

Lames

Saigon

Yea

Shout out to Scram Jones!!!
Clinton Sparks in the building
IT'S SMASH TIME!

It ain't nothin for me to roll wit twelve fire arms
The kid got more beef than Hillshire Farms
But I ain't gon turn my shit into some sausage
I'm gonna turn my beef into some coffins
Flow so sick I'm nauseous
I ain't signed yet, these labels makin me BS often
I don't care, its all they loss, the price is only gon go up
Nigga im gonna blow up, American Music Awards, yea I'm gon show up
When I win one of them, I'm gonna throw up
Yup, right on whoever's in-front of me
I came from the P, ain't nobody in this bitch that can front on me
Aint nobody shutter me, I'm under my own wing
A.B. nigga, yea I'm runnin' my own thing
Smile ery'time the phone rings, 'cause I know its money on the other
end
Not my homie's lover-friend, gotta bring the shovel in
Im buryin' these niggas careers
To me it appears they all queers
They what we call pimps, we need more squares
Who wanna holla back? In-fact I'm all ears

These lames (these lames)
They fuckin' up the game
(Niggas fuckin' up the game, said these lames fuckin' up the game)
It's a shame the way that things change

Anytime you wanna know about Saigon
Go to what type of thug are you w.com
Put through the fire like Chaka Kahn
Seen all of the stop signs but to me them jokers was jus octagons
Couldn't tell me I was not the bomb
Lil nigga couldn't fight but I was quick to cock a nine
Never quick to drop a dime
Even though niggas dropped dimes on my bout fifty-eleven times
Crime time, this is a fine time to rhyme
Im feelin like a million, word to my mom
Im glad all of yall niggas chasin' a dame
I'll DMX the game wit no sets to claim
Throw it all on my back wit jail bars on my arm
War scars on my hear from gettin' it on
Cap sacky nigga, they backed me nigga
They feelin my tracks and Clinton back
I fuck around and go platinum off jail niggas alone
What up Nap-Nap how yall love that?