

Bullseye

Bobaflex

Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Just like that bam, bam You was out there with a bullseye
On your chest, tryin' to catch lead
She was out there with a bullseye
On her chest, tryin' to catch lead MTV puttin' killers on the screen
Children dance to a song where murder is the theme
Responsibility! Who's to blame?
Never blame the labels or the artists
Heavens, no, no no It started in California, so you wanna be a thug?
You got your gun in your hands
And you're keepin' it real
But John Wayne belongs in the movies
Where bullets aren't real Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Just like that bam You was out there with a bullseye
On your chest tryin' to catch lead
She was out there with a bullseye
On her chest tryin' to catch lead I don't know what I've been told
Violence turns an album into gold
500,000 sold! Jay-Z wasn't talkin' about you
Singin' about you, you got it all mixed up The kids are overreacting, so you wanna be a thug?
You got your gun in your hands
And you're keepin' it real
But John Wayne belongs in the movies
Where bullets aren't real Suburban children, don't you know you can?
Don't you know you can die?
You ain't from the ghetto, my friend
Don't you know you can? Don't you know? You're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous child
You're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous child I pull the trigga, I pull the trigga, trigga, trigga
B- bang bang, I pull the trigga
B- bang bang, I pull the trigga I won't cry when you die, I won't cry
You're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous Way-yu, way-yu
Just like that bam, just like that bam You was out there with a bullseye on your
Chest chest, catch lead
You was out there with a bullseye on your
Chest chest, catch lead

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