

Body Count, Who Are You

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

[Chorus:]

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,

[Chorus]

Get the fuck out my face

Yeah

[Chorus]

You need to stay the fuck out my face

Stay the fuck out my got damned face