

# Little Weapon

## Lupe Fiasco Feat. Bishop G & Nikki Jean

Now little Terry got a gun he got from the store  
He bought it with the money he got from his chores  
He robbed a candy shop, told her '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 the 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 in the school is his black book bag  
His black nail polish, black boots, and black hat  
He gon blow away the bully that just pushed his ass... "

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse One]

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 we can get a soccer ball"  
that's what my commander say  
How old - well I'm like ten, eleven  
Been fightin since I was like six, or seven  
Now I don't know much ?bout 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 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 - it's ME

[Chorus: Nikki Jean]

Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
We're calling you...little boy  
If the guns are just too taaaaall, for you  
We'll find you something smaaaaall, to use  
Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
We need you now, now..

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse Two]

Now here comes the march of the boy brigade  
A macaw parade of the toys he made  
And shamogs in shades, who look half his age  
About half the size of the flags they wave  
And camouflage suits made to fit youths  
cause the one off of dead soldiers hang a lil' loose  
Where AK47s that they shootin into heaven  
like they tryna kill a Jetson that struggles little recruits  
Cute, smileless, heartless, violent  
Childhood destroyed, devoid of all childish  
ways - can't write their own names  
or read the words that's on their own graves  
Think you gangsta, popped a few rounds?  
These kids'll come through and murder a whole town  
Then sit back and smoke and watch it burn down  
The graves get deeper the further we go down  
It's lit-tle WEA-pon...

[Chorus]

[Bishop G - Verse Three]

Imagine if I had to console  
the families of those slain I slayed on game consoles  
I, aim my hole, right trigger to squeeze  
Press up and Y, one less nigga breathe  
B for the bombs, press pause for your moms  
Make the room silent, she don't approve of violent  
games - she leave, resume activity  
Start in blue heart, subpar sharp wizardry  
On next part I, insert code  
to sweeten up the little person's murder workload  
I tell him he work fo', CIA with A  
A operative, I operate this game all day  
I hold the controller connected to the soldier  
with weapons on his shoulder, he's only seconds older  
than me - WE, playful but serious  
Now keep that on mind for online experience, uh!

[Chorus 2X]

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