

Bodycount

"Born dead"

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1994 BC still in the house
They did everything they could do
To take us out
But like any good monster
That just made us stronger
You see
They don't like us
And they don't like you
The BC fan
'Cause they know we stand
For three things
Truth justice
And fuck the American way!
That word justice got me fucked up though
Twenty cops in the street
Two go to jail
Thousands of people died in wars
Overseas and it's justice?
You think they give a fuck about us?
You're a fool!

Born yellow
Born brown
Born red
Born blak
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born Dead
Born Dead
Born Dead

Born Asian
Born Jewish
Born Latino
Born poor
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born Dead

Born Dead
Born Dead

But you don't hear me though
Dead
NY
ATL
CHI.-OAK
MIAMI
DET.

Every day I gotta get out
My muthafuckin' bed
Put on my mothafuckin' pants
'Cause muthafucka's out here is trippin'
How the fuck
You gonna get up
Every morning
Tryin' to worry about if you gonna make it
To the next evening
Do you understand?
Sometimes we take for granted
The little things like food
Like freedom

Born in Somalia
Born in South America
Born in South Africa
Born in South Central
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born dead! Dead!
Born Dead
Born Dead
Born Dead

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