

It Ain't A Crime

House of Pain

Johnny was a bad boy
He was a juvenile delinquent
He had his picture
On the wall of every precinct
He had a rep for hangin' out with his homies
Puffin' on the blunts
And sippin' on the 40's
But when he spoke
Nobody would listen
And when he was home
His parents, they would diss him
They called him a bum
A worthless piece of shit
So over this he had a fit
And now he grabs his bag
And heads for the door
And walks to the neighborhood
Liquor store
Pulls out a gat
And tells the old man, "Hit the floor"
Then breaks open his register drawer
Pulls out the money
Stuffs it in his pocket
Points his pistol
Then he starts to cock it
The man panicks and the gun goes off
Stupid old fool
Made Johnny blow his head off
But he don't care
'Cause he was taught
It ain't a crime
If ya don't get caught

It ain't a crime if you don't get caught
That's how it is homie like it or not

Now, comin' out of the store
Johnny shot two acpedic Jews
When he got home
His face was on the news
His mom freaked out
Told him, "Get the fuck out"
That's when the pigs rolled up
So, yo he ducked out
He hit the back door
Like his name was Carl Lewis
Dipped to the pay phone
To find out where his crew is
He called up his home boy Jose (word up)
"Can I come over, my man?"
He said, "No way!"
The cop- was here
He was lookin' all over for ya
But I told the pig
I didn't know ya
He said, "Cool,
pick me up at the school

I need a ride 'cause
I'm wanted for homicide"
Johnny's got his gun
And he's on the run
But he don't care
To him, the shit's fun
Now that he's an outlaw
Sorta like Robin Hood
The hard-rock hero
Of the whole neighborhood
If they catch him
He'll wind up in court, but
It ain't a crime if ya don't get caught (ha ha)

It ain't a sale if it don't get bought
It ain't a show if I don't get paid
She ain't a ho if ya don't get laid