

Geto Boys, Fuck A War

[phone rings]

(Hello, could I speak with, Bushwick Bill?)

Hello, this is Bushwick, motherfucking Bill

(Yes sir, I'm calling to inform you that you have been drafted into the United States military)

The Unites States wants me for what? Hahahaha

(Excuse me sir)

Hahaha

(Bushwick?)

Hahaha, yeah yeah yeah, hey what's up?

(You need to contact your nearest recruiting office immeadiatly please)

I see your not hip to what's happenin'

I don't give a fuck about you and all that bullshit you stressin'

Fuck a war

To explain, let me kick it to you a little something like this:

(Bushwick Bill)

Motherfuck a war, that's how I feel

Sendin' a nigga to a dentist to get killed

Cause two suckas can't agree on something

A thousand motherfuckers died for nothing

You can't pay me to join an army camp

Or any other motherfuckin' military branch

of this United goddman States of this bitch America

Be a soldier, what for?

They puttin' niggas on the front line

But when it comes to gettin' ahead, they put us way behind

I ain't gettin' my leg shot off

While Bush old ass on t.v. playin' golf

But when you come to my house with that draft shit

I'ma shoot your funky ass bitch

A nigga'll die for a broil

But I ain't fightin' behind no gaddamn oil

Against motherfuckas I don't know

Yo Bush! I ain't your damn hoe

The enemy is right here g, them foreigners never did shit me

All of those wasted lives

And only one or two get recognized

But what good is a medal when your dead? tell Uncle Sam I said

[chorus x2: Willie D]

I ain't goin' to war for a shit talkin' president

(Fuck fuck fuck a war)

[Bushwick Bill]

In Vietnam a lot of niggas died young

P.O.W.'s got hung

What the fuck do I know about a grenade

All I know is the (????) in my 12 gauge

And what if that pin gets stuck?

Several more casualties show up

This shit remind me of a drive-by

More motherfuckers die by accident than on purpose, why?

Cause they don't know what they doin'

They see if the coast is clear and they start persuin'

And that's when that booby trap springs, BOOM!

Blow a motherfucker to smithereens

They send a sucker to your folks, lookin' stupid

tellin' them you died in the line of duty

Or your ass is missing in action bro

Tryin' to be a damn hero
They bring your folks that duffle bag
The only shit they wanna see is that doggy tag
Hopin' that the worryin' will cease
And your ass will be home in one damn piece
But my mom ain't gotta worry about that there
Cause I ain't dyin' in the middle of nowhere
Another statistic, a body in a drawer
Man! mother fuck a war!

[Chorus x2]

Your lucky that I ain't the president
Cause I'll push the fuckin' button and get it over wit
Fuck all that waitin' and procrastinatin'
And all that goddamn negotiatin'
Flyin' back and fourth overseas
And havin' lunch and brunch with the motherfuckin' enemy
I'll aim one missle at Iraq
And blow that little piece of shit off the map
Yeah, I wouldn't give a fuck (????)
Cause I'm tired of payin' these high ass gas prices
Only the rich benefit, it'll be a cold day in hell before I enlist
To eat shit out a can like a worm
And everyday wear the same damn uniform
(????) breakin' on my funky ass feet
Skin crawlin' cause I ain't took baths in weeks
Not knowin' if I'm comin' home or not
And if I do, I'll probably be shell shocked
I couldn't get a job just a free burial
You know how Uncle Sam treat it's veterans
Absolutely no respect
Get a plate in your head, lose a leg, you might get a check
Or a gaddamn star, you can have that shit
Mother fuck a war!

[chorus x2]