

# Mechanical Animals

Saigon

Just wakin up in the morning, gotta thank God  
Last night my uncle pulled off a bank job  
Them rich crackers they robbed in Cape Cod  
can't even make out a race of a face so they straight y'all  
My momma dead, I trained my daddy to get her back  
I know a lot of y'all thinkin, "What kind of shit is that?"  
That's fact, but if you wanna jump on a fast track  
He can kiss my whole black ass crack  
That ain't sound right, this shit is true as ever  
It's simply what you get when you put two and two together  
The red Panorama, fuck it, the blue Carrera  
The Porsche Cayenne, the sedan, the coupe, whatever  
Every day above ground is a good day  
I've been around ten years and I should stay  
The realest rapper in the world what I would say  
My actions so loud you wouldn't hear me anyway

Yo (Bleek)  
Light the weed up, pour the D'USSE  
I never gave a fuck about what you say  
Just know your main bitch is a side bitch  
I hit her with the Pro Tools, left her to you, logic  
Greasy, back on that shit again  
My bullets kill, murder, call it a synonym  
I'm 'bout to sin again, niggaz fuckin with him again  
I kill bosses, merely cripple the middlemen  
And any day I break bread is a great day  
Play with the money, I'm Bobby Johnson, you Ray Ray  
As my nigga Sai' said, "Bleek don't play"  
They know a nigga mean business holdin down that K  
Yeah the S.K., A.K., B-K, 100 K  
Ridin in the V with the G-L-O-C-K  
Yeah, M-Greasy the meanest  
I'm so hot niggaz can't extinguish

Uhh (Bibby)  
The block is hot, the cops they watch us  
We, load the Glock up, shoot yo' block up  
We don't ever fight so don't try and box us  
Swear they gon' need more police to stop us  
Hustle for the dollars, weed I got a lot of  
Diamonds on my robins, they sag on her Pradas  
Better fix yo' cap jack, 'fore you get yo' scalp cracked  
Why you on my block thuggin knowin you ain't 'bout that?  
Fuckin up these beats got the streets on fire  
And my youngest play with heat, the police on fire  
If you want beef 2-2-3's gon' ride  
And if you got them hundreds you can meet 4-5  
But if you ain't got shit, that'll get you shot quick  
Niggaz in the streets know I'm all about a profit  
The block is hot, the ops get shot  
And I know they want revenge so my Glock is cocked

(G!) From the land where they reach here, Omaha Beach here  
Not the place you sunbathe in your beach chair  
No white sands, nobody tannin with the bleach hair  
Sanitation'll bleach your blood out the streets here

Far from mellow, hard fellow, Frank Costello  
Orchestrate his harps and cellos  
And swear they sell, blow the door on theyself  
Called survival of the fittest, he did it, go into self-mode  
Camoflaug in your pocket, garage stealth mode  
Run with the rumors; I run with these consumers  
I put cats on your head like skully hat for Puma  
Costume at the crib like I'm fixin cable  
Hit your navel and put your lunch back on the kitchen table  
Head with one big hole, like a twisted bagel  
Get tagged up in the bag with the zipper label  
Big calibre shit so everything you get is fatal