The Invitation

The Followers

[Intro: Saigon]
Uh, uh, uh, uhh
Uhh, check, check check

[Saigon]
Ain't nothin stoppin this murder in this metropolis
I represent the poor and proper-less caught in monopolies
The pessimists out-numbered the optimists on the block and it's
coppers that got binoculars, cause I can feel 'em watchin us (they be watchin us)
If only they knew what we had a pocket of
They probably swarm in without a warnin pointin glocks at 'em (get down!)
But this is gettin us paid
So at a very tender age we learn the tricks of the trade
From coppin coke to cookin it and chippin it with the blade
to baggin and pitchin to gettin rid of it in a raid
Most of us'll never get to the stage
where his lawyer and bail, hell, we happen to get stiffed in the cage
And it's crazy, we be out here for days upon days
Makin just enough to get some licks, some kicks and some haze
It's a damn shame, we placed in a no-win situation
The party is in the pen and the blow is the invitation

[Q-Tip]
(Fishkill!) Riker's Island, you don't stop
Green Haven all day, you don't stop
Yo hold it down in Rahway, you don't stop
You gotta strive in Elmira, you don't stop
Sullivan, Coxsackie, you don't stop
All my peoples, Auburn, you don't stop
And last but not least for the sure shot
is the Abandoned Nation

[Saigon]
Theresa baby daddy got a bad habit of smokin money up
She gettin some stripper paper but savin up for a tummy tuck
Lil' man hungry as fuck
He only one years old but knows he's unlucky and such
As he grows he gets bitter, now he acts up in class
He curses his teachers out, tell 'em to make 'em kiss his ass

Soon as he didn't pass his momma whippin his ass
His pop, is not around; the boy is block bound (block bound)
Not even 12 months later
He's suckin on 40 ounces and pissin in elevators
Idolizin the guys with Big Rob who's gettin the quick paper
And now he despises the shit taker
He 13 goin on 26-and-a-half
His only dream was to have bricks in the stash
Poppin the clutch and hittin the gas
So then he start dabblin in the coke game, pitchin for half
Now he's sittin in the cell, with an unpeculiar bell
He happen to make a sale to a unfamiliar male
who was a undercover cop, his photo was at the station
The party is in the pen, the blow is the invitation

[Q-Tip]
Bayview and Clinton, you don't stop
North Branch, Connally, you don't stop
Huntsville, Bunker Hill and you don't stop
Greenville, James River, you don't stop

[Saigon]
The party is in the pen and the government is promotin it
That's the reason I don't be believin in all this votin shit
They bring the coke in this bitch
Ain't no poppy seeds in the P's, please, nothin but a whole lot of hopelessness
That's where all the focus is
Makin sure the blacks stay in the back, the same place that uhh, scoliosis is
How could they lie with such compulsiveness?
We just sit around actin like as if this is how we supposed to live
Fuck outta here! I could swear in 'bout a year
I'll have these suckas explainin why the hell they still got us here
Still bein treated like shit
Still gettin beat with nightsticks, still attract the heat in my six
That's probably why I still drink Bacardi and the gin
Cause whitey tryin to invite me to the party in the pen
A body'll get yo' ass up in V.I.P.
And a burner'll get you in without showin your ID
The coke, that'll get you in especially if you cook it up
You RSVP, to the party in the P
-enitentiary, Saigiddy, I am the truth
I ain't one of these kids that lie to your youth, I'm livin proof

[Q-Tip (Fatman Scoop)]
Comstock in the house, you don't stop

Sing Sing, uh, you don't stop (don't stop!)
Attica, c'mon, you don't stop (OHH!)
And Attica, c'mon, ah-you don't stop (hands up!)
Out in Green Haven you don't stop
And what it do Rahway, you don't stop (LET'S GO!)
Out West in Lompoc, you don't stop (OHH!)
Is San Quentin in the house? You don't stop (now here we go!)
Over in Ironwood you don't stop (don't stop!)
What about Arrendale? You don't stop (you can't stop!)
North Branch, do it up, you don't stop (OH! OH!)
Over in Connally, you don't stop (now let's go!)
Saigon the Yardfather, you don't stop (DON'T STOP! OHH!)
Just Blaze on the beat, he keeps it hot (DON'T STOP!)
And last but not least for the sure shot (OH! OH!)
is the Abandoned Nation

[Outro: Fatman Scoop]
Comstock's in the house, hands up (hands up!)
Sing Sing's in the house, hands up (hands up!)
Attica's in the house, hands up (hands up!)
Green Haven's in the house, hands up (to the sky!)
Rahway's in the house, hands up (put 'em up!)
Lompoc's in the house, hands up (keep 'em up!)
Elmira's in the house, hands up (hands high!)
Sullivan's in the house, hands up (put 'em up, put 'em up!)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/