

Not Like Them

Saigon

I could be parallell to bad as hell
Equivalent to ignorant
Depends on the matter, well, if it's that insignificant
I'll just have to tell a nigga to kick rocks with flip flops
Rappers rather tell than sit in a cell to snitch hop
I ain't paying to disc jock, he ain't getting the wrist-watch
I'm the realest to make it, he takin dick in the shit box
I kinda get why I'm legit, mostly to the folks who think dominant
I see why dishonest shit is so prominent
See the kids that rhymin' it, that ain't lived not a line of it
You ain't hood money not good money ya counterfeit
The kind of a jan, I get on some lo-lo for lanna shit
Name a state now fivin' it, with that coke in them llamas, bitch
Hold up, what time is it? The clock strike ten
I guarantee none of y'all be on the block like him
Cock the fifth back you get baffled, click clack, you skipped that
Lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them
The record labels are scared of me, internet gotta bag me
First they said I was gangsta, then they said 'not exactly'
I rap about politicians, rap about protect
They loosin' the manuevers that Edgar Hoover reenacted
Being on my black shit, they be tryna silence me
But to do that shit, they have to do it violently
Clack clack that act back
Rat-at-at that blackjack
A lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them

A lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them
Y'all niggas is luke-warm, y'all ain't hot like them
Them motherfuckers my brothers, they ain't my friends
We the band with the bond, from grams on the arm
A lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them
Y'all niggas is luke-warm, y'all ain't hot like them
Them motherfuckers my brothers, they ain't my friends
We the band with the bond, from grams on the arm
The uncut dope, ya had to land on a farm
Rapping on arenas, rubberbands to the mobs
Getting high to Sinatra, in the sands of the palms
Reminiscing my rapping with BIG, the man with the don
Niggas did it big, but not like them
Drink champagne in the ocean just to drown my sins
Should have (?) a valet, roll around my Benz
These niggas know my beginning, but not my end
It's me and Saigon in the pizons
Never behind us like we vary our zones
Go ahead and chill out, get your vibe on
Cause this could be the day that you died on