

## T Ice

### "Body Count"

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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'd know what to do

If a bullet hit your kid

On the way to school

Or a cop shot your kid in the back yard

Shit would hit the fan and hit hard!

CHORUS

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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