

# 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