

Little Weapon (feat. Bishop G

Lupe Fiasco

Now little Terry got a gun he got from the store
He bought it with the money he got from his chores
He robbed the candy shop told them 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 American devils
A bomb on his waist, a mask on his face
Prays five times a day yet listens to heavy metal
Little Alex got a gun he took from his dad
That he snuck into school in his black book bag
His black nail polish, black boots and black hat
He's gon' blow away the bully that just pushed his ass 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 could get a soccer ball
That's what my commander says
How old? Well I'm like ten, eleven
Been fighting since I was like six or seven
Now I don't know much about where I'm from
But I know I strike fear everywhere I come
Government wants me dead so I wear my gun
I really want the rocket launcher but I'm still too young
This candy gives 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 Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
We're calling you, there's a war
If it comes not just too tall for you
You find you something small to use
Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
Yanked you now, pow Now here comes the march of the boy brigade
A McCar parade of the toys he made
And in shimmer shades who looks half his age
About half the size of the flags they waved
And camouflage suits made to fit youths
Cause the ones off dead soldier hang a little loose
With AK-47 that they shooting into heaven
Like they trying to kill the Jetsons

They struggle little recruits
 Cute, smileless, heartless, violent
 Childhood destroyed, avoided of all childish ways
 Can't write their own names
 Or read the words on their own graves
 Think you gangsta popped a few rounds
 These kids will come through and murder a whole town
 And sit back and smoke and watch it burn down
 The grave gets deeper the further we go down Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
 We're calling you, there's a war
 If it comes not just too tall for you
 You find you something small to use
 Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
 Yanked you now, pow Imagine if I had to console
 The family of those
 Slayed that I slain on game consoles
 I aim I hold, right trigger to squeeze
 Press up and y one less nigga breathe
 B for the bombs, press pause for your moms
 Make the room silence she don't approve of violent games
 She leaves resume activity
 Start and blew hearts, with poor harsh wizardry
 On next part I insert code
 To sweeten up the purses of murder work load
 I tell him he work for
 CIA with A
 And operative, I operate this game all day
 I hold a controller connected to the soldier
 With weapons on his shoulder, he's only seconds older than me
 We playful but serious, now keep on mind for online experience Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
 We're calling you, there's a war
 If it comes not just too tall for you
 You find you something small to use
 Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
 Yanked you now, pow Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
 We're calling you, there's a war
 If it comes not just too tall for you
 You find you something small to use
 Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon
 Yanked you now, pow

Songwriters

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