

# You Make Me Sick

Saigon

Check it, I'm here to regulate!  
Set the record straight, like a bomb ready to detonate!  
I separate the heavy from the featherweight  
rhyme deadly but I educate  
Making a ignoramus mind climb to a clever state.  
There's no time to hesitate I aint trying to everweight,  
When God comes to get you, He gets you homie  
he aint never late!  
you spirit will levitate  
For your wake they gon set a date  
I can try to shock you but its too late to resuscitate  
I'm afflicted, I click with the crime addicted,  
Convicted for trying to stick shit  
Now they freedom is non-existent  
You're been lying in your raps too much,  
Your story is saltier than cashew nuts  
You can't name one nigga ass you bust  
Yet, you rap about killing?  
Who the fuck asked you up punk?  
What you are is a author that's softer than new baby shit!

You make me sick!  
Rapping like you're dogging,  
You're bugging,  
you wasn't busting or cutting  
nothing you frontin  
You make me sick!  
Acting like you've been here there and done it  
Always kicking some drama shit cause you don't want it  
You make me sick!  
Please violate my click  
Give us a reason to come tie up your bitch  
You make me sick!  
You're pinker than the person that was singing  
the original verses to this shit  
You make me sick!

Fists up!  
Fists up!  
Fists up!  
We ain't thirsty enough to drink from a pimp cup!  
Y'all niggas rapping bout ya poor pimps and stuff  
you scared of a little scuffle little fisticuffs?  
y'all be killing me with your gun busting ability,  
Ain't no hand guns up in the fucking facilities.  
That's why you were going if your burner really be blowing  
I seen how hard district attourneys be going  
trying to lock a Nigga for life,  
They gave poo bear two years, and he only got knocked with a knife.  
so keep it real mother fucker, you ain't shooting that gun  
You're punk ass is probably even scared to shoot a fair one  
I've got some stories for your ass, but I don't care to share none  
I just wish I had a couple more years to hear Gun!  
He died young, he was living this shit that you spit.

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Is it the devious nut slash heathen  
In us that clashes with the Jesus in us  
That makes the savages for greed and lust  
Is there a war between police and us  
Is killing innocent people just procedure huh  
Unfortunately enough  
The media .... how they deceiving us  
With guns drugs diseases and stuff  
Leaving us to bleed in the .... Gut  
Is this what hip hop is teaching us

Yo you think they're gonna understand you, man?  
I don't know man!  
Maybe I should sing this shit!  
Put some melody in it  
We gotta get back to rapping.  
Get back to what this hip-hop thing is all about, man!  
Raising the kids, man!  
Each one, teach one, right?  
One hand washes the other  
Both hands wash the face!  
Saigon the yardfather  
I'm back!  
Be afraid!  
Be very, very, very, very, very, very, very afraid!