

Artist: Lupe Fiasco f/ Bishop G, Nikki Jean  
Album: *The Cool*  
Song: Little Weapon

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."  
Li'l 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 in his black book bag  
His black nail polish, black boots, and black hat  
He's gonna blow away the bully that just pushed his ass... "

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse One]

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 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 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 gives 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

[Chorus: Nikki Jean]

Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
We're calling you  
Little boy  
If the guns are just too taaaaaall, for you  
We'll find you something smaaaaaall, to use  
Little weapon, little weapon, little weapon  
We need you now, now.

[Lupe Fiasco - Verse Two]

Now here comes the march of the boy brigade  
A macabre parade of the toys he made  
And shamogs 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 of dead soldiers hang a little loose  
Where AK47s that they shootin into heaven  
like they tryna 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... [Chorus]

[Bishop G - Verse Three]

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 of 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  
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, uh!

[Chorus 2X]