

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.