

# Lupe Fiasco Feat. Bishop G & Nikki Jean, Lil Weapon

Lil Terry gotta gun he got from the store,  
He bought it with the money he got from his chores,  
He robbed candy shop told her lay down on the floor,  
Put the cookies in his bag took the pennies out the drawer.

Lil Kalil got a gun he got from the rebels,  
To kill the infidels and American devils,  
A bomb on his waste,  
A mask on his face,  
Prays five times a day,  
And listens to Heavy Metal.

Lil Alex gotta gun he got from his dad,  
That he snuck into school in his black book bag,  
His black nail polish, black boots, and black hair,  
He gon blow away the bully that just pushed his ass...

[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's throat as she put her hands to pray,  
Just five more dawgs then we can get a soccer ball, That's what my commander say,  
How Old?

Well Im like ten, eleven, been fightin since I was like six or seven,  
Now I dont know much bout where Im 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 Im still to  
young, This candy give me courage not to fear no one, To fear no pain, and hear no tongue,  
So I feel no pain, and I shed no tear, If Im in your dreams then your end is near.

Yeah

[Chorus - Nikki Jean]

Little Weapon,

Little Weapon,

Little Weapon

We're calling you

There's a war

if it comes not just too tall for you

You find you something small to use

Little Weapon, Little Weapon, Little Weapon

Yanked you now, pow

[Lupe Fiasco]

Now here comes the march of the boy brigade  
Of a McCar Parade of the toys he made  
And in Shimmer shades who looks half his age  
About half the size of the flags they waved  
And Camouflage suits that made to fit youths  
Cuz the ones of the dead soldiers hang a lil loose  
And AK-47's that they shootin into heaven  
Like they tryin to kill the Jetson's

They struggle lil recruits

Cute Smile less, Heartless, violent

Childhood destroyed, avoided of all childish ways,

Can't write their own names, or read the words on their own graves

Think you gangsta popped a few rounds,

These kids will step in 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]

[Bishop G]

Imagine if I had the console,

The family of those slayed,

I slain on game consoles,

I aim I hold, right trigger to squeeze,

press up and 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 leaves resume activity,

Start and blew hearts, with poor harsh wizardry,  
On next part I insert code  
To sweeten up the purses of murder work load  
I tell him he work for  
CIA with A  
With operative, I operate this game all day  
I hold a controller, connected to the soldier  
With weapons on his shoulder he's only seconds older than me  
We playful but serious, now keep that on mind  
for online experience  
[Chorus x2]