

# Clap

## Saigon

We try our best to survive  
(We ain't runnin away)  
And keep our heads to the sky  
(Y'all never will lead us astray)  
Kiss that stress and depression goodbye  
(Chase all of our troubles away)  
If we could just get it right  
(Then everything, it should be okay)  
Oh okay

Do away with the clubs and the drug spots  
Do away with the judge and the mug shots  
Like we do away with the day when the sun drops  
Clap your hands if you tired of hearin gunshots  
Or hearin news about who got popped  
By another black man or knockin a white cop  
If I ain't there when it start I'm there when the fight stop like ock  
Slow your roll or be cold as a ice pop, ya  
We gotta start helpin each other, quit hurtin each other  
Money'll have a nigga thinkin 'bout murkin his mother  
How does it feel bein slaves to a dollar bill?  
Givin you somethin y'all can feel, are y'all for real?  
Do away with all the Chinese restaurants  
Do away with all the fake Gloria Estefans  
Clap your hands if you gettin up in some real estate  
Buy the crib ma, the Benz with the wheels could wait  
I 'member I used to instigate  
Now I'm the one breakin up the fight makin sure that detention's straight  
Will let a nigga get the heart to push me  
I'll snuff the biggest nigga with him, show him that his partner pussy  
You ain't got to be soft to be compete  
I'm like the Martin Luther King then I knock out some teeth  
Now I'm a flip it and shift it, give it prolific  
Case niggaz just get it twisted, forget that I'm so gifted  
Do away with the jails and the group homes  
Like we did away with the shells and the two-tone  
Clap your hands if you lovin that Just Blaze shit  
Cause we don't just make songs, we make statements

Do away with the hip-hop police force  
Fuck the pigs, I was taught not to eat pork  
Clap your hands if you ain't forget where you came from  
Clap again if you ready to see a change come  
I used to live in the same slum  
As Mike Tyson and Riddick Bowe, that's where the knuckle game from  
Spring Valley had the same bums  
We had to stay in, I ain't hang late cause we ain't have a income  
Now I be on the track like when the train come  
And I don't rap to just jaw-jack, nigga I be sayin somethin!  
And with my man Just Bliggity Blaze  
You're just about to witness history made  
Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap  
Clap your hands if you lovin that Just Blaze shit (clap)  
Clap, y'all, clap  
Let's, let's, let's go!

Oh okay (mmmmmmmmmm)

Oh okay, we're tryin our best to survive  
Oh okay, tell me when we're gonna get it riiiiight  
Oh okay, just keep our heads to the sky  
Oh okay, kiss that stress and depression goodbye  
Oh okay (ohhhhhh) oh okay (ohhhhhh)  
Oh okay (ohhhhhh) oh okay (keep your heads to the sky)  
Oh okay (mm-hmm) oh okay (hey heyyyyyyy!)  
Oh okay (ohhhh!) oh okay (yeah)  
Oh okay, ohhhhhhhhhhhh ohhhohhhhhhhh  
Oh okay, tell me when we're gonna get it riiiiight  
Oh okay, all we gotta do is keep our heads to the sky  
Oh okay, hallelujah holla back at me if you hear me now  
Oh okay (oh-hohhhhhh) oh okay (oh-hohhhhhh)  
Oh okay (OHHH!) oh okay (gonna be alright now)  
Oh okay (oh-hohhhhhh) oh okay (ooh ohhhhhhhhhh)  
Oh okay, oh okay (okay)  
Oh okay, hallelujah holla back at me if you hear me now  
Oh okay, ohh yeahhhhhhhh