Dead Man Walking

Body Count

I don't remember my mama, dad sold crack all night.
My life was fucked from the jumpstreet, now this kite I write.
Never had half a fuckin chance, my whole trial I was broke.
Circumstantial that's bullshit, my defense was a joke!(You go in a motherfuckin' courtroom,
With a fuckin public defender - the public
Defender works with the fuckin D. A.!
Motherfuckers ain't got no chance, you
Ain't got no money you're fucked, you're fucked!)Now this cell is my residence, my address is The Row.
24 hour lock down, when they'll kill me who knows?Guilty, we the unfree!
Dead men walking
Guilty, we the unfree!
Dead men walkingI'm a genius from books now, Never read on the street.
Never lifted a fuckin' weight, now my boys concrete.
Filed a hundred appeals or more, no response from the state.
Get no phone calls or visits, My mentality's hate!(When I was on the street I had motherfuckin' boys, where's my bitch?
She won't even accept my fuckin' phone calls! Yo, they better not let me
Up out this motherfucka , you this shit's on, fuck that word!)I get visits from doctors, analyzing the ill.
Families pray for my death now, vengeance lays for the kill.(Does the defendant have any final words
He would like to say to the court?
Yeah, I got somethin' I'd like to say.
Yo, you, judge, you a racist motherfucker.
I feel like bustin your motherfuckin... no, let
Me go... I'm gonna kill everyone one of you
Jurors. If I ever get out of here, I'm comin one by one
And blow your motherfuckin brains out. You motherfuckers!
No, keep your motherfuckin hands off! Fuck that!)So I think 'bout my past now, my future holds only pain.
Involuntarily drugged by the state for years, now I know I'm insane.
When I'm moved shackled hands and feet, my skin's covered in ink.
I read the bible 'bout twenty-five times, now fuck god's how I think!(You can save all that religious bullshit,
Stay the fuck out of my cell. If that priest
Comes in my cell, I'm a bust him in the -
I'll break your fuckin neck with my bare hands, fuck that.)So live your life to the fullest, but remember don't trip.
One mistake you're my neighbor, and there's no one here rich!

Songwriters
T. MARROW, D. MILES, L. ROBERTS, V. WILSONPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other

patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/