

## Saybia "Vietnam"

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[Saukrates]

Yo

I'm loving the weather in this damn neighbourhood  
Hot, like fire, everything females looking good, ain't it  
My nigga Freddy agrees, we near fainted  
(Not knowing that my face portrait was being painted)  
(That very same day)

Anyways we chilling on the stoop shooting the breeze  
Arguing about who was the illest MC  
Verbally slapped my nigga, saying player it's Jay-Z  
My moms cuts it short, sending me to the A&P  
Supplies for supper, quart of milk, loaf of bread and a  
stick of butter  
You're damn right, I was making beats for A's(?) last  
night

And you know them vets make you work up an appetite  
Split, jump in the Ac, it's deaded in the back  
Won't start, pumping them tracks killed my battery  
Mad at me, errrr, nigga hit the brakes  
Dud I live for them Camelo and PF Cuttin' tapes  
Can't forget what Clue got, Tony Touch and Doo Wop  
Kid we can walk it's only five from my crib  
And anyway my nigga Jay who got my Mastermind joint  
Stay on the way to the grocery point

Be back soon momma say  
(Not knowing that my face portrait was being painted)  
(That very same day)

Walking, talking, Mrs. Johnson is on her lawn  
Sunbathing so we honkin', errh  
She the finest forty-something I seen in nine lives  
Not even Mr. Johnson believe she forty-five  
That's why I've made the pledge, no more  
chickenheads

Let me ride with you big girl, keeping me well feed  
Here come the ice cream trucks, some kids playing  
double dutch

Looking ill but too young to touch  
Then one child said, yo Big Sox when's the album due  
kid?

It's out stupid, I want to form a neighbourhood B  
Like a Vietnam camp in '73, seperated from society

Hit the corner, there's my nigga Jay eyeing me  
Motherfucker where my tape at? Lie to me!  
And I'mma brake that, you let's take a walk  
I'mma get it on my way back, we gotta talk  
I heard one of them coons from the other side of the  
block  
Was fucking with you over some bullshit  
And pulled clips illigitly  
{Yo he acted shifty because my crib's where his chick  
be hangin dude}  
Ignore that shit G and keep that thang banging, in  
everyway  
(Not knowing that my face portrait was being painted)  
(That very same day)  
We gets to the A, and P Jay's smoking so them niggas  
wait for me  
I'm standing in the express line and what do I see?  
Through the window, that same coon and his kinfolk  
Everything turned slow motioned and muted  
In my mind while I saw these niggas creep up from  
behind  
I see one pull a nine, I scream TURN AROUND!  
Too late, my nigga Jay's brain stained the ground  
They kicked my nigga Freddy in the gut saying what  
Now motherfucker, your man's nothing but a memory  
And hits him with another sucker punch  
Fuck the lunch, today I'm killing the bunch  
I run outside with one nigga lie dead  
The other bleedin' from the head  
Grab the gat Jay had strapped on the inside of his leg  
Yo Freddy just chill, I'm about to retaliate  
Ill visions of murder, blowe  
Fuck it now it's time to kill  
Cock back, I'm prepared for action  
Becoming one with Samuel L. Jackson  
Turn the corner, I see them niggas running away  
Hit the shortcut, I'm waiting at his crib  
I'mma end this shit today  
Look, here he comes now  
I've never felt pressure like this before  
Debating, whether I should blast on site  
Or wait 'til the motherfucker puts the key in the door  
Creep up on a nigga with God's hand  
On the hair pintrigger, forgive me momma  
but I'm going to be a little late with the groceries  
I mean, you know diner's just going to have to wait  
Turn around motherfucker!

Now, if this was you, what the fuck would you do?

