

Bullet

Rhymefest

Straight out of high school
We didnt know what to do
Wanted to go to college
But no money was nothing newWanted to get away
Go, see the world and do something new
He got approached
In the mall by the army recruitTold him if he wanna go to school we got money too
Sign up at eighteen, youll 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' himHes 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 themHe 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 dont be sad he died for the flagWhat you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it wont be long before
Youre pulling yourself awayWhat you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it wont be long before
Youre pulling yourself awayPapa was a playa, knew just what to say to
Get the women back to his layer and lay her
If sex had a trophy, hes the heisman touch down
Getting models, R&B chicks and Buzz downsHe 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 fineHe 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 reasonTests ran positive, he couldnt 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 costWhat you done here
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target
And it wont be long before
Youre pulling yourself awayWhat you done here
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And it wont be long before
Youre pulling yourself awayBullet and a target
Between a bullet and a target
Between a bullet and a target
A bullet and a targetNow when the sun goes down
On our side of town
When the other side of the block
Where cops sing aroundOn the same side of the street
That pac hit the ground
Not in Vegas 'cause every nigga
Got Pac in them nowWhen my guys hit the block
And we provin' we thugs
I ain't on, no swim team
But you see pools of bloodSkip juve when you die
Seeing whos the judge
Oh, you married to the game
Prove your loveProve 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 testWe 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 kneesWhat you done here
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