

## War Remix

Saigon

There's a war in the streets tonight  
And nobody's really feelin' alright  
I got a blunt for my chronic, a juice for my tonic  
I know now...  
So I know we'll be alright

When niggas tell you don't hurt nobody they being funny  
When they say its Saigon they mean its money  
Ever since I was little bitches say he a dummy  
Because one year I went to church and beat up the Easter bunny  
Everyday I thank god with silent pray  
So he can help me resolve some of my violent ways  
I was locked up for four hundred holidays  
I was in the peezee when I heard Easy E and Dr. Dre  
Was in the pen for that bad boy death row thing  
I was locked away when Dre was crowned west coast king  
I'm the thug these rappers trying to be  
Lyrically I'm a fuckin anomaly  
You as much of a rapper as Sean John and me  
Matter of fact you an actor like Sean Connery  
I'm the nigga wit the rap sheet longer then your rap book  
Hustlers got their chain snatched and they got their crack took

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Yeah, Nine-four, Destiny opens her eyes  
For the first time, praise God, baby mom's cryin'  
Planned to be a strong black family  
But we both were too young, too strung, too much flashin'  
New come, I caught verbal assassin runnin' with  
Nothin' but the worst type, worst fight  
But we brought my baby home the first night  
Cursed like sailors, burst out the crib  
Ragin' in my new car bought from entertainment  
Champaign and gainin' clout fast, whiplash  
Did this bitch just pass in the club pugged up, stupid ass  
Grabbed her by the pony tail, "never disrespect me"  
I'm a street vet, regret the sex, but not Desi  
Moved back to your grandma, I'm single, the land's mine  
She keeps the Benz, I'm all in the streets again  
Squeezin' the pen, released again, chart toppers,  
Hard-bottoms blessed the feet, now less baby mom's problems  
New woman, she's great, this a different world,  
Checkin' out my wife's chemistry with my little girl  
It's so amazin' playin', life is so crazy  
I've grown up the thankful for lessons God gave me

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And nobody's really feelin' alright  
I got a blunt for a chronic, a juice for my tonic  
I know now that I'm feelin' right if it goes down  
'Cause my third eye sees the lowdown  
And I know it's not my time to go now

'Cause God's got my back in this showdown  
So I know we'll be alright