Born Dead

Body Count

1994 BC still in the house They did
Everything they could do to take us out
But like any good monster that just made us stronger
You see, they don't like us and they don't like you,
The BC fan,
'Cause they know we stand for three things
Truth, justice and fuck the American way
That word justice got me fucked up though
Twenty cops in the street, two go to jail
Thousands of people died in wars
Overseas and it's justice ?
You think they give a fuck about us ?
You're a foolBorn yellow,
Born brown,
Born red,
Born black,
Born dead
Dead
Born deadBorn Asian,
Born Jewish,
Born Latino,
Born poor,
Born dead
Dead
Born deadBut you don't hear me thoughDead
New York , Atlanta, Chicago, Oakland, Miami, DetroitEvery day I gotta get out my muthafuckin' bed,
Put on my muthafuckin' gun,
Down in my muthafuckin' gun,
Down in my muthafuckin' pants, 'cause
Muthafucka's out here is trippin'How the fuck you gonna get up every morning
Tryin' to worry about if you gonna make it to the next evening
Do you understand ?
Sometimes we take for granted
The little things like food, like freedomBorn in Somalia,
Born in south America,
Born in south Africa,
Born in south central,
Born dead

DeadBorn dead

Songwriters
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