

Bobaflex, Bullseye

way-yu
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just like that bam! Bam!
you was out there with a bullseye
on your chest tryin to catch lead
she was out there with a bullseye
on her chest tryin to catch lead
Mtv puttin killers on the screen, children
dance to a song where murder is the theme
Responsibility! who's to blame? never blame
the labels or the artists heavens
no, no no!
it started in california, so you wanna be a thug?
yo ugot your gun in your hands and
you're keepin it real
but john wayne belongs in the movies
where bullets aren't real

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just like that bam!
you was out there with a bullseye
on your chest tryin to catch lead
she was out there with a bullseye
on her chest tryin to catch lead
I don't know what I've been told,
volence turns an album into gold
500,000 sold! Jay-Z wasn't talkin about you,
singin about you
you got it all mixed up
the kids are overreacting, so you wanna be a thug?
you got your gun in your hand and you're
keepin it real
but john wayne belongs in the movies
where bullets aren't real
suburban children, don't you know you can
don't you know you can die?
you ain't from the ghetto my friend
don't you know you can, don't you know
you're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous child
you're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous child
I pull the trigga, i pull the trigga trigga trigga,
bang bang i pull the trigga!
bang bang i pull the trigga!
I won't cry when you die
I won't cry, you're so
stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous

way-yu
way-yu
just like that bam(2x)
you was out there with a bullseye on your
chest chest, catch lead
chest chest, catch lead