

Body Count

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You know sometimes I sit at home, you know
And I watch TV 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 V
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

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