

Bodycount

"Root Of All Evil"

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Yo it's my way, no way,
get dumped on the highway.
Buck, buck feel the blast from my gun spray.
Yea, you're gettin drowned in the blood,
a bug, thug, feel the cops catchin slugs.

Yo, it's my way, I slay, I play, you stay down,
you fuck around in my town, you drown.
Fuck you, fuck them, fuck that,
we come back through,
murderin your crew - what!

You don't know shit about my lifestyle, it's buckwild,
late night gunfights, three strikes, I'd rather fight.
Caught in the street, ya get beat down ta raw meat,
fuckin with me and the Breed, you'll soon bleed.

Yeah, it's Raw Breed - BC killin overseas ,
droppin off rooftops, punks hang from trees.
Night vision, incision, the opposition,
It's never your decision.

My way!

You can't tell me jack shit, suck my dick,
out my face with that drama, I'll kill your fuckin mama.
Iller than a postal worker, born to murder,
suckas in my face with that bullshit die quick.

It's Bizarra, ha, cause mad horror,
it's the dusted world of Bizarra.
High on acid, the ghetto bastard,
yo punk I'll put your ass in a casket.

You in a world of shit, fuckin with the Syndicate,
We pack full clips, and then we're done with it.
Come with it, we get it on yo, you ain't lastin,
demolishin, the demolition.

Piss on your grave, a killin craze.
In your town right now on any stage.

Who the fuck are you? Trying ta diss my crew?
Who dies tonight bitch? - You!

My way!

I will do what I choose, and if I loose
Well then I loose, My Way!
This is my fuckin' life, and if I die
Well then I die, My Way!

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