

Body Count

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You know sometimes I sit at home, you know,
and I watch T.V. 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 A.K.,
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!
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, 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 mounts...