

Saigon

"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'm a 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'm a 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'm a 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
Whoo! 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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