Vietnam

Saukrates

[Saukrates]
Yo
I'm loving the weather in this damn neighbourhood
Hot, like fire, everything females looking good, ain't it
My nigga Freddy agrees, we near fainted
(Not knowing that my face portrait was being painted)
(That very same day)
Anyways we chilling on the stoop shooting the breeze
Arguing about who was the illest MC
Verbally slapped my nigga, saying player it's Jay-Z
My moms cuts it short, sending me to the A&P
Supplies for supper, quart of milk, loaf of bread and a stick of butter
You're damn right, I was making beats for A's(?) last night
And you know them vets make you work up an appetite
Split, jump in the Ac, it's deaded in the back
Won't start, pumping them tracks killed my battery
Mad at me, errrr, nigga hit the brakes
Dud I live for them Camelo and PF Cuttin' tapes
Can't forget what Clue got, Tony Touch and Doo Wop
Kid we can walk it's only five from my crib
And anyway my nigga Jay who got my Mastermind joint
Stay on the way to the grocery point
Be back soon momma say
(Not knowing that my face portrait was being painted)
(That very same day)
Walking, talking, Mrs. Johnson is on her lawn
Sunbathing so we honkin', errh
She the finest forty-something I seen in nine lives
Not even Mr. Johnson believe she forty-five
That's why I've made the pledge, no more chickenheads
Let me ride with you big girl, keeping me well feed
Here come the ice cream trucks, some kids playing double dutch
Looking ill but too young to touch
Then one child said, yo Big Sox when's the album due kid?
It's out stupid, I want to form a neighbourhood B
Like a Vietnam camp in '73, seperated from society
Hit the corner, there's my nigga Jay eyeing me
Motherfucker where my tape at? Lie to me!
And I'mma brake that, you let's take a walk

I'mma get it on my way back, we gotta talk
I heard one of them coons from the other side of the block
Was fucking with you over some bullshit
And pulled clips illigitly
{Yo he acted shifty because my crib's where his chick be hangin dude}
Ignore that shit G and keep that thang banging, in everyway
(Not knowing that my face portrait was being painted)
(That very same day)
We gets to the A, and P Jay's smoking so them niggas wait for me
I'm standing in the express line and what do I see?
Through the window, that same coon and his kinfolk
Everything turned slow motioned and muted
In my mind while I saw these niggas creep up from behind
I see one pull a nine, I scream TURN AROUND!
Too late, my nigga Jay's brain stained the ground
They kicked my nigga Freddy in the gut saying what
Now motherfucker, your man's nothing but a memory
And hits him with another sucker punch
Fuck the lunch, today I'm killing the bunch
I run outside with one nigga lie dead
The other bleedin' from the head
Grab the gat Jay had strapped on the inside of his leg
Yo Freddy just chill, I'm about to retaliate
Ill visions of murder, blowe
Fuck it now it's time to kill
Cock back, I'm prepared for action
Becoming one with Samuel L. Jackson
Turn the corner, I see them niggas running away
Hit the shortcut, I'm waiting at his crib
I'mma end this shit today
Look, here he comes now
I've never felt pressure like this before
Debating, whether I should blast on site
Or wait 'til the motherfucker puts the key in the door
Creep up on a nigga with God's hand
On the hair pintrigger, forgive me momma
but I'm going to be a little late with the groceries
I mean, you know diner's just going to have to wait
Turn around motherfucker!Now, if this was you, what the fuck would you do?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/