

# Uncommon Valor: A Vietnam Story

## Jedi Mind Tricks & R.A. the Rugged Man

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz]

I don't know why I'm over here this job is evil  
They send me there to Vietnam to kill innocent people  
My mother wrote me said the President he doesn't care  
We trying to leave the footprints of America here  
They say we're trying to stop Chinese expansion  
But I ain't seen no Chinese since we landed  
Sent my whole entire unit thinking we can win  
Against the Viet Cong guerillas there in Gia Dinh  
I didn't sign up to kill women or any children  
For every enemy soldier, we killing six civilians  
Yeah, and that ain't right to me  
I ain't got enough of mother fuckin' fight in me  
It frightens me and I just want to see my son and moms  
But over here they dropping seven million tons of bombs  
I spend my days dodging all these booby traps and mines  
And at night, praying to God that I get back alive  
And I'm forced to sit back and wonder  
Why I was a part of 'Operation Rolling Thunder'  
In a fox hole with nine months left here  
Jungle like the fuckin' harbinger of death here[Interlude]  
(solider speaking)  
I don't want to be here. I'm scared, I just want to go home.  
(officer speaking)  
You fucking kidding me? Don't be a pussy. Don't you love your country?  
(solider speaking)

I like being here. I'm ready.

[Verse 2 - R.A. The Rugged Man]

True story...

Call me Thorburn, John A. Staff Sergeant, Marksman  
Skilling, killing, illing  
I'm able and willing  
Kill a village elephant, rapin' and pillage your village  
Illegitimate killers, US Military guerillas  
This ain't a real war, Vietnam shit  
World War II, that's a war, this is just a military conflict  
Soothing, drug-abusing, Vietnamese women screwing  
Sex, scampling and booze, and all the shit is amusing  
Bitches and guns, this is every man's dream

I don't want to go home, where I'm just a ordinary human being  
Special OP, Huey chopper gun shit, run shit  
Gook run when the mini-gun spit, won't miss, kill shit  
Spit four-thousand bullets a minute  
Victor-Charlie, hit trigger, hit it  
I'm in it to win it, get it  
The lieutenant hinted the villain, I've ended up killing  
I did it, cripple, did it, pictures I painted is vivid, live it  
A wizard with weapons, a secret mission we about to begin it  
Government funded, behind enemy lines bullets is spraying  
It's heating up, a hundred degrees  
The enemy's the North Vietnamese, bitch please  
Ain't no sweat, I'm told "be at ease"  
Until I see the pilot got hit, and we about to hit some trees  
till the rotor broke, crash land, American man  
Cambodia, right in the enemy hand  
Take a swig of the whiskey to calm us  
Them yellow men wearing black pajamas  
They want to harm us  
They all up on us  
Bang, bang, bullet hit my chest, feel no pain  
To my left, the captain caught a bullet right in his brain  
Body parts flying, loss of limbs, explosions  
Bad intentions, I see my best friend's intestines  
Pray to the one above, It's raining and I'm covered in mud  
I think I'm dying, I feel dizzy, I'm losing blood  
I see my childhood, I'm back in the arms of my mother  
I see my whole life, I see Christ, I see bright lights  
I see Israelites, Muslims and Christians at peace, no fights  
Blacks, Whites, Asians, people of all types  
I must have died, then I woke up, suprised I'm alive  
I'm in a hospital bed, they rescued me, I survived  
I escaped the war, came back  
But ain't escape Agent Orange, two of my kids born handicapped  
Spastic, quadriplegic, micro cephalic  
Cerebral palsy, cortical blindness, name it they had it  
My son died he ain't live, but I still try to think positive  
Cause in life, God take, God give  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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