

# It's Hell

## Field Mob

Stay up Hold ya head up  
It's hell in the streets boy  
Hold your head young nigga  
'Cause it's hell I'm sittin' in the courtroom, stomach full of butterflies  
Somebody help me, cause my life is in the Judge eyes  
They got me for a Humbug, and that's some bullshit  
I should've listened to them preachers in the pulpit Stressin' to heaven, seemed like I was born by mistake  
While the races dominate, got me victim to the Legislate'  
I'm playin' for kicks, hustle and rob reefer, it medicated my mind,  
Fuck the World, with crime My mamma died in '92 so crazy, what the fuck to do?  
Daddy smokin' hard, not knowin' that it corrupted two chillin'  
I'm starin' at the ceilin', can't take too many blows  
The pain be killin', got the sinus up in my nose, oh These people want to hurt me, my momma dead, so fuck 'em  
A small timer on the rise, so nothin' I feel  
To my niggas in the county, I might do a bit with ya  
Boy, in the streets I don't care with ya, my nigga 'Cause it's hell  
Livin' off a thug, money things ain't swell  
Don't believe me, go and ask my boys in jail  
When we cryin' keep a knock for the cops  
'Cause ain't no sunshine for boys or blocks, my nigga 'Cause it's hell  
What we gotta go through, and only time will tell  
When the pain is over, I'm down on my knees  
Lord keep watchin' over, I'm lookin' for a better way  
And I that's all I gotta say Now I was born broke, but I'll be damned if I'm a die that way  
Love my momma, can't deny that face and as a child  
Everynight I prayed for a rap record deal, man sometimes  
Twice I'd say, "Lord save me, take me away from here" Twenty now, and I've been sellin' yay' for years  
But why we had a house, and couldn't keep it?  
Why we evicted? Why we get more pink slips than Victorias Secret?  
Why I gotta rob? Why my pappa ain't gotta job? Why I ain't graduate? Why through high school I aint have a  
date?  
Why I had to masturbate? Why I'm wearing hand me downs?  
Why I'm in and out of jail? Why I let my family down?  
Why my uncle died? Wish it would've been me He ain't rob, he ain't hustle, should've been me  
Preacher man, could you pray for me, faithfully?  
When God comes lay him his herbs, tell him wait for me 'Cause it's hell  
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And I that's all I gotta say He just keep layin' his hands on my momma again  
Family ties, this is where the drama begins  
Tellin' my momma on the floor, bitch this and bitch that  
Locked in my prayin' to God, "Please let me get back" He's trippin' like he's outta control  
So he had to of been smokin' I heard her croak  
Through the wall, she was gaggin' and chokin'  
Eleven years old, and I don't need to be seein' this shit But in my tape deck, eight ball talkin' about beatin' a  
bitch  
It got me confused, but damn, you shouldn't popp her that hard  
And when them folks come, her stupid ass be droppin' the charge  
Whippin' her ass like a man, right and left with his fists Heavely blows to the dome, now she slicing her wrists  
I'm hyped and I'm pissed, soaking wet with blood holdin' her limb  
It's gonna be all right, she whispered with her bleedin' lip  
She passed out, eyes rolled back, I'm tryin' not to panic Step daddy walked in, saw my momma, then he went in  
a frantic  
Blood leakin', non stop, permanent rush with the fever  
She almost died, of loss of blood, I knew my momma wouldn't leave me  
She don't deserve to live in pain, she just wanted to be happy Feelin' like a puss, I didn't help her 'cuz he ain't  
even my daddy  
She's back at home, and he puttin' his hands on her again  
Livin' in eternal fire, where drama doesn't end It's hell  
Nobody knows, the load, my soul tow  
Nobody knows, the load, my soul tow 'Cause it's hell  
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