

Lupe Fiasco "Lil Weapons"

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Now little Terry got a gun he got from the store
He bought it with the money he got from his chores
He robbed a candy shop, told her, "Lay down on the
floor
Put the cookies in the bag, take the pennies out the
drawer"

Lil' Khalil got a gun he got from the rebels
To kill the infidels and the 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 in the school is his black book bag
His black nail polish, black boots and black hat
He gon' blow away the bully that just pushed his ass

Little weapon
Little weapon
Little weapon
Little weapon

I killed another man today
Shot him in his back as he ran away
Then I blew up his house wit a hand grenade
Cut his wife throat as she put her hands to pray

"Just five more dogs, then we can get a soccer ball"
That's what my commander say
How old? Well I'm like ten, eleven
Been fightin' since I was like six or seven

Now I don't know much 'bout where I'm 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 I'm still too young

This candy give me courage not to fear no one
To feel 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, it's you

Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon, we're callin'
you
There's a war, if the guns are just too tall for you
We'll find you somethin' small to use
Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon, we need you
now, pow

Little weapon

Now here comes the march of the boy brigade
A macaw parade of the toys he made
And in shimmers shades, who look half his age
About half the size of the flags they wave

And camouflage suits made to fit youths
'Cause the one off of dead soldiers hang a lil' loose
Where AK-47s that they shootin' into heaven
Like they tryin' kill a Jetson that struggles little recruits

Cute, smileless, heartless, valiants
Childhood destroyed, devoid of all childish ways
Can't write their own names
Or read the words that's on their own graves

Think you gangsta, popped a few rounds?
These kids'll come through and murder a whole town
Then sit back and smoke and watch it burn down
The graves get deeper the further we go down

Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon, we're callin'
you
There's a war, if the guns are just too tall for you
We'll find you somethin' small to use
Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon, we need you
now, pow

Imagine if I had to console
The families of those slain I slayed on game consoles
I, aim my hole, 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 with violent
games
She leave, resume activity
Start in blue heart, subpar sharp wizardry

On next part I, insert code
To sweeten up the little person's murder workload
Artillery work fo', C I A with A
A operative, a operate to scam all day

I hold the controller connected to the soldier
With weapons on his shoulders, he's only seconds
older
Than me, me, playful but serious
Now keep that on mind for on line experience

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