

Clap (feat. Faith Evans)

Saigon

We try our best to survive, and keep our heads to the sky, it's that stress and depression goodbye

If we could just get it right, oh, oh
Do away with the club 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're tired of hearing gunshots
Or hear news about who got popped
By another black man or knocking a white cop
If I ain't there when they start... the fight stop like oh
Slow your roller becollers the ice pop yo
We gotta start helping each other quit hurting each other
Money you have a nigger take it by murdering his mother
How does it feel being slave to a dollar bill?
Give your something I can bill, ya for real
Do away with all the Chinese restaurants
Do away with all the fakes Gloria Estefans
Clap your hands if you love it and just play shit
Cause we don't just make songs, we make statements

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goodbye

If we could just get it right, oh ok
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 what you came for
Clap again and you're ready to see the change come
I used to live in the same slum as Mike Tyson and...
That's where the knuckle came from
Spring Valley had the same bond
We had to stay and hide... cause we ain't had an income
Now they on the track like when the train come
Now ravages... vip said so

And with my man... you're just about to witness history
Clap, clap, clap your hands if you love it and just play shit

We try our best to survive, and keep our heads to the sky,, it's that stress and depression
goodbye

If we could just get it right, oh ok
We trying our best to survive, tell me when we're gonna get it right
Just keep our heads to the sky, it's that stress and depression goodbye
Oh ok, oh ok, oh ok, oh ok, oh ok
Oh ok, oh ok, oh ok, oh ok, oh ok
Tell me when we're gonna get it right

All we gotta do is keep our heads to the sky, I don't know you holler that... hear me now, oh ok.

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