

## Body Count

### "The End Game"

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I was reading the news the other day  
They called me a gangsta  
I never robbed and starved entire countries  
I never committed genocide on entire races of people  
I never dropped my bombs  
And killed innocent women and children  
Who's the fuckin gangsta?  
The end game muthafucka get your shit tight  
Listen it's a mission to keep us in the dark  
Keep us apart  
Keep us throwin poisonous darts  
Into the black room  
Cash rules everything son  
Nobody's your friend fool  
Go for your gun  
Trust no one  
Money buys souls and lives  
Brothers and wives, alibis  
Many will die  
Fuckin with the quick to get ya niggas  
Demons from hell

Their rooms are oval  
The pains global  
They makes bombs and then  
In the name of god they keep us apart  
I don't know about you but I don't hate as much as they  
do  
I'm just tryin to live and shit  
Muthafuckas best pray that they don't blow us all away  
Who?  
The powerhungry fools on the hill  
Before they lose they'll push the fuckin button  
Explode the air  
Winter and black rain  
They play the end game

Muthafuckas take what they can take  
Muthafuckas think they stole this land we live on and  
kill to keep  
Then they lie in the schoolbooks and rock us to sleep

We're just lambs here waiting for the blood bath baby  
Hitman army  
Hitman navy  
Moved by the wicked hands of money  
Neither no one knows the secrets in the evil mix man  
Hold your breath  
Pray for death  
That's the only truth left

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I never done shit to your country or fam  
I don't want your oil man don't want your land  
The people that your beefin with are not my friends  
They hate me too and they want me to hate you  
It's evilism mixes that keep the people twisted  
Power mongers on earth  
They trade life for dirt  
It's not the people of this planet  
It's the kings in their court  
And they do what they gotta do cause murders their  
sport

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