

N*E*R*D*, Drill sergeant

[Chorus]

Drill sergeant, I got a word for you

I'm not going to war (I'm not going to war)

I'mma cash in beautiful books

I'm gonna get the parts, I know the stores (Why do I know the stores)

In this speaking Orson Wells

And this is 1954

You don't understand liberty until

Someone speaks for y'all (someone speaks for y'all)

Shame on you,

You say you served your country

While I'm young

Shame on you,

Looks my mind up, handing me guns

Byebye Mom and Dad and all

Just incase there's failure

I could be blaming you

But I've got something to tell you...

[chorus]

Aim on you

The love of their buildings, destroy their soil

Aim on you

Did you finally figure where to run that oil?

Why cry if a man should die, when there's probable failure?

Or I could just aim at you

But I got something to tell ya...

[chorus]

Maybe there's another way

That we can bumpbumpbumpbumpbumpbumpbumpbump [4x]

[chorus]

Oooh, I'm not going to war, i'm not going to [4x]

Hey!