

Saigon

"The Rules"

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[Saigon:]

I wrote all them raps cause I was in jail with nothing to do

My nigga, now that I got things to do, writing raps is like last

Of my priority list

This is the difference between me and them

[Saigon:]

Check

New New Yiddy is back in full effect

We the kind that don't throw gang signs or claim sets

We one of the few left that ain't riding the west

Ain't dick sucking the south

You still will get punched in ya mouth

You ever fuck around luck buck'em down

I like the way that sound luck buck'em down

I'm bucking the fuck out of this duck nigga now

I uppercut the sucker the fucker gon touch the ground

Since two thou I came with another style

My shit was "sharp-then" just like brother Al

But I was never rocking a perm

If I was anything I try to teach the people not gonna learn

I could try to take the popular term

Rap about a bunch of bullshit that's not really not my concern

Or I could do some old dumb shit that come with a melody

Nigga I know the game what the fuck is you telling me

I love this hip hop shit nigga you smelling me

How else could a nigga get rich with two felonies

[Chorus x2: Busta Rhymes "Woo-Hah! "]

I know you really want to know who's

Comin' through leaving bloodstains and residues

Gotta pay your dues baby you know the rules

[Saigon:]

Ya'll niggas flows is dookie

I flip styles like one of them old Suzuki's and shocazuki
Burning whoever closest to me
The verbalize meat that ya'll eat
Laying back on the concrete
Rip open your chest and rhyme to ya heartbeat
Niggas can't resist to put the bond first
If I am what I eat then I guess that I'm every wack
lyricist on earth
Born worse, couldn't really explain in a song verse
Ask the families of the people I put in that long hearst
O nine we flipping this into some other different shit
Real niggas come get your certificates if you interested
First off we gon build this Abandoned Nation
censorship
Prison don't even mention it if you ain't experience it
This is some serious shit go head think I'm playing then
See what you saying when it's a puddle of blood you
laying in
You kidding me I'm lyrically the epitome of verbal
validity
Look nigga see what life did to me
Turn me colder than my older raps
Colder than polar caps
Cold as the common cold perhaps without no lookback
I used to cook crack they took that
I learn to jux cats
Where the brook at
We got this locked put that back
And new yiddy is back in full effect
Fuck around you gon get my hands wrapped around ya
neck
Respect to all the kids still trapped in the jects'
I'm a rep watch how much of this cash I'm a collect
Yep!

[Chorus x2]

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