

# 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

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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  
White crimeYeah, we 'bout that  
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When it come to Burd, no, we spout facts  
You 'gon learn what I'm 'bout, breh  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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