

## George Harrison

### "The Hunted Child"

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#### Verse 1

(Today in Los Angeles another youth loses his life.  
Gunshot wound to  
the head. Street violence is at an all-time high)

No jokin', I'm sleepin' with my eyes open  
Wanted for a homicide ride, the gun's still smokin'  
Didn't know what I was doin' but did it anyway  
Now the posse's on my trail, they say I'm gonna pay  
(Run!)  
I had a gun, it's mine and I packed it  
Out with my crew, the boys caught some static  
Me and this sucker punk went at it  
Bang! Nine automatic

Hunted Child  
I'm the Hunted Child

#### Verse 2

(Sources say the assailant was 17-years old and lives in  
South-Central  
Los Angeles)

Now I'm on a hideout tip cos they're after me  
LAPD says they're gonna capture me  
Was I crazy? I guess I had to be  
Cos once you kill it's instant catastrophe  
Your whole life is over (Through!)  
Forget about your girl your (Crew!)  
Nowhere to run, so what you gonna do?  
Be glad it's me, homeboy, and not you

The Hunted Child  
I'm the Hunted Child  
Hunted Child  
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#### Verse 3

I'm only 17, I didn't mean to kill, man  
But I was slangin' and bangin' for the thrill, man  
When they said (Kill!) I felt chill, man  
But once I pulled the trigger, boy, then things got ill,  
man  
My homeboys dipped out the back fast  
Left me alone in the echo of the gun blast  
Everybody saw my face, I didn't wear a mask  
You wanna know my name? Just ask

The Hunted Child  
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(The science of Capitalism which you teach to the youth  
on the streets  
today with the 'ends justifying the means' mentality  
ain't happenin')

Verse 4

I'm sweatin' heavy cos my face is on TV  
Everybody in this whole world's after me  
Since I was young I never had a damned thing  
At Christmas time I'd hate to hear the bells ring  
Cos in the ghetto Santa ain't got a dime  
Your mother's standin' in the welfare line  
The way the youth survive is crime  
My life is over so I might as well speak my mind  
I killed a brother cos this system had me geared to kill  
Cos what I call home you call hell  
My ghetto quarters ain't no better than a jail cell  
But there's a message in this story that I'm tryna tell  
We're just brothers on the streets killin' brothers  
This system has us geared to kill one another  
Sellin' dope to poison each other  
The plan of The Man, word to the mother  
But I'm a sucker cos I fell into their plan  
187, I killed a brother man  
My life on Earth was hell, you understand?  
But when I die I'm goin' to hell again

I'm the Hunted Child I'm the Hunted Child I'm the  
Hunted Child The  
Hunted Child

I'm the Hunted Child

I'm the Hunted Child

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