

# The Invitation

Saigon

Uh, uh, uh, uhh  
Uhh, check, check check

Ain't nothin stoppin this murder in this metropolis  
I represent the poor and proper-less caught in monopolies  
The pessimists out-numbered the optimists on the block and it's  
coppers that got binoculars, cause I can feel 'em watchin us (they be watchi  
n us)  
If only they knew what we had a pocket of  
They probably swarm in without a warnin pointin glocks at 'em (get down!)  
But this is gettin us paid  
So at a very tender age we learn the tricks of the trade  
From coppin coke to cookin it and chippin it with the blade  
to baggin and pitchin to gettin rid of it in a raid  
Most of us'll never get to the stage  
where his lawyer and bail, hell, we happen to get stiffed in the cage  
And it's crazy, we be out here for days upon days  
Makin just enough to get some licks, some kicks and some haze  
It's a damn shame, we placed in a no-win situation  
The party is in the pen and the blow is the invitation

(Fishkill!) Riker's Island, you don't stop  
Green Haven all day, you don't stop  
Yo hold it down in Rahway, you don't stop  
You gotta strive in Elmira, you don't stop  
Sullivan, Coxsackie, you don't stop  
All my peoples, Auburn, you don't stop  
And last but not least for the sure shot  
is the Abandoned Nation

Theresa baby daddy got a bad habit of smokin money up  
She gettin some stripper paper but savin up for a tummy tuck  
Lil' man hungry as fuck  
He only one years old but knows he's unlucky and such  
As he grows he gets bitter, now he acts up in class  
He curses his teachers out, tell 'em to make 'em kiss his ass  
Soon as he didn't pass his momma whippin his ass  
His pop, is not around; the boy is block bound (block bound)  
Not even 12 months later  
He's suckin on 40 ounces and pissin in elevators  
Idolizin the guys with Big Rob who's gettin the quick paper  
And now he despises the shit taker  
He 13 goin on 26-and-a-half  
His only dream was to have bricks in the stash  
Poppin the clutch and hittin the gas  
So then he start dabblin in the coke game, pitchin for half  
Now he's sittin in the cell, with an unpeculiar bell  
He happen to make a sale to a unfamiliar male  
who was a undercover cop, his photo was at the station  
The party is in the pen, the blow is the invitation

Bayview and Clinton, you don't stop  
North Branch, Connally, you don't stop  
Huntsville, Bunker Hill and you don't stop  
Greenville, James River, you don't stop

The party is in the pen and the government is promotin it

That's the reason I don't be believin in all this votin shit  
They bring the coke in this bitch  
Ain't no poppy seeds in the P's, please, nothin but a whole lot of hopelessness  
That's where all the focus is  
Makin sure the blacks stay in the back, the same place that uhh, scoliosis is  
How could they lie with such compulsiveness?  
We just sit around actin like as if this is how we supposed to live  
Fuck outta here! I could swear in 'bout a year  
I'll have these suckas explainin why the hell they still got us here  
Still bein treated like shit  
Still gettin beat with nightsticks, still attract the heat in my six  
That's probably why I still drink Bacardi and the gin  
Cause whitey tryin to invite me to the party in the pen  
A body'll get yo' ass up in V.I.P.  
And a burner'll get you in without showin your ID  
The coke, that'll get you in especially if you cook it up  
You RSVP, to the party in the P  
-enitentiary, Saigiddy, I am the truth  
I ain't one of these kids that lie to your youth, I'm livin proof

Comstock in the house, you don't stop  
Sing Sing, uh, you don't stop (don't stop!)  
Attica, c'mon, you don't stop (OHH!)  
And Attica, c'mon, ah-you don't stop (hands up!)  
Out in Green Haven you don't stop  
And what it do Rahway, you don't stop (LET'S GO!)  
Out West in Lompoc, you don't stop (OHH!)  
Is San Quentin in the house? You don't stop (now here we go!)  
Over in Ironwood you don't stop (don't stop!)  
What about Arrendale? You don't stop (you can't stop!)  
North Branch, do it up, you don't stop (OH! OH!)  
Over in Connally, you don't stop (now let's go!)  
Saigon the Yardfather, you don't stop (DON'T STOP! OHH!)  
Just Blaze on the beat, he keeps it hot (DON'T STOP!)  
And last but not least for the sure shot (OH! OH!)  
is the Abandoned Nation

Comstock's in the house, hands up (hands up!)  
Sing Sing's in the house, hands up (hands up!)  
Attica's in the house, hands up (hands up!)  
Green Haven's in the house, hands up (to the sky!)  
Rahway's in the house, hands up (put 'em up!)  
Lompoc's in the house, hands up (keep 'em up!)  
Elmira's in the house, hands up (hands high!)  
Sullivan's in the house, hands up (put 'em up, put 'em up!)