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 fool
Born yellow, born brown
Born red, born black
Born dead, dead, born dead
Born Asian, born Jewish
Born Latino, born poor

Born dead, dead, born dead
But you don't hear me though dead
New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Oakland, Miami, Detroit
Every 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 freedom
Born in Somalia, born in South America
Born in South Africa, born in South Central
Born dead, dead, born dead

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