

# Momma's Gotta Die Tonight

## Body Count

No, no, no, momma All my life I loved this girl so much  
All my life I loved her simple touch  
She cared for me and put me on this earth  
Oh, the pain of just a simple birth  
But now I find that she has left me dumb and blind  
Poisoned, twisted, and destroyed my mind She taught me things that simply were not true  
She taught me hate for race, that's why I hate you  
There's only one way I can make it right  
Momma's gotta die tonight  
There's only one way I can make it right  
Momma's gotta die tonight Momma, momma, I always loved my momma  
I always loved my momma  
I loved the way she hold me  
I love the way she talked to me  
She used to teach me a lot of things  
She taught me good things, she taught me bad things "Don't trust white people, don't trust white people  
Don't trust white people, they're no good, they're no good  
They're no good, they're no good  
They're just gonna rip you off, they're just gonna rip you off  
Don't trust 'em, don't trust 'em" I said, "Why momma?"  
She said, "I told you don't trust 'em they're no good"  
I said, "Momma, I thought we were all the same momma  
Why momma?" She said, "Don't ask me any questions  
Don't you challenge your mutha", momma So one day I found I fell in love and I brought my girlfriend home  
And I introduced her to my mutha and she smacked me  
She was a white girl and I said  
"Why momma? Why momma? What did I do wrong?"  
You know, I found out my mutha was a evil woman She hated Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Jamaicans  
Indians, Orientals, momma was no good  
I learned to hate my mutha, hate my mutha  
So I got some, some lighter fluid from the corner store  
And I put it around her bed, and I set her on fire Burn momma, burn momma, burn momma, burn bitch  
Burn, burn, burn, burn you racist bitch But she wasn't quite dead, she jumped up from the bed  
And I grabbed my Louisville Slugger  
That she had bought me for my twelfth birthday  
And I came up behind her and I hit her, I hit her  
I hit her twice, now she was out, I went into the kitchen  
And I got that handy carving knife That we only use on special occasions like  
Bullshit Thanksgiving and I took her

And I laid her ol' fucked up corpse on the floor  
And I cut her in little bitty pieces, cut off her arms, her feet  
Her neck, and I put her into little green hefty bags  
And I put it into my car and I said "Momma, we're goin' on a vacation, a permanent vacation bitch"  
I took some of her around the world  
To Arizona, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Miami, Oakland  
Yo, you wanna go to Connecticut, bitch, Ohio, Detroit, Texas, L.A.  
Whose laughin' now momma, whose laughin' now bitch  
Whose laughin' now So if you got a mutha or a grandmutha or a father  
Who wants to carry on the same racist bullshit  
That's fucked this world up from day one  
You can either look 'em in the face and tell 'em  
To suck your dick or do like Body Count does All my life I loved this girl so much  
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