

The Hunted Child

Ice-T

(Today in Los Angeles another youth loses his life. Gunshot wound to the head. Street violence is at an all-time high)

No jokin', I'm sleepin' with my eyes open
Wanted for a homicide ride, the gun's still smokin'
Didn't know what I was doin' but did it anyway
Now the posse's on my trail, they say I'm gonna pay (Run!)
I had a gun, it's mine and I packed it
Out with my crew, the boys caught some static
Me and this sucker punk went at it
Bang! Nine automatic

Hunted Child
I'm the Hunted Child

(Sources say the assailant was 17-years old and lives in South-Central Los Angeles)

Now I'm on a hideout tip cos they're after me
LAPD says they're gonna capture me
Was I crazy? I guess I had to be
Cos once you kill it's instant catastrophe
Your whole life is over (Through!)
Forget about your girl your (Crew!)
Nowhere to run, so what you gonna do?
Be glad it's me, homeboy, and not you

The Hunted Child
I'm the Hunted Child
Hunted Child
I'm the Hunted Child

I'm only 17, I didn't mean to kill, man
But I was slangin' and bangin' for the thrill, man
When they said (Kill!) I felt chill, man
But once I pulled the trigger, boy, then things got ill, man
My homeboys dipped out the back fast
Left me alone in the echo of the gun blast
Everybody saw my face, I didn't wear a mask
You wanna know my name? Just ask

The Hunted Child
I'm the Hunted Child
Hunted Child
I'm the Hunted Child

(The science of Capitalism which you teach to the youth on the streets today with the 'ends justifying the means' mentality ain't happenin')

I'm sweatin' heavy cos my face is on TV
Everybody in this whole world's after me
Since I was young I never had a damned thing
At Christmas time I'd hate to hear the bells ring
Cos in the ghetto Santa ain't got a dime
Your mother's standin' in the welfare line
The way the youth survive is crime
My life is over so I might as well speak my mind

I killed a brother cos this system had me geared to kill
Cos what I call home you call hell
My ghetto quarters ain't no better than a jail cell
But there's a message in this story that I'm tryna tell
We're just brothers on the streets killin' brothers
This system has us geared to kill one another
Sellin' dope to poison each other
The plan of The Man, word to the mother
But I'm a sucker cos I fell into their plan
187, I killed a brother man
My life on Earth was hell, you understand?
But when I die I'm goin' to hell again

I'm the Hunted Child I'm the Hunted Child I'm the Hunted Child The
Hunted Child

I'm the Hunted Child

I'm the Hunted Child