

# Let A Nigga Know

Saigon

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You wanna go to war bop  
You wanna hear the 44 pop  
You wanna see the gun that will make more than just your jaw drop  
You wanna mess with the best,  
But do you want to save your mama some stress  
Nigga if you really want to test  
I'll come and chop you in half  
My click is cucku for cocoa they'll pop you and laugh  
Wanna do gun play, Monday through Sunday  
All 52 weeks of the year  
Am I speaking clear?  
You feel my flow  
Even though I'm so political  
Ain't another MC as gangsta as me  
Shit I should be signed to Death Row  
Uh-oh there go Saiyo  
Ak nine six at yo 5-0  
Mind blow to your spinal  
You're only a thug on vinyl  
You soft, I know  
And yo so is your rhyme flow  
I'm the only rapper to ever shoot up the club  
Me and my man Sean Paul  
I pop up in a hot car  
You hop up in the cop car  
Then start telling the cops who's selling the rocks  
And who the niggas on the block are

I put's it down  
I know they like the way my shit sounds  
Banging from the hood out to the hick towns  
Everything I spit is hit bound  
They on my shit now

Gotta get that money like Krazie, Lazie and Bizzy bone  
Trying to take my from me  
What kind of crazy shit is you on?  
Let a kid act funny I'll lace him like when my kicks is on  
We in the zone  
We don't go to war with no sticks and stones  
Wanna play Gin Rummy then shuffle the cards and deal 'em out  
But if you get picked up then we trust that you not going to squeal us out  
I'm in the cut with a chick with a bigga but than Trina  
And a better face than Jigga's slut  
Nigga I'm Saigon you understand that?  
I'm draped in firearms, you wanna wear that?  
If you was now you not  
You done fucked with the wrong one now you shot  
I'll even give it to a cop mother fucker  
You the chump I'm not mother fucker