

## **Body Count "Born Dead"**

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1994 BC still in the house  
They did everything they could do  
To take us out  
But like any good monster  
That just made us stronger  
You see  
They don't like us  
And they don't like you  
The BC fan  
'Cause they know we stand  
For three things  
Truth justice  
And fuck the American way!  
That word justice got me fucked up though  
Twenty cops in the street  
Two go to jail  
Thousands of people died in wars  
Overseas and it's justice?  
You think they give a fuck about us?  
You're a fool!

Born yellow  
Born brown  
Born red  
Born blak  
Born dead! Dead!  
Born dead! Dead!  
Born dead! Dead!  
Born dead! Dead!  
Born Dead  
Born Dead  
Born Dead

Born Asian  
Born Jewish  
Born Latino  
Born poor  
Born dead! Dead!  
Born dead! Dead!  
Born dead! Dead!  
Born Dead  
Born Dead

Born Dead

But you don't hear me though

Dead

NY

ATL

CHI.-OAK

MIAMI

DET.

Every day I gotta get out

My muthafuckin' bed

Put on my mothafuckin' pants

'Cause muthafucka's out here is trippin'

How the fuck

You gonna get up

Every morning

Tryin' to worry about if you gonna make it

To the next evening

Do you understand?

Sometimes we take for granted

The little things like food

Like freedom

Born in Somalia

Born in South America

Born in South Africa

Born in South Central

Born dead! Dead!

Born dead! Dead!

Born dead! Dead!

Born dead! Dead!

Born Dead

Born Dead

Born Dead

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