

Little Weapon (Feat. Bishop G & Nikki Jean)

Lupe Fiasco

Little Terry got a gun, he got from the store,
He bought it with the money he got from his chores,
He robbed candy shop told her lay down on the floor,
Put the cookies in his bag took the pennies out the drawer. Little Kalil 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,
And 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 hair,
He's gonna 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's throat as she put her hands to pray,
Just five more dawgs then we can get a soccer ball,
That's what my commander say,
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 want me dead so I wear my gun, I really want the rocket launcher but I'm still too young,
This candy give me courage not to fear no one,
To fear 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.
Yeah
Little Weapon,
Little Weapon,
Little Weapon
We're calling you
There's a war
if the guns are just too tall for you
We'll find you something small to use
Little Weapon, Little Weapon, Little Weapon
We need you now, pow
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>