

Fuck A War

Geto Boys

phone rings[Hello, could I speak with, Bushwick Bill?]
Hello, this is Bushwick, motherfucking Bill
[Yes sir, I'm calling to inform you that you have been drafted
into
the United States military]
The United States wants me for what? Hahahaha
[Excuse me sir]
Hahaha
[Bushwick?]
Hahaha, yeah yeah yeah, hey what's up?
[You need to contact your nearest recruiting office immediately
please]
I see your not hip to what's happenin'
I don't give a fuck about you and all that bullshit you stressin'
Fuck a war

To explain, let me kick it to you a little something like this:(Bushwick Bill)Motherfuck a war, that's how I feel

Sendin' a nigga to a dentist to get killed
Cause two suckas can't agree on something
A thousand motherfuckers died for nothing
You can't pay me to join an army camp
Or any other motherfuckin' military branch
of this United goddamn States of this bitch America
Be a soldier, what for?
They puttin' niggas on the front line
But when it comes to gettin' ahead, they put us way behind
I ain't gettin' my leg shot off
While Bush old ass on t.v. playin' golf
But when you come to my house with that draft shit
I'ma shoot your funky ass bitch
A nigga'll die for a broil
But I ain't fightin' behind no gaddamn oil
Against motherfuckas I don't know
Yo Bush! I ain't your damn hoe
The enemy is right here g, them foreigners never did shit me
All of those wasted lives
And only one or two get recognized
But what good is a medal when your dead? tell Uncle Sam I saidchorus x2 (Willie D)I ain't goin' to war for a
shit talkin' president
[Fuck fuck fuck a war](Bushwick Bill)In Vietnam a lot of niggas died young

P.O.W.'s got hung
What the fuck do I know about a grenade
All I know is the (????) in my 12 gauge
And what if that pin gets stuck?
Several more casualties show up
This shit remind me of a drive-by
More motherfuckers die by accident than on purpose, why?
Cause they don't know what they doin'
They see if the coast is clear and they start persuin'
And that's when that booby trap springs, BOOM!
Blow a motherfucker to smithereens
They send a sucker to your folks, lookin' stupid
tellin' them you died in the line of duty
Or your ass is missing in action bro
Tryin' to be a damn hero
They bring your folks that duffle bag
The only shit they want to see is that doggy tag
Hopin' that the worryin' will cease
And your ass will be home in one damn piece
But my mom ain't gotta worry about that there
Cause I ain't dyin' in the middle of nowhere
Another statistic, a body in a drawer
Man! mother fuck a war! Chorus x2 Your lucky that I ain't the president
Cause I'll push the fuckin' button and get it over wit
Fuck all that waitin' and procrastinatin'
And all that goddamn negotiatin'
Flyin' back and fourth overseas
And havin' lunch and brunch with the motherfuckin' enemy
I'll aim one missile at Iraq
And blow that little piece of shit off the map
Yeah, I wouldn't give a fuck (????)
Cause I'm tired of payin' these high ass gas prices
Only the rich benefit, it'll be a cold day in hell before I enlist
To eat shit out a can like a worm
And everyday wear the same damn uniform
(????) breakin' on my funky ass feet
Skin crawlin' cause I ain't took baths in weeks
Not knowin' if I'm comin' home or not
And if I do, I'll probably be shell shocked
I couldn't get a job just a free burial
You know how Uncle Sam treat it's veterans
Absolutely no respect
Get a plate in your head, lose a leg, you might get a check
Or a gaddamn star, you can have that shit

Mother fuck a war!(chorus)x2

Songwriters

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