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
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