

All I Know

Field Mob

I came up in the hood, infested with teenage hustlers
Street grinders, paper chasin', scrapin' busters
By keepin' dust up noses an' caine homes, pipes an' cans
So they want they ride candy, painted just like the man
That Veta tryin' not to bite his hand
But they need 'em to keep 'em life from they stand
Every night prayin' for prayin' go as far as the ceilin'
Got me feel like I'm cursed from this heart that I'm dealin'
An' all this liquor hoein' brother an' goose-neckin'
That I do but I don't want to got me losin' blessings
God said He'll take the next two steps if I take the first
I did but in it to pick an' sellin' the spur
From under my feet, lost faith an' jump in the street
Back to serve a rocks, dyin' to the chrome in the heat
An' runnin' with Gs that take it to the block with 'em
Tellin' me, along with my greens, up like pot nickel
Well, all I know
That I'd been down this road before
It ain't the first time, won't be the last
I gotta slow down 'cause I'm livin' too fast
It's time to admit, I need some help
Still livin' with my momma, can't feed myself
Life ain't about who straight, who real, who fake
An' who gay, it's about who pray
You can clock my consistent an' endless efforts up
Uplift me, trees an' branches catch draft
When I'm choppin' down a path to walk down
Actually don't even know how talk sound
I'm tryin' to stop the next step, they drawin' the chalk 'round
Matter of factually, I'll stand alone
With no entourage to back me
God is my every existence, exhalation, exactly
I'll pimp prophets, so profoundin', labels don't like contract me
I'm one of a kind, they gotta find a satellite to contact me
Let us bow, I thank the Almighty God for right now
For the strictor, smile through the tribulation an' trial
For sparin' me when the Devil was darin' me
An' scarin' me, synonymous for preparin' me
An' to my family, the Dungeon Family

An' ya'll family, we all family
An' to me health an' home an' my son, Kingston
My tongue is my gun, revolutions already begun

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All I know is charge cards, cars an' clothes
Man, it's all for sure
An' all could go an' when it's gone, you alone
Runnin' up yo cell phone, callin' God for
An' who to say that day ain't all awful close
An' if you ballin', playa, it's only because God's your coach
An' it don't 'bout the lies you hold, laws you broke
Things ya drink, dank an' cigars you smoke
He gon' forgive you an' that's right
Now don't get me wrong, I like LL, but God 'Da Goat'
He da greatest of all time, if I'm lyin' I'm blind
Can I get a Amen?
But we got to stop, we got to stop doin' dirt
Comin' to Church with a Devil tucked in your purse
Sittin' some leather from Atlanta, came up finish the prayer
Worried about sister, mom's an' hair
All the way worried bout what sister, mom gon' wear
This ya boy or should they ride the martyr there?
It don't matter, at least that's the moral there
In Sunday service, with a Bible, lie defer the South
But God bless her, we here to thank God
An' that's the step inside Holy Church thinkin'
I said step inside His Holy Church thinkin'
We all God's Property an' not just Kirk Franklin

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