Yeah yeah

Clubland 10

[Intro: Saigon]
Okay Shu', what's up? (Sup?)
What's up? Yeah yeah
Your boy Saigon, I'm in here
Yeah yeah! Y'all ready?
Uh, c'mon

[Chorus: Saigon]
Y'all niggaz want it? Y'all niggaz get it
Hospital bed, nigga get admitted
My niggaz got it, y'all niggaz want it
Put a knife in your shirt, it hurt don't it?
Now if this the hottest beat of the year say yeah yeah (yeah yeah!)
Ready to start whylin in here, say yeah yeah (yeah yeah!)
Rockin with Saigon this year, say yeah yeah (yeah yeah!)
Yeah yeah! (Yeah yeah!) Yeah yeah! (Yeah yeah!)

[Saigon]
Why y'all wanna make me get back on my bull job?
Even though I hang with the Gang of those Good Guys
We don't fear no man, play like you Conan
I'ma have your whole fam sayin they goodbyes
I might be the wrong one to try to intimidate
If some shootin is goin on, I'ma participate
If some lootin is goin on, I'ma participate
Cause I'm tired of seein the designs on the dinner plate
Need some food on it, lasagna, and a steak
So I'ma move on it, piranhas infiltrate
You feel like a Navy SEAL, the real shady deal
We the ones crazy real, that ain't just the way we feel
These are facts, you can even act
Or you could check my hood credit scores, Equifax
Yah - this is what I suggest
If you the truth nigga take a lie detector test, yes

[background talking] Knahmean?
These niggaz'll fail a lie detector test (haha, all them niggaz)
Fraudulent ass motherfuckers (do it again)

Get 'em!

[Chorus - change "y'all" to "you"]

[Saigon]
Uh, I'm insightful, like I read ten Bibles
My wheel turn faster than a fuckin spin cycle
I ain't seen an encyclopedia since high school
That's around the time I start fuckin with thin rifles
Talkin in your soft comm'[?]
Bustin, discussin just like a pork rind
You was a muh'fucker that fought crime
Now they gave you a microphone and some talk time
You turned into a porcupine, you ain't never walked the line
Never walked a yard, you just talkin hard
You go to Hell, you send 'em rhymes and swore to God
You a fraud, and a fraud in the presence of the Lord
 to my dawgs is startin to look like a smÃ¶rgÃ¥sbord
I don't idolize, I'm cooler than (Charles in Charge)
Smooth as Ahmad Rasheed, your music is yadda-yah
A lot of blah, and bangin drums on a hard guitar
Your content is nonsense, gar-bage (garbage)

Haha, ay, you know how many of these niggaz
don't be talkin about shit on they records? (none of 'em)
The beat be savin it
Fuck it, let's do it one more time

[Chorus - change "y'all" to "you"]

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