

# Mind Of A Criminal

Slaine

Hey yo, Ronnie was a wannabe gangster and an ornery prankster  
He'd shank ya quicker than he'd thank ya  
A crook and a thief always looking for beef  
Gave em crookeder teeth then a hook of this beat by a pimp  
His environment was violent, always getting high and shit  
Grew up and now he's a man was a dealer type  
Always thinking how he could scam  
He went to back and think and turn the music loud as he can  
What the fuck, yo? You need to go make a few bucks, bro?  
At the pharmacy they're nothing but sitting ducks  
So call your man with the pistols, run in and grab fistfuls  
Of every pill they got and they got a shitload  
All you need is a yatzee, the O's silly man  
This little plan is brilliant, renegade, eliminate the middle man  
You can make like twenty grand off of these milligrams

This is the mind of a criminal  
The criminal mind will find a way to get money at any cost  
This is the mind of a criminal  
Go for the dough, you gamble and sacrifice your life for any loss  
This is a mind of a criminal  
Just evade cops, never say stop because there's always a better day  
This is a mind of a criminal  
Under the influence, convinced you'll never be caught but get away

So Ronnie got a chance with Dan  
Scoped the place out like a motherfucking cameraman  
With the panoramic lens, him and his band of friends  
Ken looking like he swallowed a can of Fen-Fen  
Right before they did the job his eyes bugging out and the kid was starved  
For an o'connor, Ron knew him from his old corner  
Their old colony but lived there no longer  
Anyways, they've never been afraid to be a renegade  
As long as they stayed getting high and getting paid  
Like they're supposed to, Ronnie had the Monte, skinny Kenny with the  
Toaster  
Closer it's coming, his mind troubled him with the nine double m  
Tucked in his belt but fuck it he felt  
Grabbed his balls, gun in his drawers  
Opened up the door to run in the store

So there he was brandishing the gun  
Demanding every one of the Oxycontin from the foxy woman  
Who's a pharmacist, stay calm for this  
Believe me, I don't really want to have to harm you, bitch  
This is a robbery, I know your knees are probably wobbly indeed  
Oh you've never been stuck up? Let me give some advice  
Hurry the fuck up! Give me the OC's  
He pistol whipped her and gave her a nose bleed  
Looking at her lab jacket Ron sees her clothes read Janice  
Janice panics, looking at the handgun and the bandit  
Wants him to scram so she hands him every fucking Oxy that they got  
In the place, her nose is broke and she's scared that she'll get shot in  
The face  
Now she's coughing and bleeding, whining and wheezing  
Not believing she's getting robbed this time in the evening  
It's the end of the night, not a friend is in sight

Kenny's in the front making sure the engine is right  
Then they're gone without a trace, criminal without a face  
Chewing up an OC pill for the powder taste

And once again the criminal has won because our life is like a movie where  
The bad guy always wins and the corner spots are full of sins and the  
Fiends shoot heroin. And when you're a little kid, convinced that you can  
Never win. Tuck yourself in, kid. That's a bedtime story.