

Bodycount

"Out in the parking lot"

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[Featuring Ice-T]

No, no, no, Mommaaaaa...

All my life I loved this girl so much,

all my life I loved her simple touch.

She cared for me and put me on this earth,

oh the pain of just a simple birth.

But now I find that she has left me dumb and blind,

poisoned, twisted, and destroyed my mind.

She taught me things that simply were not true

she taught me hate for race

that's why I hate you!

There's only one way I can make it right,

momma's gotta die tonight.

There's only one way I can make it right,

momma's gotta die tonight.

Momma, momma, I always loved my momma,

I always loved my momma.

I loved the way she hold me,

I love the way she talked to me.

She used to teach me a lot of things,

she taught me good things, she taught me bad things.

"Don't trust white people, don't trust white people.

Don't trust white people, they're no good, they're no good,

they're no good, they're no good.

They're just gonna rip you off, they're just gonna rip you off.

Don't trust 'em, don't trust 'em."

I said, "Why momma?", she said, "I told you don't trust 'em they're no good."

I said, "Momma, I thought we were all the same momma,

why momma?" She said, "Don't ask me any questions.

Don't you challenge your mutha." Momma.

So one day I found I fell in love

and I brought my girlfriend home

and I introduced her to my mutha and

she smacked me, was a white girl and

I said, "Why momma? Why momma? What did I do wrong?"

You know, I found out my mutha was a evil woman.

She hated Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Jamaicans,
Indians, Orientals, momma was no good.
I learned to hate my mutha, hate my mutha.
So I got some, ha ha, some lighter fluid, from the
corner store
and I put it around her bed, and I set her on fire!
Ha, ha, ha.
Burn momma, burn momma, burn momma, burn bitch
burn, burn, burrrrrn. Ha, ha, ha. Burn you racist bitch!
Ha, ha, ha.
But she wasn't quite dead. She jumped up from the
bed
and I grabbed my Louisville Slugger that she had
bought
me for my twelfth birthday and I came up behind her
and
I hit her, I hit her, I hit her twice. Ha, ha, ha.
Now she was out.
I went into the kitchen
and I got that handy carving knife
that we only use on special occasions like
bullshit Thanksgiving, and I took her and I laid her ol'
fucked up corpse on the floor and I cut her in
little bitty pieces. Cut off her arms, her feet,
her neck, and I put her into little green hefty bags
and I put it into my car and I said, "Momma, we're goin'
on
a vacation, a permanent vacation bitch."
I took some of her around the world to Arizona, New
York,
Chicago, Atlanta, Miami, Oakland. Ha, ha, ha, yo, you
wanna go to Connecticut, bitch. Ohio, Detroit, Texas,
L.A.
Whose laughin' now momma, whose laughin' now
bitch,
whose laughin' now.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.
So if you got a mutha or a grandmutha or a father
who wants to carry on the same racist bullshit that's
fucked this world up from day one,
you can either look 'em in the face and tell 'em to
suck your dick or do like Body Count does.
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all my life I loved her simple touch.
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oh the pain of just a simple birth.
Right now I find that she has left me dumb and blind
poisoned, twisted, and destroyed my mind.
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