

# Body Count, Who Are You ?

You say that I hang out all night, that's okay,  
'Cause you drink all muthaf\*\*kin' 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  
Muthaf\*\*ka, if I was high you would die,  
Hit my mom once more and it's bye-bye

Chorus:

Who are you tryin' to judge me ?

Get the f\*\*k out my face

Who put you so above me ?

Clear the f\*\*k out my space

You say that I want sex all the time

That's all that seems to be on my muthaf\*\*kin' mind

Well that's right I want sex all the time

That's all that seems to be on my muthaf\*\*kin' mind

Well that's right I want sex every minute,

Every hour of the day,

Of the week, all the muthaf\*\*kin' 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 f\*\*kin' ass,

Chorus

Get the f\*\*k out my face

Yeah

Chorus

You need to stay the f\*\*k out my face

Stay the f\*\*k out my got damned face