

Saigon f/ Just Blaze

"Gotta Believe It"

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[Chorus: Just Blaze] + (Saigon) Whoa-ohh, we keep risin to the top Whoa-ohh, and keep eyes out for the cops Whoa-OHH! And that's what it's gon' be Whoa-OHH! Cause you ain't gon' stop me They got you workin two jobs tryin to make ends meet You just tryin to keep yo' kids off the street You gotta believe it (best believe if you dream it) Oh, you better believe it (you too can achieve it) Uh-oh, they got you locked in a hole, 19 years old Ten years, no chance for parole You better believe it (that's right, tell 'em again) Oh, you gotta believe it (after that, tell a friend) Ohhh-ohhh [Saigon] After the sunshine come the rain, after the fun time come the pain I often wonder if it's gonna change I caught a bad case of Smack-a-Bitchy-Itis (what happened?) I came home, my wife got my daughter in shitty diapers (damn) The rice is still raw, and the meat is still frozen in the freezer I hate that I'm too close to her to leave her Either I hit the street to do some pitchin, knowin these dudes is snitchin Or die tryin to make it as a musician My livin condition is not in the greatest position (nope) And nah I ain't bitchin, I just gotta make a decision Should I breeze past, hop out in a ski mask Rob everything movin and cruise in a G-Class (vroom!) But keep writin the heat that the street like it Young'uns is recitin my lyrics, so keep bitin Y'all niggaz thinkin shit is easy, it's hard One thing I know I'ma do is keep believin, keep believin in God [Chorus] [Saigon] After the fast songs come the slow, after the sad songs come some mo' (mo') This is the life I have come to know Police is in Marquis', Chevy Caprices stroll The young hood boogers idolize Keyshia Cole The rap figures throwin money in the air like it's pizza dough People in the hood ain't eatin though (though) I tried to help the labels see the vision But they lowered me to a subdivision, you gotta be fuckin kiddin They'd rather me pretend to be somethin I'm not I'm the new Public Enemy, I'm different than Yung Joc And nah, I ain't dissin, this nigga's up in the Forbes Shit I ain't made a dollar tryin to rap for the cause But in these next four bars, I'll tell you about malevolent laws they enforcin on North American shores Dawg, if they could

have rifles on their farms Then I don't see why they
knocked T.I. for tryin to bear arms [Chorus] [Saigon]
Tell 'em wave at the artist, I feel like I'll make it
regardless Don't forget I'm the ex-con that made it the
farthest (yup) Until the day that I lay with the martyrs Or
until the day I'm parlayin, playin with my sons and my
daughters (uh) I'ma remain the smartest, hardest
workin nigga in the business Just Blaze, can I get a
witness? {YESSIR!} See that they probably get it if I
come out and flop Get dropped, go back to my block
and get shot (pop) As they puttin my body in that life-
size Ziplock Then you'll be sayin "Damn, Giddy died for
this hip-hop" Or maybe it'll tell you to get locked To
another 20 in the rock for them to give me my props
Whatever the case may be You do a census on who is
the sickest lyricist, they say me And that's without a
album out, y'all rated me I drop one and I'ma bow out
gracefully [Chorus] [Outro: Just Blaze] Keep keep keep
rising, whoa-ohh Keep keep keep rising, whoa-OHH!
Keep keep keep rising, whoa-OHH! Keep keep keep
rising, whoa-ohh Whoop! We on the radio (we on the
radio!) Yo turn up the radio! (we on the radio) Yo we
got one, now we got the game on lock! {*radio
changing stations*} Turn it up! C'monnnnn We got on
the radio

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