

Stocking Cap

Saigon

You bad?

Keep kicking that soldier shit and I'll unload a clip
Put a fucking hole in your DU-RAG
You don't wanna fight me, hype me, motherfucker and got touched
Motherfucker that's too bad
You wanted to play thug, took the trey-8 slug
And now you using a doo-doo bag
Family first and that's til the day I'm under the earth, bitch look

Yo, I be guzzling some henny and listening to Many Men
Smoking some bud that got me red like an Indian
When 50 say Many Men, wish death 'pond him
Feel him cause I know some kids that wish they did me in
But they couldn't get me though
And now they see me, and Al creep slow
For a G in the video
And niggaz hating our guts, cause they know
In the face where they girls probably taken our nuts
My name Saigon nigga, I get any chick that I got my eye on nigga
Stronger than corn liquor
Nah I'm not a battle rapper
You talk shit and I'm a run this razor across your adams apple
I stand 5'7 and a quarter, but boy when I reach for that thing
I'm taller than Yao Ming
Peddi P's mac goes "Bling" my mac goes "BLAT"
I hit you in your hat take that

(2x)

This gun - And you can get popped with that
So bitch run - When I cock it back
Cause you know if I cock the gat, I'm a put a few holes in your stocking cap

Spit liver, not the kid you want to bother
Your mom's child destiny, well I'll be her survivor
I was a robber, before I heard of Big Poppa
The dirty nigga in school with tools in his locker
Can't forget the Vodka, dime bag of shocker
Couple of sharp things that'll send you to see the doctor
Who am I - S to the A to the I and
When they say I bust that iron, they ain't lyin
Niggaz who know me, know
Go ask them, say "Sai his gun blow" they say "Oh, for sure"
I can tell you mad shit that I did
And some shit that I got away with
But my lawyers advice me not to say shit
To keep shit basic, niggaz play sick we can all get ill
I'm jacking my man Jason
If I'm a thug or not I ain't got to rhyme bout
C'mon come fuuck with a nigga and find out

(2x)

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