

# Fuck a War

Geto Boys

[phone rings]

(Hello, could I speak with, Bushwick Bill?)  
Hello, this is Bushwick, motherfucking Bill  
(Yes sir, I'm calling to inform you that you have been drafted  
into the United States military)  
The Unites States wants me for what? Hahahaha  
(Excuse me sir)  
Hahaha  
(Bushwick?)  
Hahaha, yeah yeah yeah, hey what's up?  
(You need to contact your nearest recruiting office immeadiatly please)  
I see your not hip to what's happenin'  
I don't give a fuck about you and all that bullshit you stressin'  
Fuck a war  
To explain, let me kick it to you a little something like this:

(Bushwick Bill)

Motherfuck a war, that's how I feel  
Sendin' a nigga to a dentist to get killed  
Cause two suckas can't agree on something  
A thousand motherfuckers died for nothing  
You can't pay me to join an army camp  
Or any other motherfuckin' military branch  
of this United goddman States of this bitch America  
Be a soldier, what for?  
They puttin' niggas on the front line  
But when it comes to gettin' ahead, they put us way behind  
I ain't gettin' my leg shot off  
While Bush old ass on t.v. playin' golf  
But when you come to my house with that draft shit  
I'ma shoot your funky ass bitch  
A nigga'll die for a broil  
But I ain't fightin' behind no gaddamn oil  
Against motherfuckas I don't know  
Yo Bush! I ain't your damn hoe  
The enemy is right here g, them foreigners never did shit me  
All of those wasted lives  
And only one or two get recognized  
But what good is a medal when your dead? tell Uncle Sam I said

[chorus x2: Willie D]

I ain't goin' to war for a shit talkin' president  
(Fuck fuck fuck a war)

[Bushwick Bill]

In Vietnam a lot of niggas died young  
P.O.W.'s got hung  
What the fuck do I know about a grenade  
All I know is the (????) in my 12 gauge  
And what if that pin gets stuck?  
Several more casualties show up  
This shit remind me of a drive-by  
More motherfuckers die by accident than on purpose, why?

Cause they don't know what they doin'  
They see if the coast is clear and they start persuin'  
And that's when that booby trap springs, BOOM!  
Blow a motherfucker to smithereens  
They send a sucker to your folks, lookin' stupid  
tellin' them you died in the line of duty  
Or your ass is missing in action bro  
Tryin' to be a damn hero  
They bring your folks that duffle bag  
The only shit they wanna see is that doggy tag  
Hopin' that the worryin' will cease  
And your ass will be home in one damn piece  
But my mom ain't gotta worry about that there  
Cause I ain't dyin' in the middle of nowhere  
Another statistic, a body in a drawer  
Man! mother fuck a war!

[Chorus x2]

Your lucky that I ain't the president  
Cause I'll push the fuckin' button and get it over wit  
Fuck all that waitin' and procrastinatin'  
And all that goddamn negotiatin'  
Flyin' back and fourth overseas  
And havin' lunch and brunch with the motherfuckin' enemy  
I'll aim one missile at Iraq  
And blow that little piece of shit off the map  
Yeah, I wouldn't give a fuck (????)  
Cause I'm tired of payin' these high ass gas prices  
Only the rich benefit, it'll be a cold day in hell before I enlist  
To eat shit out a can like a worm  
And everyday wear the same damn uniform  
(????) breakin' on my funky ass feet  
Skin crawlin' cause I ain't took baths in weeks  
Not knowin' if I'm comin' home or not  
And if I do, I'll probably be shell shocked  
I couldn't get a job just a free burial  
You know how Uncle Sam treat it's veterans  
Absolutely no respect  
Get a plate in your head, lose a leg, you might get a check  
Or a gaddamn star, you can have that shit  
Mother fuck a war!

[chorus x2]