

Little Weapon

Lupe Fiasco

Little Terry got a 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.

Little Kalil 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 into school in his black book bag,
His black nail polish, black boots and black hair,
He's gonna blow away the bully that just pushed his ass...

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 I'm like ten, eleven, been fighting since I was like six or seven,
Now I don't know much about where I'm from but I know I strike fear everywhe
re I come,
Government want me dead so I wear my gun, I really want the rocket launcher
but I'm still too young,
This candy give me courage not to fear no one,
To fear 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.
Yeah

Little Weapon,
Little Weapon,
Little Weapon
We're calling you
There's a war
if 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, pow

Now here comes the march of the boy brigade
A macabre 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
'cause the ones of the dead soldiers hang a little loose
And AK-47's that they shooting into heaven
Like they're trying to kill the Jetson's
They struggle little recruits
Cute Smileless, Heartless, violent
Childhood destroyed, devoid of all childish ways,
Can't write their own names or read the words on their own graves

Think you gangster popped a few rounds,
These kids will 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

Imagine if I had to console,
The family of those slain,
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 little person' murder workload
I tell him he work for
CIA with A
A 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 on line experience