

# 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

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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.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>