

Ice-T "Body Count"

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{Ice-T after your tremendous success on your past albums

Some have said you've sold out because of use of Rock n' Roll in your music, how do you reply to that? You see a lot of people don't realize that you know Rock n' Roll is truly black music, it was created by Chuck Berry, Little Richard, an' black people like that Who started it off back in the day you know and as far as

I'm concerned, music is music, I don't look at it is Rock R n' B or that kind of stuff, I just look at it as music you know

And anybody who said that I sold out, they can basically suck my

Dick, 'cause I really don't give a fuck about that shit, you know

But I do what I like and I happen to like Rock n' Roll an' I feel

Sorry for anybody who only listens one form of music, now right now

I got my own rock band, it's got to jump off, it's real black hardcore

Band called Bodycount, and a, on some of the records I'm like layin' Some vocals on it and a, I got a tape of it right here, yo, check it out}

{You know sometimes I sit at home, you know An' I watch T.V. and I wonder what it would be like To live some place like you know Piccass, B Show, Ozzy and Harriet You know what cops coming got your Cat out of the tree All your friends died of old age, but you see I live in South Central Los Angeles And unfortunately}

Shit ain't like that
It's real fucked up

God damn, what a brother gotta do
To get a message through
To the red, white and blue?

What, I gotta die?
Before you realize
I was a brother with open eyes

The world's insane
While you drink champagne
And I'm livin' in black rain

You try to ban the A.K.
I got ten of 'em stashed
With a case of hand grenades

Tell us what to do
Fuck you
Tell us what to do
Fuck you
Tell us what to do
Fuck you
Tell us what to do
Fuck you

You know what to do
If a kid got killed on the way to school
Or a cop shot your kid in the back yard
Shit would hit the fan motherfuckin'
It would hit real hard

I hear it every night, another gun fight
The tension mounts on with the body count

Yo Big Master Phee
Take these motherfuckers to South Central
Yea, fuck that

I hear it every night, another gun fight
The tension mounts on with the body count

{Last weekend
Thirty-seven kids killed in a gang warfare
In my backyard}

No, no, no

{Yo Aunty Sei, take these motherfuckers home}

Yea

Yea we in a house body count
Four nineteen ninety one motherfucker

I hear it every night, another gun fight
The tension mounts on with the body count

God damn what a brother gotta do
To get a message through
To the red, white and you?

What, I gotta die?
Before you realize
I was a nigga with open eyes

The world's insane
While you drink champagne
And I'm livin' in black rain

Don't you hear the guns?
You stupid, dumb, dick suckin'
Bum politicians

Tell us what to do
Fuck you
Tell us what to do
Fuck you
The tension mounts

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