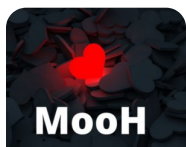


Body Count – Body Count

You know sometimes I sit at home, you know
And I watch TV
And I wonder
What it would be like to live someplace
Like, you know
The Cosby show, Ozzie and Harriet
You know, where cops come
And got your cat outta the tree
All your friends died of old age
But you see, I live in South Central
Los Angeles and unfortunately
Shit ain't like that!
It's real fucked up!
Goddamn what a brotha gotta do
To get a message through
To the red, white and blue?
What I gotta die before you realize
I was a brotha with open eyes?
The world's insane, while you drink champagne
And I'm livin' in black rain
You try to ban the AK,
I got ten of 'em stashed
With a case of hand grenades
(Tell us what to do) Fuck you!
(Tell us what to do) Fuck you!
(Tell us what to do) Fuck you!
You know what you'd do if a kid got killed
On the way to school
Or a cop shot your kid in the backyard
Shit would hit the fan, muthafucka
And it would hit real hard
I hear it every night
Another gunfight
The tension mounts
On with the Body Count
Yo, Beatmaster V, take these muthafuckas

To South Central
Ha ha
Yeah
Fuck that
I hear it every night
Another gunfight
The tension mounts
On with the Body Count
Last weekend
Thirty-seven kids killed in gang warfare
In my backyard
No!
No!
No!
Yo, Ernie C, take these muthafuckas home
Yeah!
Yeah, we in the house,
Body Count fools, 1991 muthafuckas
I hear it every night
Another gunfight
The tension mounts
On with the Body Count
Goddamn what a brotha gotta do
To get a message through
To the red, white and you?
What I gotta die before you realize
I was a nigga with open eyes?
The world's insane, while you drink champagne
And I'm livin' in black rain
Don't you hear the guns
You stupid, dumb, dick suckin',
Bum politicians
(Tell us what to do) Fuck you!
(Tell us what to do) Fuck you!
The tension mouts



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych

