

Way-yu, way-yu, way-yu, way-yu, way-yu, way-yu
Just like that! Bam! Bam!
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
Trying to catch lead
She was out there with a bullseye on her chest
Trying to catch lead

MTV puttin' killers on the screen
Children dance to 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
Keepin' it real
But John Wayne belongs in the movies
Where bullets aren't real

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I don't know what I've been told
Violence turns album into gold
500,000 sold! Jay-Z wasn't talking about you
Singing about you
You've got it all mixed up
The kids are over-reacting
So you wanna be a thug?
You got your gun in your hands and you
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
Delusional, dangerous child
I pull the trigger, pull the trigger trigger trigger
Bang bang, I pull the trigger!
I wont cry when you die
I wont cry you're so
Stupid, careless, delusional, dangerous
Way-yu way-yu
Just like that bam!
Way-yu way-yu

Just like that bam!
You was out there with a bullseye on your chest
Trying to catch lead