

# Who are you

## Body Count

You say that I hang out all night, that's okay,

'Cause you drink all muthafuckin' day

You come home hit mom, smack mom, beat mom,

Raise another brew to your face with you

Swollen palm

Then you come in my room talkin' crazy shit

Sayin' I'm high, I'm on dope and I better quit

Muthafucka, if I was high you would die,

Hit my mom once more and it's bye-bye

Who are you tryin' to judge me?

Get the fuck out my face

Who put you so above me?

Clear the fuck out my space

You say that I want sex all the time

That's all that seems to be on my muthafuckin' mind

Well that's right I want sex all the time

That's all that seems to be on my muthafuckin' mind

Well that's right I want sex every minute,

Every hour of the day,

Of the week, all the muthafuckin' time

But hold up who are you tryin' to talk shit,

You'll hit your knees suckin' dick with a quickness

In the park, dark, car, grass, lickin' nuts,

Suckin' butt,

With your tongue up my fuckin' ass,

Who are you tryin' to judge me?

Get the fuck out my face

Who put you so above me?

Clear the fuck out my space

Get the fuck out my face

Yeah

Who are you tryin' to judge me?

Get the fuck out my face

Who put you so above me?

Clear the fuck out my space

You need to stay the fuck out my face  
Stay the fuck out my got damnned face

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