It's Alright (feat. Marsha Ambrosius)

Saigon

Don't you remember you told me you loved me baby?
You said you'd be coming back this way again
Baby baby baby baby ohhh baby
I love you, yeah, I really do
This letter is from Saigon, the Yardfather
It's alright, it's alright
I know my rent is overdue, they 'bout to shut off my light
And even if I get a job, too late, you're too right
Gotta do what I gotta do to get this loot up tonight
It's alright, I write a letter dedicated to God
First I'll thank him, without him I'da never made it this far
But it's hard tryin to think of why he not gettin involved
It's a lady with a newborn baby livin in the car
The police is beatin us up, the hurricane is eatin us up
Katrina flood water was deep as a fuck
Dear Lord, are we ever gon' receive a reward
For all the sufferin and pain and misery we endure?
Just like Trans-Atlantic slave trade, the AIDS, the crack
When are we ever gon' get paid back?
PS: write your boy S to the A back
And tell Luther we got a joint we gave that stays on playback
{"Don't you remember you told me you loved me baby?"}
When you told me you loved me (that's what you told me, ain't it?)
{"You said you'd be coming back this way again"}
(You said you, you, you said you, you said that you was comin back) I'm back
{"Baby baby baby baby ohhh baby"}
You told me you was comin back, that I would see you but you never told me when
{"I love you, yeah, I really do"}
I want you here to guide me by my side so it doesn't have to be in vain
So never leavin you again
It's alright, it's alright
They lockin ties, the neighborhood flood the ghetto with white
My nigga only 21, he too young for two strikes
But if he catch another felony he gonna do life, that ain't right
I write a letter dedicated to our
Father who art in Heaven, Muslim brothers call him Allah
And they all tryin to think of why he not gettin involved
America is bombin them for no reason at all
Gas prices eatin us up, parole officers cheatin us yup
They lock us in for dirty pee in a cup
Ayo I know you love us Lord, but please show black people a sign
To a society to lead through design

Them A-T-Liens adapt to the track
Up top, we call it the block, when not most of the crackers live that
C'mon Lord, you don't see nothin the matter with that?
Hit me back, I think me and you need to chat
To all the ladies havin babies on they own
These niggas ain't shit ma, for real yo? You better off alone
If he ain't smart enough to know why he should stay
Then what could he possibly teach his seed anyway?
You gotta grind like you never grind
Even if it mean you gotta shake your never mind, I know I read your mind
You gotta do what you gotta, get it together ma
A baby ain't temporary, that shit's forever ma
A mother's love is the freshest kind
That'll get y'all through the hard times, the pain and the stress combined
Raise your seed, you don't need no man
Especially one that need to be de-programmed
That brother think he righteous cause don't eat no hand
But he keep plans of fuckin with some kilograms
Girlfriend, you know what you're doin, the time is right
You tell your lil' one that it's alright
For real, keep your head up
I dedicate this song, to the whole Abandoned Nation
If you've been abandoned in any sense of the word
Then you part of this Abandoned Nation
Gotta take it for what it's worth, right
God love us young brothers, that's right
To all my brothers on lockdown, the whole Abandoned Nation

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