

# Lupe Fiasco, Little Weapon

(Intro - Lupe Fiasco Sample)

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 'em lay down on the floor  
Put the cookies in the bag take the pennies out the drawer

Little 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 and listens to heavy metal

Little Alex got a gun he took from his dad  
That he snuck in the school in his black bookbag  
His black nail polish, black boots and black hair  
He gon' blow away the bully that just pushed his ass

(Verse One - Lupe Fiasco)

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 about 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 cannon 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

(Chorus - Nikki Jean)

Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
We're calling you  
There's a war but the guns are just too tall for you  
We'll find you something small to use  
Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
We need you now

(Verse Two - Lupe Fiasco)

Now here comes the march of the boy brigade  
A macabre parade of the toys he made  
And shemaghs and shades who look half his age  
About half the size of the flags they wave  
And camouflaged suits made to fit youths  
'Cause the ones off the dead soldiers hang a little loose  
With AK-47's that they shootin' into Heaven  
Like they tryin' to kill the Jetsons  
It's Struggle's little recruits  
Cute, smileless, heartless, violent  
Childhood destroyed, devoid of all childish ways  
Can't write they own names or read the words that's on they 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 grave gets deeper the further we go down

(Chorus - Nikki Jean)

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(Verse Three - Bishop G)

Imagine if I had to console the families of those slain I slayed on game consoles  
I aim, I hold, right trigger to squeeze  
Press up then 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 and blow hearts apart, sharp wizardry  
Next part, I insert code to sweeten up the little person's murder workload  
I tell 'em they work for  
C.I.A with A  
A operative, I operate this game all day  
I hold the controller connected to the soldier with weapons on the shoulder  
He's only seconds older than me  
My - playful but serious  
Now keep that online for online experience

(Chorus - Nikki Jean)

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