

Forever Dreamin'

Saigon

Yo, I remember Xtra P told Q-Tip don't say the year
But I'ma say the year (ohhhhhh)
The year is 2012
And the reason I'ma say the year cause we lost somebody very special to me
Very special to hip-hop, Chris Lighty
We love you forever man, c'mon

Ohh, where I'm from it goes down every day
Ohh, but still I dream that there's a better way
Lord, e'rybody got a problem, make a couple dollars
Gotta spend that on a bottle, yeah
Ohh, so you can drown all your troubles away
Ohh, or you can be what you're destined to be
As long as I'm breathin
I'ma keep on livin for the dream I believe in
Forever dreamin

Uh-huh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Whether crack wars or rap tours, we walkin them dogs with the track jaws
Attack frauds, get tossed in the morgue when I blast off
Past forward, my criminal task force
Last cat and wish him and my path cross it's bat-tle[?]
Talkin bad off, I mean really really bad off
Let's just say next time you see him you gon' take your hat off
Look America, it's Saigon from the Abandoned
I'm probabaly one of Harriet Tubman's great-great- great-great-grandkids
What the fuck I care about John Paul or Sir Francis?
That's two original men as they dances around the answers
If we a micro in the macro of crackers, the Earth cancers
is willin to go against nature and suffer the circumstances
I got the intel of a nigga that studies stem cells
Shit'll get ugly in Hell, it's no way it can end well
Police got a nigga barred from my own hood
Sometimes I think I'm too smart for my own good

Uh, it's real
I got a migraine, head throbbin, feelin pain
Present outlook on life, is that there's nothin else to gain
The old-timers scold the gold miners, see I suppose
He tellin all he knows once the wild Irish rose
Flows form in my brain, heavy verses purgatory in vain
Three on the rock, three on parole, it's insane
While workers is gettin greedier and greedier
Caught my partner Black in his back, now he suffer from paraplegia
Nothin gettin easier, cousin playin the game of crime
I aim the 9, emphasizin, see my frame of mind
Sniffin cocaine, I got a rhyme for every grain
Tryin to maintain, simply tryin to stay in my lane
See money comes money goes like a runny nose
But when you blow it, goin to your honeys and foes
I never thought I could be happier in bummier clothes
Well looky here yo, what do ya know?

I got a daughter in California I hardly see
Even 3,000 miles away she's a part of me
For her I'll spill every bit of blood in my arteries
I'll kill a nigga, whether he thug or he R&B

And to Milan, I'm tryin to strengthen the bond with your moms
Even when she buggin, I keep calm
Even if I needed niggaz to write for me
They couldn't cause they wouldn't believe in my life story
Uh-uh

Beautiful music!
I'd like to say somethin real quick
I wanna say rest in peace, to one of my close friends
My former manager, Chris Lighty
Did a lot for the sport, a lot for the game; I salute you
Y'know God always takes the ones he wants close to him
You know? We love you forever
Hip-Hop love you forever
Saigon, Canei, swervin