

## Bodycount

### "Last Days"

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Last days,  
Last days.

As I stare off the stage and try to  
Understand why you feel that I am  
Someone you can I'd with, how?  
When you and I come from two totally polar opposite  
lifestyles.  
Under normal circumstances I would be  
Waking you and your rich parents up at gunpoint.  
Demanding the combination to the wall safe.  
While your little sister screams suffering from pistol-  
whipped pain.  
Or looking back at you in a courtroom  
Filled with absolutely none of my peers.  
Why are you here? Is this some voyeuristic bullshit?  
See black man sing?  
Or maybe, just maybe, you've been subjected to so  
many audio drive by's  
And gang shootings that you yourself have  
Become numb to the pain like me.  
And you - check this out - have become  
Insane from overdoses of reality.  
Well stomach this, at the rate we're  
Going right now white boy, yeah you, you  
And I will die holding each other's throats.  
That's real, the world's at war, we're at war.  
Check yourself, don't be me check your goddamn self.  
It's goin down 1997, see the light, red  
Lasers rip through my neighborhood at night, time is  
short.  
Homocide is the number one sport.

Last days,  
Last days,  
These are the last days.  
So now that all the reality's soaked, I and  
You start to reanalyze every word I ever said, am I a  
racist?  
Or am I just someone who tells it how the fuck it is?  
Well the truth of the thing is I was raised on crime.

Walking through an environment so filled with so much  
hate,  
Honesty I do not feel that you are able to  
Comprehend the magnitude of the evil.  
But trip this, there were no white faces there.  
Just blk on black genocide.  
The only white men there were the cops  
That showed up late in the fourth to outline  
The teenaged bodies in chalk.  
So who do I hate? Do I hate you? Do I hate myself?  
Or possibly am I intelligent enough to only  
Hold the conditions of the ghetto itself to blame? - Not!  
Who creates the conditions?  
Who stops affirmative action and welfare?  
Who loves the 3 strikes law?  
Didn't see 'em at the Million Man March,  
Or the three hundred and fifty-thousand  
Man march, let your daddy tell it.  
There's a lotta lies out there, what side ya on?  
Armageddon is near,  
I am the fourth rider of the apocalypse, recognize game.

Last days, these are the last days.  
Last days, these are the last days.  
Last days, these are the last days.  
Last days.

[But maybe I'm all wrong, maybe everything is ok.  
Maybe we're all just gonna get along.  
Maybe I'm trippin, maybe life is perfect - yeah right]

I hate you, you hate me, and what does that equal?  
It equals nothing, and that's exactly what we're gonna  
have,  
Nothing, I we don't make a change soon,  
And who am I to tell you anything?  
I ain't nobody but a brother from South Central,  
Who's had the opportunity to go around the world,  
And I found out that we're all not really that different.  
Racism is the number one enemy of earth.  
There's only one race, the human race,  
And if we don't get it together soon, this song is true.  
We are all living in the last days.

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