

BBB (Real Niggas Never Die)

Saigon

Boom bye bye inna batty bwoy head
(Say boom bye bye, boom bye bye) (4x)
(Real niggas never die)

I say boom bye bye to a batty boy
When it comes to the charges, I'm a naughty boy
Put the feet to your head like karate boy
Turn around, beat the feds like the Gotti boy
The ramifications of fronting is a gut shot
A buck-fifty and universal and whatnot
They said hip-hop was getting too hardcore
The metrosexual movement came, the oddball
All of a sudden the men are so fashion-forward
But clothes never made the man, you bastards know it
I'd rather hear a nigga lying and firing Glocks
Than have to hear a nigga rhyme about designer socks
(Boom bye bye in a batty bwoy head)
Bitch, do it for Buju Banton
Do it so Babylon can give that brother a bond, mon
Ain't nobody fucking with Sai
Think so? Find a sick dick, suck it and die

Dem boys don't have no gun, dem boys don't have so license
They call me Sai-giddy, some people say that I'm the nicest
When it comes to getting busy on these mic devices
I ain't a problem, I'm a crisis
I'm getting all the ladies, spoiled as a baby
I'll never ever let a batty bwoy investigate me
I'd rather death convey me. No, I mean yes, it's crazy
These young niggas ain't seemin' to get the message lately
We need warriors, that's true story, bruh
We got a couple but we need a few more of ya
Cause not by any means should out of twenty teens
Eighteen of them niggas be wearing skinny jeans (nah, man)
We do it for Bob Marley, for Marcus Garvey
Probably all of the rastafari
Ain't nobody fucking with me
Who, Saigon? Yeah, that nigga. Go touch him and see.