

# Last Days

## Body Count

Last days, last days

As I stare off the stage and try to understand  
Why you feel that I am someone you can do with?  
How? When you and I come from two totally  
Polar opposite lifestyles

Under normal circumstances, I would be waking you  
And your rich parents up at gunpoint, demanding the combination  
To the wall safe, while your little sister screams suffering  
From pistol whipped pain or looking back at you  
In a courtroom filled with absolutely none of my peers

Why are you here? Is this some voyeuristic bullshit?  
See black man sing? Or maybe, just maybe, you've been subjected  
To so many audio drive bys and gang shootings  
That you, yourself have become numb to the pain like me

And you check this out, have become insane from overdoses of reality  
Well, stomach this, at the rate we're going right now, white boy, yeah  
You, you and I, will die holding each other's throats  
That's real, the world's at war, we're at war

Check yourself, don't be me, check your goddamn self  
It's goin' down 1997, see the light, red lasers  
Rip through my neighborhood at night, time is short  
Homicide is the number one sport

Last days, last days, these are the last days

So, now that all the reality's soaked, I and you  
Start to reanalyze every word I ever said, am I a racist?  
Or am I just someone, who tells it, how the fuck it is?  
Well, the truth of the thing is, I was raised on crime

Walking through an environment, so filled, with so much hate  
Honestly, I do not feel that you are able to comprehend  
The magnitude of the evil, but trip this  
There were no white faces there, just black on black genocide

The only white men, there were the cops that showed up  
Late in the fourth, to outline the teenaged bodies in chalk  
So who do I hate? Do I hate you? Do I hate myself?  
Or possibly, am I intelligent enough, to only hold the conditions  
Of the ghetto itself to blame?

Not who creates the conditions? Who stops, affirmative action  
And welfare? Who loves the three strikes law?  
Didn't see 'em at the million man march  
Or the three hundred and fifty thousand man march

Let your daddy tell it, there's a lotta lies out there  
What side ya on? Armageddon is near  
I am the fourth rider of the apocalypse, recognize game

Last days, these are the last days  
Last days, these are the last days

Last days, these are the last days, last days

But, maybe I'm all wrong, maybe everything is okay  
Maybe, we're all just gonna get along  
Maybe, I'm trippin', maybe life is perfect, yeah, right

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I hate you, you hate me, and what does that equal?  
It equals nothing and that's exactly what we're gonna have  
Nothing, I, we don't make a change soon  
And who am I to tell you anything?

I ain't nobody, but a brother from South Central  
Who's had the opportunity to go around the world  
And I found out, that, we're all not really that different  
Racism, is the number one enemy of earth

There's only one race, the human race  
And if we don't get it together soon, this song is true  
We are all living in the last days