

Oh Yeah (Our Babies)

Saigon

"I remember one time I was over at my Auntie house
spending the night. And we playin' Super Nintendo.
I hear this lady: 'Yo, I heard you been looking for me, nigga'
Then she just -- boom-boom-boom-boom-boom!
She let off about eight shots. Then I heard the other gun fire off
and we were just still there playing there, like nothin' happened.
And then Vietnam, them people came back crazy. I (live) in Vietnam
So what you think I'ma be if I live in it and they just went and visited?"

Suckers could not survive without philoso-phy
When somebody dies, you see why I'm not suprised?
Had a plot to rise since I looked in the doctor's eyes
Since I started drinkin milk through what's homogenized
I would strive with or without a pops to provide
Moms still cries 'cause she fell for a crock of lies
I try to teach her to fight her fears
I try to teach her to wipe her tears
Don't worry, shit gon' be aight this year
I'm at the top of my game, just watch for my name
Better off poppin my brain than poppin my chain (dang!)
I claim king without droppin a thing
When they ask if I'm the best, I reminisce of the bing and think...

When I was ten, I seen my first automatic weapon
A Glock Nine -- two clips.

I seen all kinds of guns -- .44, .22, (Techs!) Techs. I saw rifles.

Mac 10, Mac 11.
Living around here. You hear shooting all the time.

Damn..
The drama's pitiful, lil' niggaz is homicid-ical
Couple meals ago, shorty was eatin through his umbilical
Now he feels he unkillable, shit is all amazing
The wrong altercation'll leave his ass with a long abrasion
I try to make my life de-focal through rhymes
These niggaz do vocal booth crimes, I shot niggaz multiple times
You sold a few dimes, but when you rappin, you the crack king
I sold it to whites when you thought it was just a black thing
I'm filled with this realness, rappers happen to lack it
I'm flabbergasted you got a platinum plaque for that wack shit
All the real gangstas, they on their way to bein dead or in jail
They don't make records to sell

I asked my father, Chill, what his best memories of my mother are.

Me and her have fun, putting our feet in the water together
We were sober then... but once we started gettin high..
Them memories gone... They gone.

Why are you drinking?
I don't understand why I'm drinking.
Do you think you're gonna stop?
Yeah, I'm going to rehab, and take care of myself.
What do you drink?
I drink about two or three pints of wine a day.

But it ain't helping me, ain't doin nothin' but killing me.
Don't people understand it's destroying you?
If it's destroying you, why do you still drink?
Do you think you've been a good father?
Yes, I have, to the best capability I could.
I have no further questions.

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