

Body Count **"My Way"**

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Yo it's my way, no way,
get dumped on the highway.
Buck, buck feel the blast from my gun
spray.
Yea, you're gettin drowned in the
blood,
a bug, thug, feel the cops catchin
slugs.

Yo, it's my way, I slay, I play,
you stay down, you fuck around in my
town, you drown.
Fuck you, fuck them, fuck that,
we come back through,
murderin your crew - what!

You don't know shit about my lifestyle,
it's buckwild,
late night gunfights, three strikes, i'd
rather fight.
Caught in the street, ya get beat down
ta raw meat,
fuckin with me and the Breed, you'll
soon bleed.

Yeah, it's Raw Breed - BC killin over-
seas,
droppin off rooftops, punks hang from
trees.
Night vision, incision, the opposition,
It's never your decision.

My way!

You can't tell me jack shit, suck my
dick,

out my face with that drama, I'll kill
your fuckin mama.
Iller than a postal worker, born to
murder,
suckas in my face with that bullshit die

quick.

It's Bizarra, ha, cause mad horror,
it's the dusted world of Bizarra.
High on acid, the ghetto bastard,
yo punk I'll put your ass in a casket.

You in a world of shit, fuckin with the
Syndicate,
We pack full clips, and then we're done
with it.
Come with it, we get it on yo, you ain't
lastin,
demolishin, the demolition.

Piss on your grave, a killin craze.
In your town right now on any stage.
Who the fuck are you ? Trying ta diss
my crew ?
Who dies tonight bitch ? - You!

My way!

I will do what I choose,
and if I loose
Well then I loose, My Way!
This is my fuckin' life,
and if I die
Well then I die, My Way!

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