

Believe It

Saigon

Oh
Clap

Whoa, oh
We keep rising to the top
Whoa, oh
And keep eyes out for the cops
Whoa, oh
And that's what it gon' be
Whoa, oh
'Cause you ain't gon' stop me
They got you working two jobs, trying to make ends meet
You just trying to keep your kids off the street
You gotta believe it (Best believe it's a dream)
Oh, you better believe it (You too can achieve)
Uh, oh
They got you locked in a hole, 19 years old
10 years, no chance for parole
They better believe it (That's right, tell them again)
Oh, you better believe it (After that, tell a friend)
Whoa, oh

After the sunshine come the rain, after the fun time come the pain
I often wonder if it's gonna change
I caught a bad case of Smacking-Bitch-I-Itits (What happened?)
I came home, my wife got my daughter in shitty diapers (Damn)
The rice is still raw and the meat is still frozen in the freezer
I hate that I'm too close to her to leave her
Either I hit the street to do some pitching, knowing these dudes is snitchin
g
Or die trying to make it as a musician
My living condition is not in the greatest condition (Nope)
And nah, I ain't bitching, I just gotta make a decision
Should I breeze past, hop out in a ski mask
Rob everything moving and cruise in a G-Class (Vroom)
But keep writing the heat that the street like it
Youngings is reciting my lyrics, so keep biting
Y'all niggas is thinking shit is easy, it's hard
One thing I know I'm a do is keep believing in God

Whoa, oh
We keep rising to the top
Whoa, oh
And keep eyes out for the cops
Whoa, oh
And that's what it gon' be
Whoa, oh
'Cause you ain't gon' stop me
They got you working two jobs, trying to make ends meet
You just trying to keep your kids off the street
You gotta believe it (Best believe it's a dream)
Oh, you better believe it (You too can achieve)
Uh, oh
They got you locked in a hole, 19 years old
10 years, no chance for parole
You better believe it (That's right, tell them again)
Oh, you better believe it (After that, tell a friend)

Whoa, oh

After the fast songs come the slow, after the sad songs come some more (More)

This is the life I have come to know
Police is in Marquis', Chevy Caprices stroll
The young, hood boogers idolize Keyshia Cole
The rap figures throwing money in the air like it's pizza dough
People in the hood ain't eating though (Though)
I tried to help the labels see the vision
But they lowered me to a subdivision, you gotta be fucking kidding
They'd rather me pretend to be something I'm not
I'm the new Public Enemy, I'm different than Yung Joc

And nah, I ain't dissing, this nigga's up in the Forbes
Shit, I ain't made a dollar trying to rap for the cause
But in these next four bars, I'll tell you about Maleverly Laws
They enforcing on North American shores
Dog, if they can have rifles on their farms
Then I don't see why they knocked T.I. for trying to bear arms

Whoa, oh
We keep rising to the top
Whoa, oh
And keep eyes out for the cops
Whoa, oh
And that's what it gon' be
Whoa, oh
'Cause you ain't gon' stop me
They got you working two jobs, trying to make ends meet
You just trying to keep your kids off the street
You gotta believe it (Best believe it's a dream)
Oh, you better believe it (You too can achieve)
Uh, oh
They got you locked in a hole, 19 years old
10 years, no chance for parole
They better believe it (That's right, tell them again)
Oh, you better believe it (After that, tell a friend)
Whoa, oh

Tell them wave at the artist, I feel like I'll make it regardless
Don't forget I'm the ex-con that made it the farthest (Yup)
Until the day that I lay with the martyrs
Or until the day I'm parlaying, playing with my sons and my daughters
I'mma remain the smartest, hardest working nigga in the business
Just Blaze, can I get a witness (Yessir)
See that they probably get it if I come out flop
Get dropped, go back to my block and get shot (Pop)
As they putting my body in that life-size Ziplock
Then you'll be saying "Damn, Giddy died for this hip-hop"
Or maybe it entail you to get locked
To another 20 in the rock for them to give me my props
Whatever the case may be
We do a census on who is the sickest lyricist, they say me
That's without a album out, y'all rated me
I drop one and I'mma bow out gracefully

Whoa, oh
We keep rising to the top
Whoa, oh
And keep eyes out for the cops
Whoa, oh
And that's what it gon' be

Whoa, oh
'Cause you ain't gon' stop me
They got you working two jobs, trying to make ends meet
You just trying to keep your kids off the street
You gotta believe it (Best believe it's a dream)
Oh, you better believe it (You too can achieve)
Uh, oh
They got you locked in a hole, 19 years old
10 years, no chance for parole
They better believe it (That's right, tell them again)
Oh, you better believe it (After that, tell a friend)
Whoa, oh

Keep, keep, keep rising
Whoa, oh
Keep, keep, keep rising
Whoa, oh
Keep, keep, keep rising
Whoa, oh
Keep, keep, keep rising
Whoa, oh

Wooo!
We on the radio