

Fido Guido

"Nothing 2 Lose"

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Artist: Field Mob f/ Slimm Calhoun
Album: From Tha Roota to Tha Toota
Song: Nothing 2 Lose

[Chorus]

I'm ready to flee to a better place
Go West, South, and East, whatever the way
Let's make a move, hurry up lets go now
You got to believe we can get away
I'm tired of doin what the devils say
We got nothin to lose, take my hand lemme help ya
I want to be free, c'mon brotha
I want to be free, help each otha
I want to be free, love ya sista
I want to be free, don't you miss her
I want to be free. (lalalalalalala). I want to be free

[Kalage]

Master say being born colored was the worst disease
And we the worst to bread, Worse than flees
As long as I work for he, I work for free
He beat me like a dick in jail and cursed at me
I'm certain we, weren't put on this earth to be, a slave
Nobody deserve to be, a slave
Look here, run I dare ya
I catch ya, I'ma give ya more lashes than mascara
If it's pride or die, im choosin respect
I saw my daddy hung dead, wit a noose on his neck
My niece got raped pregnant, wont tell she scared
Master done it, but she blamin it on drop dead Fred
But one day, things gon' change for better
Lord knows it can't rain forever
That's what I told my momma (mmhmm)
Two days later master sold my momma (master sold
my momma)

[Chorus]

[Boondox Blax]

Uh, uh, uh. I'm in the field, that's white lil niggas and
me

From dusk to dawn til the sun come and it leave
Through all seasons, Winter, Fall, Summer, and Spring
Pickin, pushin, pullin, cuttin the field
Sweatin bout to dehydrate, stuck in the heat
And when it's cold, joints lock up barker than trees
Rest, I don't get enough of my sleep
'cause master got us workin late night, and then wakin
up in the wee
Hours of the mornin, stackin stalks of hay
Hopin the rain from dawn til shower day
Wishin I could walk away
But then I think about Hardaway
Master cut off his hand
'cause you can't talk or sing or speak from your mouth
If it aint what master talk or say
But I was taught to pray to the Lord and have faith
Please take me away from this awful place
'cause you can be so off today

[Chorus]

[Slimm Calhoun]

Man I tell ya drop shit, aint nothin
Nuff sufferin, done dealt with more headaches the
bufferin
Gotta spend my time off the destructive by gettin by
doe bu-bu-bubblin
Cant risk stumblin, fumblin
So im bout takin my life, dice tumblin
I drop down the road, tryin to get that pot of gold
Still out in the field, mobbin with Sean and Smoke
9 times, nine to five, im troop servin
Nine, you bout tryin to eat well, get in line
'cause momma got laid off, the lil sis need shoes
My brother just got popped back in his county blues
And Pops been made it off, there was no money, no
food
Comin through next week, my rent and my girl due
Life aint got no rules, descruccion, one-two's
So every now and then, your gonna sing the blues

[Chorus]

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