

And The Winner Is...

Saigon

...claim many lives
With semi from guys, innocent ladies, babies of any size
Nah I knew it wasn't the truth, cause they ain't have nothin fo
r proof
They even blame you for dozens of youths in substance abuse
What kinda crap is that? Everybody know that crackers brought c
rack to a habitat
to attack the Latins and Blacks
Never mind that fact son, and I know it's wrong
You was there when my hopeless mom put me out in the coldest st
orm
Even though you did introduce me to Smoke and Tron
And totin one, you welcomed Saigon with open arms
That's all I could focus on, the reason I wrote this explosive
song
To show even the closest born (look)
Get torn (get torn) you tricked me all along
You had me thinkin you was my friend, you NEVER loved Saigon! (
Saigon)

(2x)

With friends like you who needs enemies?
Brought a nigga bad luck like the Kennedy's
You had a nigga ass up in the penitentiary
With friends like you who needs enemies?

You was my homie, my ace boon coon, my real roadie (roadie)
Called you my right hand, the Poot to my Bodie
For sho', my true whodie, we was closer than my own kin (kin)
We saw this thang come and both of us would zone in (in)
They knew when they saw you, they saw your boy too
Tighter than jail dap, would always see your boy through
Sunup to sundown (down) winnin them fistfights
I'm lettin my gun sound, you was the main one round (round)
We held the corner down (down) we held the wall up
Shot knew you'd be there so I never had to call up
Step out on the cut, shit, there you would be
At late night or broad day and didn't care who would see
We was day for day in the trap (trap) and out on the grind
Up to the point where them haters (what) ran up from behind
Turn out the whole time (time) that you was straight frontin (f
rontin)
Cause when they shot your boy up you just laid there and ain't
say nothin (nothin)