

Diduntdidunt

Mark Ronson & Saigon

(feat. Saigon)[Intro:]

See john was a diduntdidunt, know what im sayin?

My man john was a fuckin diduntdidunt, holla

You know u got them diduntdidunt niggas in the hood, know'm sayin...

Guys that don't mean nothin to nobody...

Fuckin mothers don't even like them...[Verse 1:]

In junior high, i knew this kid named John

One day john started thinkin he could rhyme

He used to see me battin' niggas one at a time

So he figured he test his skills against mine

He came up to me one day and said "hey"

Niggas saying you mean law, spit sixteen [sai] Gon"

I said, "no pa, im good"

He said "well imma spit some shit then

You know, rap for my hood

"Checkit, we ride drops, we pop mad shots

We even got 20 inch rims on the yacht"

I told him to stop, the nigga aint listen he kept goin

So i punched dook in his mouth while he was flowin'

He got up of the ground and said "why did ya hit me?"

"Yous a diduntdidunt, heres a shot to the kidney"

The mike tyson of this rap shit

I even got a speech impediment

"Fuckin' lil bam-dit

Thats my word man, any fuckin rapper man

I'll eat his fuckin children man bring him to me man"

[Chorus:]

You're a DiduntDidunt

Rappin bout ya gun and ya blunt

A DiduntDidunt

To you it aint nothin to front

You a DiduntDidunt

A pussy that always talk about pussy

When the pussy proolly ain't had none in a month

You a DiduntDidunt

Man, i dun been where you from

A DiduntDidunt

You ain't come up in the slum

You a DiduntDidunt

Act like you want beef, i'll knock out ya teeth

And you'll be literally bumpin ya gums

[Verse 2:]

See back in the day, i knew a kid named Ray

He was kind of sweet, so niggas thought he was gay

Everyday, little ray would come around the way

And try to shoot hoops but dudes wouldn't let him play

I remember it was like the third week of May

Ray came through just like any other day

But on this particular day he had somethin to say

Like if he couldn't play then niggas would have to pay

And me being, the man that I am

Threw the ball at him and told a nigga to scram

He reached into the pocket of the jacket he was wearin'

Pulled out a Jimmy no bigger than his hand

He said "Fuck you Sai" and popped one in the sky

Just started to cry like "Somebody goin' die"

Im like "bitch give me this gun" fuckin' punk (put it down ray)

Ray you aint a thug, you a didnt didnt[Chorus:]

You're a DiduntDidunt

Rappin bout ya gun and ya blunt

A DiduntDidunt

To you it aint nothin to front

You a DiduntDidunt

A pussy that always talk about pussy

When the pussy proolly ain't had none in a month

You a DiduntDidunt

Man, i dun been where you from

A DiduntDidunt

You ain't come up in the slum

You a DiduntDidunt

Act like you want beef, i'll knock out ya teeth

And you'll be literally bumpin ya gums, son[Bridge:]

I've been all over the U.S. of A

Out west with Ronson, down south with Shey (hey!)

And one thing i see, everywhere that i be

Is a Didunt-didunt,

I've been on the bottom, been on the top

Been in the club and been on the block

The one thing i see, everywhere that i be

Is (what?), is a Didunt-Didunt[Verse 3:]

So if you a punk, then say you a punk

Type of nigga that get knocked out and say you was drunk

I dont play dat, niggas stay beefin on hate that

See them in the street, and like Pat, they dont Say jack (Pat Sajack)

My name is Saigon, i dare a rapper to say that
I ain't gonna run in the booth, and give payback
Im gonna catch you while you eatin lunch
Catch you with a sucker-punch
(Like umph) Take that fuckin diduntdidunt[Chorus:]
You're a DiduntDidunt
Rappin bout ya gun and ya blunt
A DiduntDidunt
To you it aint nothin to front
You a DiduntDidunt
A pussy that always talk about pussy
When the pussy prolly ain't had none in a month
You a DiduntDidunt
Man, i dun been where you from
A DiduntDidunt
You ain't come up in the slum
You a DiduntDidunt
Act like you want beef, i'll knock out ya teeth
And you'll be literally bumpin ya gums[Outro:]
Dont get the "Diduntdidunt" stamped on your forehead
Dont be like John or Ray, if you like John or Ray stay the
Fuck out of my way, ya heard?, Saigon, brratt, 2010 bitch.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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