

Clap

Saigon

We try our best to survive
(We ain't runnin away)
And keep our heads to the sky
(Y'all never will lead us astray)
Kiss that stress and depression goodbye
(Chase all of our troubles away)
If we could just get it right
(Then everything, it should be okay)
Oh okay

Do away with the clubs and the drug spots
Do away with the judge and the mug shots
Like we do away with the day when the sun drops
Clap your hands if you tired of hearin gunshots
Or hearin news about who got popped
By another black man or knockin a white cop
If I ain't there when it start I'm there when the fight stop like ock
Slow your roll or be cold as a ice pop, ya
We gotta start helpin each other, quit hurtin each other
Money'll have a nigga thinkin 'bout murkin his mother
How does it feel bein slaves to a dollar bill?
Givin you somethin y'all can feel, are y'all for real?
Do away with all the Chinese restaurants
Do away with all the fake Gloria Estefans
Clap your hands if you gettin up in some real estate
Buy the crib ma, the Benz with the wheels could wait
I 'member I used to instigate
Now I'm the one breakin up the fight makin sure that detention's straight
Will let a nigga get the heart to push me
I'll snuff the biggest nigga with him, show him that his partner pussy
You ain't got to be soft to be compete
I'm like the Martin Luther King then I knock out some teeth
Now I'm a flip it and shift it, give it prolific
Case niggaz just get it twisted, forget that I'm so gifted
Do away with the jails and the group homes
Like we did away with the shells and the two-tone
Clap your hands if you lovin that Just Blaze shit
Cause we don't just make songs, we make statements

Do away with the hip-hop police force
Fuck the pigs, I was taught not to eat pork
Clap your hands if you ain't forget where you came from
Clap again if you ready to see a change come
I used to live in the same slum
As Mike Tyson and Riddick Bowe, that's where the knuckle game from
Spring Valley had the same bums
We had to stay in, I ain't hang late cause we ain't have a income
Now I be on the track like when the train come
And I don't rap to just jaw-jack, nigga I be sayin somethin!
And with my man Just Bliggity Blaze
You're just about to witness history made
Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap
Clap your hands if you lovin that Just Blaze shit (clap)
Clap, y'all, clap
Let's, let's, let's go!

Oh okay (mmmmmmmmmm)

Oh okay, we're tryin our best to survive
Oh okay, tell me when we're gonna get it riiiiight
Oh okay, just keep our heads to the sky
Oh okay, kiss that stress and depression goodbye
Oh okay (ohhhhhh) oh okay (ohhhhhh)
Oh okay (ohhhhhh) oh okay (keep your heads to the sky)
Oh okay (mm-hmm) oh okay (hey heyyyyyyy!)
Oh okay (ohhhh!) oh okay (yeah)
Oh okay, ohhhhhhhhhhhh ohhhohhhhhhhh
Oh okay, tell me when we're gonna get it riiiiight
Oh okay, all we gotta do is keep our heads to the sky
Oh okay, hallelujah holla back at me if you hear me now
Oh okay (oh-hohhhhhh) oh okay (oh-hohhhhhh)
Oh okay (OHHH!) oh okay (gonna be alright now)
Oh okay (oh-hohhhhhh) oh okay (ooh ohhhhhhhhhh)
Oh okay, oh okay (okay)
Oh okay, hallelujah holla back at me if you hear me now
Oh okay, ohh yeahhhhhhhh