

# 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