

Saigon

"Brownsville Girl"

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[Intro]

Don I in the ghetto
We know the hour of the guns
Well we are the scars of violence
Son, turn in your gun

[Saigon]

Think my shit is too real for 'em

A young girl's killed by a stray bullet in Chicago
Same thing in Jamaica Queens right in front of
McDonald's
The ghetto's on fire, the pyro's nothin but sorrow
that's burnin inside the souls of the future kids of
tomorrow
We used to use hip-hop to teach us the way
For some reason these fuckin artists don't reach us
today
My lil' cousin got popped, he was slippin, he wasn't
totin
Plus was sippin too much of that vodka Puffy promotin
My mother died, niggaz was sendin me 'gnac
When it was ironic that shit was called Hennessy Black
Sippin that make a nigga wan' pick up a Mac
And stick up a spot, when I should wanna rip up a track
Said fuck that! Get Yafeu on the chat
Say Yaf', we gotta bring our community back
Bring the concept of havin black unity back
And come with the shit to get rid of that baffoonery rap
That's soon to be looked at as lunacy, cartoonery crap
The sooner we maneuver that, the sooner we could
react
In fact, it's triple G's, now who runnin with me?
And I'ma rep until the pack of wolves come and get me

Uh-huh, uh, Sai, Sai

A young girl joins a gang out in Brownsville, Brooklyn
That's down where they got the coke pounds still
cookin
The prostitutes lurkin, they still out here hookin
The booker's still feelin niggaz that's black and brown

lookin

This lil' girl one night, they gave her a burner right
Told her she wanna be down, she gotta earn them
stripes

A adolescent that lack the lesson to learn in life
She shoots a kid in the back, pow, turn his light, out
That was the seventh shootin in less than a week
The reason I feel is what I should address to this beat
Checked it and see, it's funerals consecutively
It's the God and by the power invested in me
I'm tellin niggaz to chill and go easy on the gunplay
Besides, you gon' have to learn how to fight someday
Develop a warrior's spirit
Let your fists talk more than your lyrics and you'll get
no interference
Check, it's real wack, that blacks only kill blacks
I know that sound off the wall but it's real facts
I shot about eight people and they all black
I'm a dumb muh'fucker's what I call that

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