

Bodycount

"I Used To Love Her"

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I don't remember my mama, dad sold crack all night.
My life was fucked from the jumpstreet, now this kite I
write.

Never had half a fuckin chance, my whole trial I was
broke.

Circumstantial that's bullshit, my defense was a joke!

[You go in a motherfuckin courtroom,
with a fuckin public defender - the public
defender works with the fuckin D. A.!
Motherfuckers ain't got no chance, you
ain't got no money you're fucked, you're fucked!]

Now this cell is my residence, my address is The Row.
24 hour lock down, when they'll kill me who knows?

Guilty - we the unfree!
Dead men walking
Guilty - we the unfree!
Dead men walking

I'm a genius from books now, Never read on the street.
Never lifted a fuckin weight, now my boys concrete.
Filed a hundred appeals or more, no response from the
state.
Get no phone calls or visits, My mentality's hate!

[When I was on the street I had motherfuckin boys,
where's my bitch?
She won't even accept my fuckin phone calls! Yo, they
better not let me
up out this motherfucka , you this shit's on, fuck that
word!]

I get visits from doctors, analyzing the ill.
Families pray for my death now, vengeance lays for the
kill.

[Does the defendant have any final words
he would like to say to the court?
Yeah, I got somethin I'd like to say.

Yo, you, judge, you a racist motherfucker.
I feel like bustin your motherfuckin... no, let
me go... I'm gonna kill everyone one of you
jurors. If I ever get out of here, I'm comin one by one
and blow your motherfuckin brains out. You
motherfuckers!
No, keep your motherfuckin hands off! Fuck that!]

So I think 'bout my past now, my future holds only pain.
Involuntaril

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