Last Days

Body Count

Last days, last daysAs 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 lifestylesUnder 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 peersWhy 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 byes and gang shootings
That you, yourself have become numb to the pain like meAnd 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 warCheck 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 sportLast days, last days, these are the last daysSo, 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 crimeWalking 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 genocideThe 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 marchLet 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 gameLast days, these are the last days
Last days, these are the last days
Last days, these are the last days, last daysBut, 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, rightLast days, these are the last days
Last days, these are the last days
Last days, these are the last days, last daysI 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 earthThere'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

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