

Point the Finger

Body Count

Poor little Johnny didn't live to see sixteen
Gun made his lung collapse
Buried the body of his brother the next week
Cops shot him twice in the back

Wrong floor, kicked down the door
No questions asked (Police mothafucka)
Eyes meet, both on their feet
They open fire before he can speak

Wrong place, wrong time
Stay out the streets is what they momma said
Dead man, no crime
School boys, they never broke a law
Anywhere, any time
They shoot first and ask questions last
Could be yours, could be mine
And then they point the finger at you
And then they point the finger at you

Unarmed, it don't matter you can get got
Your own home, it don't matter you can get shot
They feel fear and start squeezing that gat
They shoot to kill. Now you're flat on your back

Dead witness, no coincidence
Drug deal gone bad (Drug deal gone bad)
The fuckin' badge is the biggest gang
We've ever had

Wrong place, wrong time
Dealer dead no drugs no cash
Dead man, no crime
Cops shoot him said he reach for his gun
Anywhere, any time
They shoot first and ask questions last
Could be yours, could be mine
And then they point the finger at you

How many more innocent people and kids gotta get killed by these poli
ce, man?
And then it's always the victim's fault. This is some fuckin' bullshi
t.

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