

Ice T, Body Count

God damn, what a brother gotta do
To get a message through
To the red, white and blue

What? I gotta die? Before you realize
I was a brother with open eyes

The world's insane
While you drink champagne
And I'm livin' in black rain

You try to ban the A.K.
I got ten of 'em stashed
With a case of hand grenades

(Tell us what to do?) Fuck you!
(Tell us what to do?) Fuck you!
(Tell us what to do?) Fuck you!
(Tell us what to do?) Fuck you!

You'd know what to do
If a bullet hit your kid
On the way to school
Or a cop shot your kid in the back yard
Shit would hit the fan and hit hard!

CHORUS

I hear it every night, another gun fight
The tension mounts
On with the body count!

God damn what a brother gotta do
To get a message through
To the red, white and you?

What? I gotta die? Before you realize
I was a nigga with open eyes

The world's insane
While you drink champagne
And I'm livin' in black rain

Don't you hear the guns?
You stupid, dumb, dick suckin'
Bum politicians

(Tell us what to do?) Fuck you!
(Tell us what to do?) Fuck you!

The tension mounts!