

White Crime

Lil Dicky

Lot of rappers talking that shit, not enough doing that shit
You know what I'm saying? Yeah, people acting like I ain't a fucking criminal (aight brah)
 Like I ain't never doing dirt though
 Probably 'cause the way I'm doing shit is clinical
 But I've been putting in some work, brah
 I see you looking at me cynical (stop looking at me)
 I ain't fucking with your smirk ho (it's condescending)
 We've been doing shit despicable (don't sleep)
 But we just keep it on a low, for example
 Walk into the movie with my pants full
 Twix, bag of chips, plus a snapple
 Stealing all the shampoo's, from the hotel's pretty bathrooms
 Cheating, I've been peaking in the classroom
 Looking like a nice guy, 'til I take your motherfucking Wi-Fi
 Torrent every single song in my library
 Then I drive while very fucking high by everybody
 While my lady licking my five inch dick
 White crime
 White crime Yeah, we 'bout that
 Do a lot of dirt, never doubt that
 Lot of rap twerps love to shout crap
 Love to make they mouth flap
 When it come to Burd, no, we spout facts
 You 'gon learn what I'm 'bout, breh
 Doing business at the airport
 At security, I ain't fraught
 Lot of shit up in my JanSport
 Six ounce of the face wash (the limit three)
 My duffle bigger then the can board
 My shuffle on during take off
 Will I help in an emergency? Yeah, sure
 Exit row, finger straight crossed
 Thinking Dave soft
 But I know you see me J-walking
 Piss in public, no caution
 Halloween bucket? Take one, fuck you thinking Dave was?
 Give me all your motherfucking chocolate, ho
 At the stop sign, never fully stopping though
 Filling water cups up, with a lot of coke
 Egging homes, motherfucker, a lot of yolk
 Not alone up in this motherfucker, a lot of folks, been doing
 White crime
 White crime Yeah, we 'bout that

Do a lot of dirt, never doubt that
Lot of rap twerps love to shout crap
Love to make they mouth flap
When it come to Burd, no, we spout facts
You 'gon learn what I'm 'bout, brehEven though the speeding limit sixty five
I'm doing seventy five without a seat belt on
And I've been texting, driving reckless
I was seventeen when I first tried a Guinness on the tennis team
We used to haze a lot of freshmen
Lil Dicky put a hoop up in the street
Without obtaining permission
From the city in every Christmas day
I'm going to cinemas with single tickets to single flicks
But go to additional pictures, sorry, but your boy is maliciousAnd back when I was eighteen,
statutory raping
This little ho, even though we was dating
And if I am taking public transportation
On the quiet train I might have a conversation
Fuck it I'm the man
Putting trash up in some other people can's though
At the work fridge, stealing canned coke
And up at the holiday party, I'm grinding colleagues on the dance floor
Dick been rubbing against their assholes, say it's notWhite crime
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