

Body Count, Last Days

Last days,
last days.

As I stare off the stage and try to
understand why you feel that I am
someone you can id with, how ?
When you and I come from two totally
polar opposite lifestyles.
Under normal circumstances I would be
waking you and your rich parents up at
gunpoint.
Demanding the combination to the wall
safe.
While your little sister screams suffering
from pistol-whipped pain.
Or looking back at you in a courtroom
filled with absolutely none of my peers.
Why are you here ? Is this some
voyeuristic bullshit ?
See black man sing ?
Or maybe, just maybe, you've been sub-
jected to so many audio drive by's and
gang shootings that you yourself have
become numb to the pain like me.
And you - check this out - have become
insane from overdoses of reality.
Well stomach this, at the rate we're
going right now white boy, yeah you, you
and I will die holding each other's
throats.
That's real, the world's at war, we're at
war.
Check yourself, don't be me check your
goddamn self.
It's goin down 1997, see the light, red
lasers rip through my neighborhood at
night, time is short.
Homocide is the number one sport.

Last days,
last days,
these are the last days.

So now that all the reality's soaked, I and
you start to reanalyze every word I ever
said, am I a racist ?
Or am I just someone who tells it how the
fuck it is ?
Well the truth of the thing is I was raised
on crime.
Walking through an environment so filled
with so much hate,
honesty I do not feel that you are able to
comprehend the magnitude of the evil.
But trip this, there were no white faces
there.
Just blk on black genocide.
The only white men there were the cops
that showed up late in the fourth to out-
line the teenaged bodies in chalk.
So who do I hate ? Do I hate you ? Do I
hate myself ?
Or possibly am I intelligent enough to only
hold the conditions of the ghetto itself to

blame ? - Not!
Who creates the conditions ?
Who stops affirmative action and welfare ?
Who loves the 3 strikes law ?
Didn't see 'em at the Million Man March,
Or the three hundred and fifty-thousand
man march, let your daddy tell it.
There's a lotta lies out there, what side
ya on ?
Armageddon is near,
I am the fourth rider of the apocalypse,
recognize game.

Last days,
these are the last days.
Last days,
these are the last days.
Last days,
these are the last days.
Last days.

(But maybe I'm all wrong, maybe everything
is ok. Maybe we're all just gonna get
along. Maybe I'm trippin, maybe life is
perfect - yeah right)

CHORUS

I hate you, you hate me, and what does
that equal ?
It equals nothing, and that's exactly what
we're gonna have,
nothing, i we don't make a change soon,
and who am I to tell you anything ?
I ain't nobody but a brother from South
Central,
who's had the opportunity to go around
the world,
and I found out that we're all not really
that different.
Racism is the number one enemy of
earth.
There's only one race, the human race,
and if we don't get it together soon, this
song is true.
We are all living in the last days.