

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 taaaaaall, for you
We'll find you something smaaaaaall, 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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