

Betty Rucker

Field Mob

You got to get ya cut get ya coke, baking soda
Mix it up, whip it then put it in a potCook it up let it sit then it rock chop
It up bag it then put it on the blockI'm a roach in a raid trap
I feel like new born babies in car seats
I'm 'posed to stay strapped
'Cause out'n the country likes collard greens and grits
With fiends like Spike Lee they scream fa Nicks
'Cause they keep calling me. Show me the Ben-jamens
Scale of 1 to 10 might be 12 like Eminem
What's all the fuss about shut ya mouf cut it out
Ya house I hustle out make mo green than brussel sprouts
Ya mad cause ?Al Capone came by?
in a cold new ride and took y'all paper
Brang a bar b que I'm a bark at you
And red shirt ya like a football playa
You don' sell dope like me
I's ride the bus with coke way before Tyrese
Cops, they sick of me Feds, wanna get rid of me
'Cause I'm servin' heavy! Diddly Diddly Diddly DeeCook it up let it sit till it rock chop
It up bag it then put on the blockCook it up let it sit till it rock chop
It up bag it then put on the block

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