

# Criminal

The Roots

(feat. Saigon, Truck North)  
[Chorus]  
Monday they predict the storm  
Tuesday they predict the bad  
Wednesday they cover the grass  
And I can see it's all about cash  
And they got the nerve to hunt down my ass  
And treat me like a criminal  
[Black Thought]  
Look, it is what it is  
Because of what it was  
I did what I did  
Cause it does what it does  
I don't put nothin' above  
What I am, what I love  
My family, my blood  
My city and my hood  
Hater for the greater good  
I'm back from Hollywood  
And I ain't changed a lick  
Though, I know I probably should  
But, what I'm doin' is not a good look  
I never did it by the good book, as a lifetime crook  
All the petty crime took a toll on me  
I look around at my homies that's gettin' old on me  
But still somethin' gotta hold on me  
Maybe it's faith  
If it's comin', yo I'm willing to wait  
I'm not runnin', I done ran through the mud  
I done scrambled and such  
I done robbed an odd job and gambled enough  
Till I'm put up in handcuffs  
And pissin' in a cup  
If there's a God  
I don't know if he listenin' or what  
[Chorus]  
[Truck North]  
Yeah, it is what it is  
And that's how it go  
Get treated like a criminal  
If crime is all you know  
Get greeted like a nigga  
If a nigga saw your show  
A public enemy, to send a eye in the scope  
My city like a island where you can't find a boat  
Have you wishin' for a raft  
And prayin that hope flows  
Some real (?) going down on soul (?)  
Who lookin' for a chair and some real strong rope  
Just to end it all here  
Screamin'