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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