

# Gotta Believe It

Saigon

Whoa-ohh, we keep risin to the top  
Whoa-ohh, and keep eyes out for the cops  
Whoa-OHH! And that's what it's gon' be  
Whoa-OHH! Cause you ain't gon' stop me  
They got you workin two jobs tryin to make ends meet  
You just tryin to keep yo' kids off the street  
You gotta believe it (best believe if you dream it)  
Oh, you better believe it (you too can achieve it)  
Uh-oh, they got you locked in a hole, 19 years old  
Ten years, no chance for parole  
You better believe it (that's right, tell 'em again)  
Oh, you gotta believe it (after that, tell a friend)  
Ohhh-ohhh

After the sunshine come the rain, after the fun time come the pain  
I often wonder if it's gonna change  
I caught a bad case of Smack-a-Bitchy-Itis (what happened?)  
I came home, my wife got my daughter in shitty diapers (damn)  
The rice is still raw, and the meat is still frozen in the freezer  
I hate that I'm too close to her to leave her  
Either I hit the street to do some pitchin, knowin these dudes is snitchin  
Or die tryin to make it as a musician  
My livin condition is not in the greatest position (nope)  
And nah I ain't bitchin, I just gotta make a decision  
Should I breeze past, hop out in a ski mask  
Rob everything movin and cruise in a G-Class (vroom!)  
But keep writin the heat that the street like it  
Young'uns is recitin my lyrics, so keep bitin  
Y'all niggaz thinkin shit is easy, it's hard  
One thing I know I'm a do is keep believin, keep believin in God

After the fast songs come the slow, after the sad songs come some mo' (mo')  
This is the life I have come to know  
Police is in Marquis', Chevy Caprices stroll  
The young hood boogers idolize Keyshia Cole  
The rap figures throwin money in the air like it's pizza dough  
People in the hood ain't eatin though (though)  
I tried to help the labels see the vision  
But they lowered me to a subdivision, you gotta be fuckin kiddin  
They'd rather me pretend to be somethin I'm not  
I'm the new Public Enemy, I'm different than Yung Joc  
And nah, I ain't dissin, this nigga's up in the Forbes  
Shit I ain't made a dollar tryin to rap for the cause  
But in these next four bars, I'll tell you about maleviolent laws  
They enforcin on North American shores  
Dawg, if they could have rifles on their farms  
Then I don't see why they knocked T.I. for tryin to bear arms

Tell 'em wave at the artist, I feel like I'll make it regardless  
Don't forget I'm the ex-con that made it the farthest (yup)  
Until the day that I lay with the martyrs  
Or until the day I'm parlayin, playin with my sons and my daughters (uh)  
I'm a remain the smartest, hardest workin nigga in the business  
Just Blaze, can I get a witness? {YESSIR!}  
See that they probably get it if I come out and flop  
Get dropped, go back to my block and get shot (pop)  
As they puttin my body in that life-size Ziplock

Then you'll be sayin "Damn, Giddy died for this hip-hop"  
Or maybe it'll tell you to get locked  
To another 20 in the rock for them to give me my props  
Whatever the case may be  
You do a census on who is the sickest lyricist, they say me  
And that's without a album out, y'all rated me  
I drop one and I'm a bow out gracefully

Keep keep keep rising, whoa-ohh  
Keep keep keep rising, whoa-OHH!  
Keep keep keep rising, whoa-OHH!  
Keep keep keep rising, whoa-ohh  
Whoo! We on the radio (we on the radio!)  
Yo turn up the radio! (we on the radio)  
Yo we got one, now we got the game on lock!  
[Radio changing stations]  
Turn it up! C'monnnnn  
We got on the radio