

# Criminal

GAWNE

It's criminal, the way they look at me  
So cynical, they want me to leave  
Yeah it's criminal the way they think  
All aboard the ship, hoping that we sink  
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(Ooh, yeah)

Little bitch I'm a criminal, I've been in trouble since middle school  
All my teachers used to ridicule, calling home to mama just to start some drama  
"His behavior's indefensible"  
How they gon' send me to the principle if I do not have any principles?  
Spent a few years in detention, yeah, handsome and imbecile  
Gave a fuck about it, made more money than my teachers ever did  
I call that economics, I been through thick and the thing from the bottom  
Addicted to meds, on my ass, was sick and in bed, back when spitting meant ridding of phlegm  
Till I listened to Em and he taught me to pick up the pen  
Even though life was shitty back then  
I'm still missing the days of that minimum wage  
Now I'm tryna get back into dreaming again

Look at my, look at my swag, look at my bag  
Look at my, look at my cash  
Rappers these days is so wack, everything you spit is crap, yeah  
You ain't really spitting facts, cap, you ain't as good as me  
I get a hit every time that I'm swinging a bat  
Speaking of that, I call 'em Atlus 'cause we put our team on the map

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I been non-stop for really long, so till the day that I fall  
I'ma grind hard like a dog, yeah, go for broke and say fuck 'em all  
So pass the ball, I ride up and I brush the paint to clutch the game  
Was down for a couple days  
But mustered strength to get up and go fucking A  
Got no ceiling man, I'm really on the cusp of greatness  
Till the day that my mind's diminished, I rise up  
Yeah, the sky's the limit, I rhyme  
If it ain't no [?] putting on a clinic  
Been at the pinnacle of rhyme and I'm kinda the guy  
To spit it better than anybody, they're never gonna be five percent of my level  
I'm the Guinness World Record  
But you gotta admit it, I'm hot when I'm hip-hopping it  
Call the cops [?] consequence

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