

Casualties Of War

Eric B. & Rakim

Casualties of war
Casualties of war, as I approach the barricade
Where's the enemy? Who do I invade?
Bullets of teflon, bulletproof vest rip
Tear ya outta ya frame with a bag full of clips

'Cause I got a family that waits for my return
To get back home is my main concern
I'ma get back to New York in one piece
But I'm bent in the sand that is hot as the city streets

Sky lights up like fireworks blind me
Bullets, whistlin' over my head remind me
President Bush said attack
Flashback to 'Nam, I might not make it back

Missile hits the area, screams wake me up
From a war of dreams, heat up the M-16
Basic training, trained for torture
Take no prisoners and I just caught ya

Addicted to murder, send more body bags
They can't identify 'em, leave the name tags
I get a rush when I see blood
Dead bodies on the floor

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Day divides the night and night divides the day
It's all hard work and no play
More than combat, it's far beyond that
'Cause I got a kill or be killed kind of attack

Area's mapped out, there'll be no Stratego
Me and my platoon make a boom wherever we go
But what are we here for? Who's on the other side of the wall?
Somebody give the President a call

But I hear warfare scream through the air
Back to the battlegrounds, it's war they declare
A Desert Storm, let's see who reigns supreme
Something like Monopoly, a government scheme

Go to the Army, be all you can be
Another dead soldier? Hell no, not me
So I start letting off ammunition in every direction
Allah is my only protection

But wait a minute, Saddam Hussein prays the same
And this is Asia, from where I came
I'm on the wrong side, so change the target
Shooting at the general, and where's the sergeant?

Blame it on John Hardy Hawkins for bringing me to America

Now it's mass hysteria
I get a rush when I see blood
Dead bodies on the floor

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The war is over, for now at least
Just because they lost it don't mean it's peace
It's a long way home, it's a lot to think about
Whole generation, left in doubt

Innocent families killed in the midst
It'll be more dead people after this
So I'm glad to be alive and walkin'
Half of my platoon came home in coffins

Except the general, buried in the Storm
In bits and pieces no need to look for 'em
I played it slick and got away with it
Rigged it up so they would think they did it

Now I'm home on reserves and you can bet
When they call, I'm going AWOL
'Cause it ain't no way I'm going back to war
When I don't know who or what I'm fighting for

So I wait for terrorists to attack
Every time a truck backfires I fire back
I look for shelter when a plane is over me
Remember Pearl Harbor? New York could be over, G

Kamikaze, strapped with bombs
No peace in the East, they want revenge for Saddam
Did I hear gunshots or thunder?
No time to wonder, somebody's going under

Put on my fatigues and my camouflage
Take control, 'cause I'm in charge
When I snapped out of it, it was blood and
Dead bodies on the floor

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