

Let A Nigga Know

Saigon

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You wanna go to war bop
You wanna hear the 44 pop
You wanna see the gun that will make more than just your jaw drop
You wanna mess with the best,
But do you want to save your mama some stress
Nigga if you really want to test
I'll come and chop you in half
My click is cucku for cocoa they'll pop you and laugh
Wanna do gun play, Monday through Sunday
All 52 weeks of the year
Am I speaking clear?
You feel my flow
Even though I'm so political
Ain't another MC as gangsta as me
Shit I should be signed to Death Row
Uh-oh there go Saiyo
Ak nine six at yo 5-0
Mind blow to your spinal
You're only a thug on vinyl
You soft, I know
And yo so is your rhyme flow
I'm the only rapper to ever shoot up the club
Me and my man Sean Paul
I pop up in a hot car
You hop up in the cop car
Then start telling the cops who's selling the rocks
And who the niggas on the block are

I put's it down
I know they like the way my shit sounds
Banging from the hood out to the hick towns
Everything I spit is hit bound
They on my shit now

Gotta get that money like Krazie, Lazie and Bizzy bone
Trying to take my from me
What kind of crazy shit is you on?
Let a kid act funny I'll lace him like when my kicks is on
We in the zone
We don't go to war with no sticks and stones
Wanna play Gin Rummy then shuffle the cards and deal 'em out
But if you get picked up then we trust that you not going to squeal us out
I'm in the cut with a chick with a bigga but than Trina
And a better face than Jigga's slut
Nigga I'm Saigon you understand that?
I'm draped in firearms, you wanna wear that?
If you was now you not
You done fucked with the wrong one now you shot
I'll even give it to a cop mother fucker
You the chump I'm not mother fucker