

# Momma's Gotta Die Tonight

Body Count

No, no, no, Mommaaaaaa...

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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on the pain of just a simple birth.  
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