

Saigon

"Intervention"

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(feat. G Martin)

[Intro: Saigon (G Martin)]

(Yeah, check, damn)

Uh-huh, uhh

Sometimes, in life

You gotta let go of certain things, man

E'rybody got they vice

But you know what though?

[Chorus: G Martin (Saigon)]

All these drugs and all these hoes

I just don't need it no mo'

I gotta let it go, go (gotta let it go)

I gotta let it go, ohh (I gotta let it go)

And I don't love you no mo'

And this ain't home and we can't grow

I gotta let it go, go (gotta let it go)

I gotta let it go, ohh

[Saigon]

Uhh, uhh

For the third time Brian, you need to get it together

Either you let it go or you gon' live with it forever

God grant him serenity so that he could accept the

things that he can't change or depression is gonna

infect him

Forget that chick, she wasn't worth it in the first place

You knew that scenario was worse than the worst case

Look how fast you got to first base

All the times that she lied to you, think about that look

on her face

Hmm, I'm not a Dr. Phil but I could still prescribe a pill

For love sickness, cause I know how a lie could feel

Her look's my mother, my daughter started fuckin with

water

I went from 190 solid to a buck and a quarter

But I'ma recuperate in a hurry

Cause I could stress when I'm buried in a cemetery

And that can be, hey when, you never know

Sometimes you just gotta say fuck it and let it go

[Chorus]

[Interlude: G Martin]

Just let, it, go ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ohh ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh
I gotta let it go (tell 'em again)
Just let, it, go ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ohh ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh
I gotta let it go

[Saigon]

Uh-huh, uhh
I know it's easier said than done, but you gotta let her
run
Go out there and find yourself a better one, son
Even if she look good to your eyesight
None of it really matters if she ain't got her mind right
So what if the face is a dime?
If the bitch is just chasin some shine she basically
wastin your time
Lil' T from Maryland was on heroin
I said "was" cause he copped a bad bag, now we'll see
him never again
Paulie got addicted to medicine
Never ate right, would take flight (Late Night) like
Letterman
But whenever he came home momma'll let him in
He tryin to beat up the drug but he keep lettin it win
Bro said the devil's at the door, if you let him in
It gets worse than it ever been, he gon' fill your head
with sin
But if you lock him out life will get better though
Sometimes you gotta say fuck it and just let it go

[Chorus]

[Saigon]

Uhh - this sing is for those with the scramblin habits
The gamblin addicts, the fans are fanatics, and Atlanta
dramatics
This is a real song, it won't make the radio
But if you hear it then share it with somebody you know
This is a real song, it won't make the radio
That's why I had to say fuck it and just let it go
Ha ha, whoa
That's why I had to say FUCK IT and just let it, go

[Outro: G Martin]

Ohh ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ohh ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh

I gotta let it go
Just let, it, go ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ohh ohh, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, oh
I gotta let it go

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