Body Count "You're Fkin' With Bc"

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Do you know who you're fuckin with?

The ill niggas!
You're fuckin with the kill niggas!
You're fuckin with the hard liquor!
You're fuckin with the bitch dickas!

You're fuckin with the cash makin, life takin, overlord, street hustlin, quick bustin, snitch dustin, body dumpin, gauge pumpin, clean dresser, mic blesser, shallow graves are in the desert, fuckin with my niggas from the Central, why? You'll die! I can make ya missin fuckin with the unforgiven, cop killer, blood spiller, but still a million seller. Run and tell your fuckin mother, Body Count is on the cover, of Murder Monthly, bitch best back up off me.

You're fuckin with BC.
You're fuckin with BC.
You're fuckin with BC.
Do you know who you're fuckin with?

Ghetto dwellin, drug sellin, pussy suckin, hard fuckin, drive by'n, do or die'n, bitch smackin, cash stackin, switch hittin, game spittin, hustlin's how I make my livin, hit ridin, pit fightin, motherfuckin street titan.

Gang related, frustated, gun tote'n, ransome note'n,

park muggin, born thuggin, jewelry wearer, hood terror.

Steppin's where you made your error, now you're bleedin, heart speedin. Now you feel your life leavin, Yo, your fuckin mom's grievin.

CHORUS

The ill niggas!
The kill niggas!

Benz mashin, club crashin, high fashion, jewelry bashin, child snatcher, hoe catcher, neck slasher. Mic rippin, set trippin, coke boilin, gun oil'n, car jackin, head crackin, bank robbin, roof jobbin, laser scope'n, hostage ropin, known to get your safe open, shoot you in your back nigga, the hair trigga. Banana clip loader, LAPD get my fuckin folder, known killer, jaw sweller, feds dug up my fuckin cellar. Drama maker, law breaker, violent talker, pig stalker, Shot gunner, drug runner, blowin up this fuckin summer. Handgrenade'n, home invadin, vest wearin, cold starin, Body Count the street vets, known to get your chest wet!

CHORUS

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