

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 subjected 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 outline 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.