

# Believe It

## Saigon

Oh  
ClapWhoa, oh  
We keep rising to the top  
Whoa, oh  
And keep eyes out for the cops  
Whoa, oh  
And that's what it gon' be  
Whoa, oh  
'Cause you ain't gon' stop me  
They got you working two jobs, trying to make ends meet  
You just trying to keep your kids off the street  
You gotta believe it (Best believe it's a dream)  
Oh, you better believe it (You too can achieve)  
Uh, oh  
They got you locked in a hole, 19 years old  
10 years, no chance for parole  
They better believe it (That's right, tell them again)  
Oh, you better believe it (After that, tell a friend)  
Whoa, ohAfter the sunshine come the rain, after the fun time come the pain  
I often wonder if it's gonna change  
I caught a bad case of Smacking-Bitch-I-Itits (What happened?)  
I came home, my wife got my daughter in shitty diapers (Damn)  
The rice is still raw and the meat is still frozen in the freezer  
I hate that I'm to close to her to leave her  
Either I hit the street to do some pitching, knowing these dudes is snitching  
Or die trying to make it as a musician  
My living condition is not in the greatest condition (Nope)  
And nah, I ain't bitching, I just gotta make a decision  
Should I breeze past, hop out in a ski mask  
Rob everything moving and cruise in a G-Class (Vroom)  
But keep writing the heat that the street like it  
Youngings is reciting my lyrics, so keep biting  
Y'all niggas is thinking shit is easy, it's hard  
One thing I know I'm a do is keep believing in GodWhoa, oh  
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Whoa, oh After the fast songs come the slow, after the sad songs come some more (More)  
This is the life I have come to know  
Police is in Marquis', Chevy Caprices stroll  
The young, hood boogers idolize Keyshia Cole  
The rap figures throwing money in the air like it's pizza dough  
People in the hood ain't eating though (Though)  
I tried to help the labels see the vision  
But they lowered me to a subdivision, you gotta be fucking kidding  
They'd rather me pretend to be something I'm not  
I'm the new Public Enemy, I'm different than Yung Joc And nah, I ain't dissing, this nigga's up in the Forbes  
Shit, I ain't made a dollar trying to rap for the cause  
But in these next four bars, I'll tell you about Maleverly Laws  
They enforcing on North American shores  
Dog, if they can have rifles on their farms  
Then I don't see why they knocked T.I. for trying to bear arms Whoa, oh  
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Whoa, oh Tell them wave at the artist, I feel like I'll make it regardless  
Don't forget I'm the ex-con that made it the farthest (Yup)  
Until the day that I lay with the martyrs

Or until the day I'm parlaying, playing with my sons and my daughters  
I'mma remain the smartest, hardest working nigga in the business  
Just Blaze, can I get a witness (Yessir)  
See that they probably get it if I come out flop  
Get dropped, go back to my block and get shot (Pop)  
As they putting my body in that life-size Ziplock  
Then you'll be saying "Damn, Giddy died for this hip-hop"  
Or maybe it entail you to get locked  
To another 20 in the rock for them to give me my props  
Whatever the case may be  
We do a census on who is the sickest lyricist, they say me  
That's without a album out, y'all rated me  
I drop one and I'mma bow out gracefully Whoa, oh  
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Keep, keep, keep rising  
Whoa, oh  
Keep, keep, keep rising  
Whoa, oh  
Keep, keep, keep rising  
Whoa, oh Wooo!  
We on the radio

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