

Body Count

"Who Are You ?"

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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

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