

# Bullet

## Brianna Lane

Straight out of high school  
We didn't know what to do  
    Wanted to go to college  
But no money was nothing new  
    Wanted to get away  
Go, see the world and do something new  
    He got approached  
    In the mall by the army recruit  
Told him if he wanna go to school we got money too  
Sign up at eighteen, you'll be out when you twenty-two  
    He joined the army airborne, got his uniform  
    Went to boot camp, got some discipline  
    Arrived at where they shippin' him  
He's in the mist of all bullets flying and missing him  
Wishing he was a kid again with his family in Michigan  
    In the midst of fighting militia men  
    One round took down six of them  
He ain't really a killer though, taking a lot of risks  
This is what a poor person do for a scholarship, yeah  
    He turned around and got a face full of hollow tips  
    But don't be sad he died for the flag  
    What you done here  
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target  
    And it won't be long before  
    You're pulling yourself away  
    What you done here  
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target  
    And it won't be long before  
    You're pulling yourself away  
Papa was a playa, knew just what to say to  
Get the women back to his layer and lay her  
If sex had a trophy, he's the heisman touch down  
Getting models, R&B chicks and Buzz downs  
    He got the women with crazy stairs,  
With his lady there, they ain't care, they like, ooh look at his baby hair  
    He took them all, put them in a line  
    Hit five new chickens, he thought they were fine  
He got head from five dope fiends smoking it down  
But did it all wrong dawg it ain't dog or it ain't lying

Till he woke up one season with legions  
He went to the doctor asking what was the reason  
Tests ran positive, he couldn't believe 'em  
He tried to blame God asked him why did He leave him  
Pleading, please let the disease leave him  
From women that he conquered, he caught the cost  
What you done here  
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target  
And it won't be long before  
You're pulling yourself away  
What you done here  
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target  
And it won't be long before  
You're pulling yourself away  
Bullet and a target  
Between a bullet and a target  
Between a bullet and a target  
A bullet and a target  
Now when the sun goes down  
On our side of town  
When the other side of the block  
Where cops sing around  
On the same side of the street  
That pac hit the ground  
Not in Vegas 'cause every nigga  
Got Pac in them now  
When my guys hit the block  
And we provin' we thugs  
I ain't on, no swim team  
But you see pools of blood  
Skip juve when you die  
Seeing who's the judge  
Oh, you married to the game  
Prove your love  
Prove it, here's this rap shorty, shoot it, do it, this, do it  
This ain't a game, this an organized movement  
My hurt, my love, my pain, my stress  
My strife, my wife, my life, my test  
We made for more, we die for less  
When you starvin' in the ghetto I'ma write the rest  
See my girl think I'm hard and my momma think I'm odd  
But when I'm all up in the dark I just fall on my knees  
What you done here  
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target  
And it won't be long before

You're pulling yourself away  
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