bein chased by dykes..
Why you startin a fight..
I'm in a bad predicament tryin prove right..
You can bring ya whole crew..
The only thing is..
Bullet's penetrate lies and demolish you..
You can say you tough, hard I aint kare..
You can say you'll kill me..
But you even forgot to say "I swear"..
No one know's or understands truth..
But justice..
Only thing I have to hang onto..
You otha people can go and shoot up ya block..
Until I put ya own nuts in ya mail box..
Your jaws on the floor, all up in shock..
Because I don't give a damn anymore..
Here you go, you can even take my f**kin cock..

(Chorus x3)

Look into my eye's, tell me what you see..
A crimminal? Or an innocent one please..Uh..
When will they stop doin this to me?

(Verse 2: Prodigy Blacck)

Why the hell you f**kas..
Givin me this shit..
The only thing I hold onto..
Is god as my witness..
How Ikechi gon be ya illness?
So you jealous bitches..
Can't proceed to become limitless..
In your dream's your still compulsive..
In my eye's..
The glock's trigger fires repulsive..
I hide behind shadow's, lookin at you..

A desposed target..
Along with twenty four bodies for his crew..
I aint mad, but just tell me why..
You play a dirty game of twenty five f**kin lies..
You call me the crimmlinal?
When you bitch about your genitals..
Come on nigga..
Make me the new general..
They happy, livin up in a mansion..
Until a bomb goes off..
You hear the Uzi and the Phantoms..
You sicken me, you're all like fags..
But Marilon Manson doesn't get in trouble..
For Sexual Assualt, givin some bouncer a tea bag..
But instead verbally I get sued..
But for my rap game..
It's the only thing I wish to pursue..
I don't give a f**k about you..
What the hell makes you think that I care for you?
I despose of these rituals..
Because the only thing you hear..
Or see, is some symbols..
I continue to keep my shit legit..
In all the rhymes I spit..
I'm like a dead solder, screamin "Thug Life" before I empty the clip..
And signal's, indicating your death..
For I shun myself..
This is my last deep breath..

(Chorus x3)

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