

# Project Dreamz

## Field Mob

Rent thirty days late, gotta be gone by Saturday  
Tired of sellin' cocaine, folks tryna trap me  
Every night dreamin 'bout livin' life lavish  
A watch full of karats, a candy coated Caddy  
Off the show flo', sittin' on fo' Vogues  
Oak wood gear shift, steer and dash door  
Choppin' on seventeen inch Indies  
Bling bling from my mouth to my pinky  
Enough about my jewelry, grill and my Fleetwood  
Financially stable so my folks can eat good  
House sittin' out on the hill to sleep good  
Livin' peaceful just like we should  
Money legal, no more sellin' reefer  
No more feds tryna stick me like a needle  
When it's cold outdo's come in I heat ya  
You ain't gotta walk in the sun, I A.C. ya  
Don't worry 'bout that burglar comin' to creep ya  
He trapped by alarms and the millimeter  
I'm a do or die ol' playa for my people  
Follow a leader I'm my brotha's keeper, for real  
I'ma have me a big nice Caddy  
House on the hill for my ma' and my pappy  
Live life happy and I'm still nappy  
Makin' legal money, no feds tryna trap me  
I'ma have me a big nice Caddy  
House on the hill for my ma' and my pappy  
Live life happy and I'm still nappy  
Nigga, legal money, no feds tryna trap me  
If you ever been broke put your hands up  
You been broke put your hands up, put your hands up  
You ever been broke put your hands up  
You been broke put your hands up, put 'em up  
What ya know 'bout havin no dough, no coat for the winter?  
Remember, we poor folk  
Most cut yolk and smoke 'ports, cut throats and ya dope hoe  
Talk about they wanna 'Lac with four do's, no Vogues  
Wood kit and Momo's, outfits- Polo, pockets- so swole  
Jenny Craig called- Escalade hog in the yard  
Breakin' off ya folks too, belly full of soul food

Chitt'lins, greens, pork chops, green beens  
Yeah, I pray for that, each and every day I rap  
I rap with God 'cause I feel you ain't really safe with gats  
We escape slacks but government helped in welfare  
My folk cries to the law and ain't no help there  
We ain't had much, the less to brag about but mo' to lose  
I ran the street, Mama told me go to school  
But now I got a chance to change thangs and maintain  
Mo' so, I ain't gotta slang 'caine no mo'  
Hell yeah boy, if you really understand dirt  
Well, I'ma rap and you gon' clap until your hands hurt  
I ain't the only person feel like I feel, gotta live like I live  
And wanna chill, for real  
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You been broke put your hands up, put 'em up  
Now, put your hands up if you're broke folks tried [Incomprehensible]  
But y'all ate free lunch and you never had [Incomprehensible]  
Put ya hands up, if you feel my hurt  
Have you ever bathed with soap the size of a Cert?  
Don't disguise the dirt then 'cause we all know rocks  
It's the real reason furniture go to the pawn shop  
'Cause ya crackhead 'cuz smokin' the car antennas  
I understand see, it's a junkie in every family  
'Member hand-me-down, tight pants, lookin' slim in 'em  
If they too big, what you do? Put a hem in 'em  
'Member talkin' over the loud sounds when the wind blow  
'Cause the trash bag's replacin' yo' car window  
Man, I been po', I been poor, we been po'  
That's how it is in the Field, for real  
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