

# It's Alright

Saigon

Don't you remember you told me you loved me baby?  
You said you'd be coming back this way again  
Baby baby baby baby ohhh baby  
I love you, yeah, I really do

Uhh, it's real  
Dear Lord, yeah  
This letter is from Saigon, the Yardfather  
We fucked up Lord  
Will, talk, to 'em  
I tell 'em

It's alright, it's alright  
I know my rent is overdue, they 'bout to shut off my light  
And even if I get a job, too late, you're too right  
Gotta do what I gotta do to get this loot up tonight  
It's alright, I write a letter dedicated to God  
First I'll thank him, without him I'da never made it this far  
But it's hard tryin to think of why he not gettin involved  
It's a lady with a newborn baby livin in the car  
The police is beatin us up, the hurricane is eatin us up  
Katrina flood water was deep as a fuck  
Dear Lord, are we ever gon' receive a reward  
for all the sufferin and pain and misery we endure?  
Just like Trans-Atlantic slave trade, the AIDS, the crack  
When are we ever gon' get paid back?  
PS: write your boy S to the A back  
And tell Luther we got a joint we gave that stays on playback

"Don't you remember you told me you loved me baby?"  
When you told me you loved me (that's what you told me, ain't it?)  
"You said you'd be coming back this way again"  
(You said you, you, you said you, you said that you was comin back) I'm back  
"Baby baby baby baby ohhh baby"  
You told me you was comin back, that I would see you but you never told me w  
hen  
"I love you, yeah, I really do"  
I want you here to guide me by my side so it doesn't have to be in vain  
So never leavin you again

It's alright, it's alright  
They lockin ties, the neighborhood flood the ghetto with white  
My nigga only 21, he too young for two strikes  
But if he catch another felony he gonna do life, that ain't right  
I write a letter dedicated to our  
father who art in Heaven, Muslim brothers call him Allah  
And they all tryin to think of why he not gettin involved  
America is bombin them for no reason at all  
Gas prices eatin us up, parole officers cheatin us yup  
They lock us in for dirty pee in a cup  
Aiiyo I know you love us Lord, but please show black people a sign  
to a society to lead through design  
Them A-T-Liens adapt to the track  
Up top, we call it the block ?, most of the crackers live that  
C'mon Lord, you don't see nothin the matter with that?  
Hit me back, I think me and you need to chat

To all the ladies havin babies on they own  
These niggaz ain't shit ma, for real yo? You better off alone  
If he ain't smart enough to know why he should stay  
then what could he possibly teach his seed anyway?  
You gotta grind like you never grind  
Even if it mean you gotta shake your never mind, I know I read your mind  
You gotta do what you gotta, get it together ma  
A baby ain't temporary, that shit's forever ma  
A mother's love is the freshest kind  
That'll get dark through the hard times, the pain and the stress combined  
Raise your seed, you don't need no man  
Especially one that need to be de-programmed  
That brother think he righteous cause don't eat no hand  
But he keep plans of fuckin with some kilograms  
Girlfriend, you know what you're doin, the time is right  
You tell your lil' one that it's alright  
For real, keep your head up

I dedicate this song, to the whole Abandoned Nation  
If you've been abandoned in any sense of the word  
Then you part of this Abandoned Nation  
Gotta take it for what it's worth, right  
God love us young brothers, that's right  
To all my brothers on lockdown, the whole Abandoned Nation  
Let's go