

# Crutch

## Field Mob

You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing with you  
You don't have to cry no more  
If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it real with you  
You, you don't have to cry no more I remember bein' broke with no record deal  
Broke with no job, too broke to smoke dope  
Man, times so hard, I wanna take my own life  
That's what pain do to you But I'm too broke to even die  
I couldn't afford a funeral  
I'm too broke to spend time  
Y'all don't know how it feel I could've been a metal welder  
'Cause I know how to steel  
Naw, I ain't braggin', I'm just keepin' it real  
I was so broke my wet dream was 'bout eatin' a meal Man I been homeless  
You ever spent the night in the grass?  
With ants and mosquitoes  
While they bitin' ya ass My best friend got shot nine times for nothin'  
He was all I had, we used to lie and say we was cousins  
Even Momma turned her back on me, wouldn't look me in my face  
I'm a disgrace to my folks, 'cause I ain't graduate? I ain't have nobody  
Man, I wish I was dead  
I was alone so I turned to God and he said You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing with you  
You don't have to cry no more  
If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it real with you  
You, you don't have to cry no more As far as I remember, I been in high school ever since elementary  
Since the fifth I been twistin' spliffs and hittin' the weed  
My eyes went through menstruation every day in the summer  
At age six, my piss could crank up a Hummer Had a hooker mom, like Alfred she Hitchcock  
Bump dad, 'cause when he visited it was like a pit stop  
I lived knock hard, like Jay Z, Vol. 1  
Things got harder, at age eighteen, I bought a gun A three eighty caliber, for street crazy scavengers  
Tryna take my pack of work, I'll turn your hat lavender  
Sacks of herb in my pocket I smoke eventually  
Supposed to be sellin' 'em, but it's hard to give 'em away Livin' the day for tomorrow, so on the down low  
I used beats and rhymes, whala, look at me now  
From flippin' dimes, playin' get like me to get a dollar  
To ridin' on my own twenties in my Impala, I ain't cryin' You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing  
with you  
You don't have to cry no more  
If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it real with you

You, you don't have to cry no more Well, I been hearin' a lotta people say that blood's thicker than water  
Well, answer this then, which would you swallow?  
I said that to say, it don't matter friend or kin  
Shawn ain't my cousin but he here through thick and thin Okay, I came up but all the faith folks came down  
The script flip flopped, now the game changed round  
Everybody wanna chill now, in my grill now  
Now my smile ice cold, white gold like whoa You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing with you  
You don't have to cry no more  
If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it real with you  
You, you don't have to cry no more You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing with you  
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If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it real with you  
You, you don't have to cry no more You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing with you  
You don't have to cry no more  
If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it real with you  
You, you don't have to cry no more We all need to cry sometimes, someone, something we can count on  
A crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch  
We all need to cry sometimes, someone, something we can count on  
A crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch We all need to cry sometimes, someone, something we can count  
on  
A crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch

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