

Little Weapon

BISHOP G

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 taaaall, 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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