

# War

Common

Lil Mark get shot, Lil Reese and them  
Little niggas, it's hard to find peace in them  
Chiraq, they say it's Middle Easterin'  
Put your flames in the air for the deceased to them  
Young soldiers who never got to become older  
Dogtagged in the body bag  
Police kept the knot he had  
Plus he had weed in his system  
Never knew at 13 they could enlist them  
Momma kissed him, body was colder  
She was shaking, I tried to hold her  
Tears on my shoulder, he was supposed to  
Be going to his junior year, this is his funeral year  
Paul-bearers, all looking like kids  
Some faces show anger, some show tears  
No moustaches, no beards  
Probably had the same aspirations as his  
On a mission, staring in the distance  
It never stop like the muslims and christians  
We under-21 gun salute them  
Just to go back and salute them  
I'm talkin' bout war

To all the killas and the hundred dolla billas  
Real hittas who ain't got no feelins

There's a war goin on inside, no one is safe from, goin on  
Going on, there's a war goin on inside, no one is safe from  
Or can escape from, take one wars from the same place that hate from  
Gang wars used to be about the nations  
Now it's cliques with clips and hittas is missing  
They hit the innocent now they families miss him  
Death do kissed him, in his last breath he wishing  
But no option so he assume position  
It don't stop, hittas killin women and children  
Angels cried, that's supposed to be God's decision  
Collisions of cliques named after rap groups  
Except wearing Jordans instead of black boots  
Black troupes trade war stories reminiscent of glory  
Walk the walk of those before me since I was a shorty  
Seen slugs and drugs and unemployment  
Terror town y'all was my first deployment  
The life of a soldier ain't nothing to toy with  
I'm livin' in this shit while the world exploit it

My basic training was aiming  
Hustling, banging changing niggas up  
Cause of what they did to us  
Nigga, I don't give a fuck  
It's do or die in the Chi  
And I ain't lived enough  
Hoping for some visitors  
Of war, I'm a prisoner  
Politicians they did enough  
Want to get rid of us  
Hopped in the back as soon as the shots hit the truck

Looked at my son I could see his soul  
Shot and killed at three years old

War, war, war, war!  
We are at war!

The direction was we, we came up with this concept,  
Nobody Smiling was really a thought that came about because of all the violence that was going on in Chicago, or that is going on.  
I like to say "was" cause we gon' bring it in for wishing that it's gonna stop.  
You know and uh, all the violence that was going on - it happens in Chicago but it's happening around the world in many ways.  
You know, it may not be to the numbers that's happening in Chicago but it's happening in the inner cities all over America so we's talking about the conditions of what's happening when I said "Nobody Smiling" but it's really a call to action