Contraband 3

Saigon

Press reset muhfucka
Renegade renaissance
Another one
Do it my way
The yardfather returns
Back better than ever

I got a couple of deep questions for niggas that need lessons
The truth I deliver, you should consider these blessings
If you ain't heard Contraband 1 or part 2
You should Google those too so you can know how I do
First question for niggas that dwell north
What do y'all think the reason is New York fell off?
A – this new batch of niggas sounding like switch siders
B – New York DJs for being dick riders
C – fake thugs and shit pretend to be bloods and crips
D – all of the above, ya bish
Second question, I think I'll take some suggestions
What do we do about this rapper wearing a dress trend?
A – Show em how getting punched in the fuckin eye feel
B – Just wait, cause soon they'll be wearing high heels
C – line em up but just provide em with a slaughter
D – or just admit the shit is Sodom and Gomorrah
The third question, a question I take seriously
I know you listening but I don't think that you hearing me
I ain't gonna front, shit kinda put some fear in me
Why people say all these tragedies a conspiracy?
A – cause they really using HAARP to control the weather
B – if a building's hit at the top, it would hold together
C – they been saying the world'll end since 2010
D – we remember the shit they did to the Indians
The fourth question's a question that's controversial
Why do these square rap groups wanna be crime circles?
All of the fake drug dealing, all of the fake murders
Which of these niggas set black people back the furthest
A – Trinidad James and All Gold Everything
B – Rick Ross, the officer that'll gang bang
C – 2 Chainz for really being a kid that has brains, or
D – the white man that's running the game

You never was a killer, you never bust a gun
You never held a spot down, was never on the run
You never was a OG, no it is not right
For you to say you was then live in the spotlight
You never was a killer, never bust a gun
Never held a spot down, was never on the run
You never was a OG, not it is not right
For you to say you was then live in the spotlight

I'll strike the mag, smack the fag that said I jacked his swag
Then smother the motherfucker with a Glad plastic bag
I'm a maniac, like I get around violence and chain react
Doctors still asking me, what the fuck you so angry at?
I don't even know but they say one out of every three
Black boys in the ghetto love metal and gun powder
Something about the bang, I like it a little louder
I'm just telling the truth, it ain't even something I'm proud of

You know you fucked, jury come back in less than an hour
How you deliberate a nigga fate in less than an hour
Money is power, then power is nothing
A verse from me is equal to like a hour discussion
Malcolm X was just 2Pac without the percussion
Who'da thought it would amounted to nothing
Til I came

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