

T Ice

"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

I'm the Hunted Child

Verse 3

I'm only 17, I didn't mean to kill, man

But I was slingin' 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

I'm the Hunted Child

Hunted Child

I'm the Hunted Child

(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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