

Oh Yeah (Our Babies)

Saigon

Suckas can't survive without philosophyin'
When somebody dies you see why I'm not surprised
Had a plot to rise since I looked into the doctors eyes
Since I started drinking milk through was homogenized
I was strived with or without a pops to provide
Mom still cries cause she fell for a crock of lie
I try to teach her to fight her fear
I try to teach her to wipe her tear
Don't worry, shit gon' be a'ight this year
I'm at the top of my game, just watch for my name
Better off popping my brain than poppin' my chain
I claim king without dropping a thing
When they ask if I'm best I reminisce of the bing and think
The drama's pitiful, little niggas is homicidal
Couple meals ago shorty was eating through his umbilical
Now he feel he unkillable, shit is all amazing
The wrong altercation will leave his ass with a long abrasion
I try to make my life to focal through rhyme
These niggas do vocal booth crime
I shot niggas multiple times, you sold a few dimes
But when you rapping, you the crack king
I sold it to whites when you thought it was just a black thing
I'm filled with this realness, rappers happen to lack it
I'm flabbergasted you got a platinum plaque for that whack shit
All the real gangsters, they're on their way to being dead or in jail
They don't make records to sell
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