

# Little Weapon (feat. Bishop G and Nikki Jean)

## Lupe Fiasco

Now little Terry got a gun he got from the store  
He bought it with the money he got from his chores  
He robbed the candy shop told them lay down on the floor  
Put the cookies in the bag; take the pennies out the drawer  
Lil' Khalil got a gun he got from the rebels  
To kill the infidels and American devils  
A bomb on his waist, a mask on his face  
Prays five times a day yet listens to heavy metal  
Little Alex got a gun he took from his dad  
That he snuck into school in his black book bag  
His black nail polish, black boots and black hat  
He's gon' blow away the bully that just pushed his ass I killed another man today  
Shot him in his back as he ran away  
Then I blew up his hut with a hand grenade  
Cut his wife throat as she put her hands to pray  
Just five more dogs then could get a soccer ball  
That's what my commander says  
How old? Well I'm like ten, eleven  
Been fighting since I was like six or seven  
Now I don't know much about where I'm from  
But I know I strike fear everywhere I come  
Government wants me dead so I wear my gun  
I really want the rocket launcher but I'm still too young  
This candy gives me courage not to fear no one  
To feel no pain and hear no tongue  
So I hear no screams and I shed no tear  
If I'm in your dreams then your end is near Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
We're calling you, there's a war  
If it comes not just too tall for you  
You find you something small to use  
Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
Yanked you now, pow Now here comes the march of the boy brigade  
A McCar parade of the toys he made  
And in shimmer shades who looks half his age  
About half the size of the flags they waved  
And camouflage suits made to fit youths  
Cause the ones off dead soldier hang a little loose  
With AK-47 that they shooting into heaven  
Like they trying to kill the Jetsons

They struggle little recruits  
 Cute, smileless, heartless, violent  
 Childhood destroyed, avoided of all childish ways  
 Can't write their own names  
 Or read the words on their own graves  
 Think you gangsta popped a few rounds  
 These kids will come through and murder a whole town  
 And sit back and smoke and watch it burn down  
 The grave gets deeper the further we go down Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
 We're calling you, there's a war  
 If it comes not just too tall for you  
 You find you something small to use  
 Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
 Yanked you now, pow Imagine if I had to console  
 The family of those  
 Slayed that I slain on game consoles  
 I aim I hold, right trigger to squeeze  
 Press up and y one less nigga breathe  
 B for the bombs, press pause for your moms  
 Make the room silence she don't approve of violent games  
 She leaves resume activity  
 Start and blew hearts, with poor harsh wizardry  
 On next part I insert code  
 To sweeten up the purses of murder work load  
 I tell him he work for  
 CIA with A  
 And operative, I operate this game all day  
 I hold a controller connected to the soldier  
 With weapons on his shoulder, he's only seconds older than me  
 We playful but serious, now keep on mind for online experience Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
 We're calling you, there's a war  
 If it comes not just too tall for you  
 You find you something small to use  
 Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
 Yanked you now, pow Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
 We're calling you, there's a war  
 If it comes not just too tall for you  
 You find you something small to use  
 Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
 Yanked you now, pow

Songwriters

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