

Bobaflex

"Bullseye"

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Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Just like that bam, bam

You was out there with a bullseye
On your chest, tryin' to catch lead
She was out there with a bullseye
On her chest, tryin' to catch lead

MTV puttin' killers on the screen
Children dance to a song where murder is the theme
Responsibility! Who's to blame?
Never blame the labels or the artists
Heavens, no, no no

It started in California, so you wanna be a thug?
You got your gun in your hands
And you're keepin' it real
But John Wayne belongs in the movies
Where bullets aren't real

Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Just like that bam

You was out there with a bullseye
On your chest tryin' to catch lead
She was out there with a bullseye
On her chest tryin' to catch lead

I don't know what I've been told
Violence turns an album into gold
500,000 sold! Jay-Z wasn't talkin' about you
Singin' about you, you got it all mixed up

The kids are overreacting, so you wanna be a thug?
You got your gun in your hands
And you're keepin' it real
But John Wayne belongs in the movies
Where bullets aren't real

Suburban children, don't you know you can?

Don't you know you can die?
You ain't from the ghetto, my friend
Don't you know you can? Don't you know?

You're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous child
You're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous child

I pull the triggas, I pull the triggas, triggas, triggas
B- bang bang, I pull the triggas
B- bang bang, I pull the triggas

I won't cry when you die, I won't cry
You're so stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous

Way-yu, way-yu
Just like that bam, just like that bam

You was out there with a bullseye on your
Chest chest, catch lead
You was out there with a bullseye on your
Chest chest, catch lead

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