

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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