

## Saigon

### "Not Like Them Lyrics"

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[Intro]

[Verse 1: Saigon]

I could be parallel to bad as hell  
Equivalent to ignorant  
Depends on the matter, well, if it's that insignificant  
I'll just have to tell a nigga to kick rocks with flip flops  
Rappers rather tell than sit in a cell to snitch hop  
I ain't paying to disc jock, he ain't getting the wrist-  
watch  
I'm the realest to make it, he takin dick in the shit box  
I kinda get why I'm legit, mostly to the folks who think  
dominant  
I see why dishonest shit is so prominent  
See the kids that rhymin' it, that ain't lived not a line  
of it  
You ain't hood money not good money ya counterfeit  
The kind of a jan, I get on some lo-lo for lanna shit  
Name a state now fivin' it, with that coke in them  
llamas, bitch  
Hold up, what time is it? The clock strike ten  
I guarantee none of y'all be on the block like him  
Cock the fifth back you get baffled, click clack, you  
skipped that  
Lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them  
The record labels are scared of me, internet gotta bag  
me  
First they said I was gangsta, then they said 'not  
exactly'  
I rap about politicians, rap about protect  
They losin' the manuevers that Edgar Hoover  
reenacted  
Being on my black shit, they be tryna silence me  
But to do that shit, they have to do it violently  
Clack clack that act back  
Rat-at-at that blackjack  
A lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them

[Verse 2: Styles P]

A lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them  
Y'all niggas is luke-warm, y'all ain't hot like them

Them motherfuckers my brothers, they ain't my  
friends  
We the band with the bond, from grams on the arm  
A lot of niggas bust they guns, but not like them  
Y'all niggas is luke-warm, y'all ain't hot like them  
Them motherfuckers my brothers, they ain't my  
friends  
We the band with the bond, from grams on the arm  
The uncut dope, ya had to land on a farm  
Rapping on arenas, rubberbands to the mobs  
Getting high to Sinatra, in the sands of the palms  
Reminiscing my rapping with BIG, the man with the don  
Niggas did it big, but not like them  
Drink champagne in the ocean just to drown my sins  
Should have (?) a valet, roll around my Benz  
These niggas know my beginning, but not my end  
It's me and Saigon in the pizons  
Never behind us like we vary our zones  
Go ahead and chill out, get your vibe on  
Cause this could be the day that you died on

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