

# Lupe Fiasco "Little Weapon"

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(Feat. Bishop G, Nikki Jean)

[Lupe Deep Voice]

Now Lil Terry got a gun he got from the store  
He bought it with the money he got from his chores  
He robbed the candy shop  
Told her lay down on the floor  
Put the cookies in the bag  
Take the pennies out the drawer

Lil Kalil got a gun he got from the rebels  
To kill the infidels and American devils  
A bomb on his waste  
A mask on his face  
Prays five times a day  
And listens to Heavy Metal

Lil 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 gon blow away the bully that just pushed his ass...

[Lupe Fiasco]

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 fightin since I was like six or seven  
Now I don't know much about 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 she'd no tear  
If I'm in your dreams then your end is near  
Yeah

[Chorus - Nikki Jean]

Little Weapon

Little Weapon

Little Weapon

We're calling you

There's a war

If the guns are just too tall for you

Then find you something small to use

Little Weapon

Little Weapon

Little Weapon

I need you now... pow

[Lupe Fiasco]

Now here comes the march of the boy brigade

A macabre parade of the toys he made

And Shammars in shades who look half his age

About half the size of the flags they wave

And Camouflage suits made to fit youths

Cause the ones off the dead soldiers hang a lil loose

With AK-47's that they shootin into heaven

Like they tryin to kill the Jetson's

The struggles, lil recruits

Cute, Smileless, Heartless, violent, childhood  
destroyed

The void 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 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

[Chorus]

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[Bishop G]

Imagine if I had to console

The family of those slain

I slayed 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 leave? Resume activity  
Start and blow hearts apart, sharp wizardry  
On next part I insert code  
To sweeten up the little persons murder work load  
I tell him he work for  
CIA with A... A operative  
I operate this game all day  
I hold the 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 online experience

[Chorus]

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Little Weapon  
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Little Weapon  
Little Weapon  
I need you now

Little Weapon  
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Little Weapon  
Little Weapon  
I need you now... pow

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