

Plant The Seed (What U Paid For)

Saigon

"Bread and Circuses"

Ha ha, welcome

I hope you got what you paid for
I hope you got what you paid for
I ain't even gotta say more
I hope you got what you paid for
I hope you got what you paid for
I hope you got what you paid for
I know you got what you paid for
Haha

E'rybody ballin, huh? E'rybody winnin
Ain't nobody poor no more, e'rybody's spendin
Naw, we just caught in a world that we call pretendin
where pretend-to-be niggaz been pretendin from the beginnin
The minute women are sinnin, in a minute just listen to the infants
They morals becomin so inconsistent
Lil' boy with his wrist split, little girl thinkin strippin is a business
That's cause her mother wasn't against it
E'rybody gettin it, e'rybody trappin
Who the heck is listenin if e'rybody rappin?
Kinda knew this was destined to happen
Rappers no realer than wrestlin and actin and the message is lackin
But once again Saigon bringin you the realest
If I ain't the illest then what'chu talkin 'bout Willis?
Trillin, "G.S.N.T. Chapter 2"
And just repeat after, matter fact, after you (okay)

How you supposed to be the wildest and you got a stylist?
Say that you really smoke but never puffed it out the chalice?
Only (Clipse) you probably fuck with is Pusha and Malice
I told you to cut the bullshit, now you full of the cow piss
How's this? I'm like Money Mayweather in Round 6
'Bout to start turnin it up out this bitch
I'm (Too Legit) like Stanley Burrell
I'ma die doin what I love, I'm the rap Tammi Terrell
Told Puffy my nose stuffy, dawg I can't even smell
Cause I'm sick from doin this shit, it's finna land me in jail
Tell Baby I need 80 and if not then I'ma go holla at Shady
One of these muh'fuckers is gon' pay me
I'm crazy and in the best shape of my life
State a price, make it nice, you gon' go on vacation twice (twice)

I'm tellin you man
I'm worth every bit of that 80 million DOLLARS!

Yeah yeah, check
Before my daughter, before they bottled the water
We was flippin the bricks, he mix and slide to the border
Come back with some shit 'bout the size of Rock of Gibraltar
Paper, pussy, power, pain in chronological order
Coola got locked, product was gettin shorter
We knew he'd do some time and then the cops would deport him
Fuckin feds have record him in the comfort of his own home
We would just slip up and talk business on his home phone
We was on the home-grown, he was blowin the hydro

I think it was hydro; how the fuck should I know?
I was duckin the 5-0 tryin to get the case gone
Went to Miami to see family, Haitian Ason[?]
And wasn't tryin to stay long
Just to pick up enough yay to lay on
Least 'til I had enough to get weight long

Aiyyo I gotta find this 66 dollars man
What you gon' do for that man?
I got you though
What's up?

"Bread and Circuses"
Go in...