

Body Count, Root Of All Evil

I love you, and will always love you.
When I'm without you I feel so alone.
When I was young I didn't know you existed,
but introduced to you still as a child.
Mom and dad used to fight about you each night,
to obtain you wasn't easy for certain types.
As I grew too many friends died over you,
I didn't have you so my sex life was none.
I needed you and street life was the answer,
I found you with the use of a gun!
Money - can kill men.
Money - controls sin.
Money - can move all.
Money - is true power.
Root of all evil.
As I grew my love for you became deeper,
addicted to you, I was sprung on your juice.
The more of you I possessed, the more power
anything could be obtained with your use.
But the quest for you spelled pain for my victims,
cause for you I'd take a life without thought.
Anything in my way would be chopped down,
cause for me happiness would be bought!
People lie and say you really don't matter,
Singers front and say they really don't care.
If they don't want you, yo well send you to me then,
cause you and I are in an endless affair.