

Field Mob

"1,2,3"

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[Intro - MJG sample from "Coming Out Hard"]

1 to the motherfuckin 2 to the motherfuckin 3

[Hook x4]

1,2,3 points I gotta get across

1 don't 2 make me 3 go off

[Verse 1 - Shawn Jay]

We came up from the bottom to the top (top) started wit
the rocks

Used to sell 'em to the fiends now I got 'em in my watch
(whoa)

Two years off the scene heard enough of ya fuckin
trash

We returned now to make you suffer like succotash

Run up and the pump'll blast my niggaz is dopin

I'm the film in the camera nigga picture me rollin

Picture me blowin... Trees chiefin purple daily

Weeds (no seeds) call it (Virgin Mary)

Chevy they say we broke up ([Chevy:] Oh yeah)

But we do shows and (split ends) like (blow dried hair)

Hold up... Joe stop the song (what)

Field Mob the answer to the question "What if BIG &
Pac woulda got along?"

Put us on whoever song fast slow no facade

Getcha Bible check the credits Shawn go slow for God

Wit that said I been blessed oh man

The chain (red) like a (caffeine free Coke can)

So... damn the critics yall really fake

We got (hotter 16s) than that (R. Kelly tape)

Make cheddar when I grab the mic... see when the Mob
in town

Hoes (go out in bad weather) like a (satellite)

Never have to ask 'em twice do it for the fuck of it

Anything pop a pill drink a lil suck a dick

Who you wit fuck ya click stay in ya place

Charlie Murphy what did the five fingers say to the
face?

SLAP!

[Hook x4]

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[Verse 2 - Chevy P aka Smoke]

I swear to God you never heard me spit it this way I'm
warnin ya

I'm finna (snap) like (turtle lips in a lake)

(wrap) more than a (Egyptian coroner) ya rhymes are
borin us

Listenin to you is like watchin wet paint dry

Ya lyrics I bet they taste sweet

Stop spittin them (kit kat candy bars) and (give me a
break) please

Start writin ya rhymes yaself... as a matter of fact

Here's a mirror and a (map) go and (find) yaself

Cause you been fake... You frontin like you did time in
the state pen

But really was a nerd at Penn State

Cut the bullshit ya not a hustler

Y'all remind me of where I rent my DVDs at y'all some
(Blockbusters)

(Confessin) like (Usher) (soft) as (baby food)

Fixin to get us off the (block) like (star 82)

Mad cause I'm comin up and you ain't and I'm buyin
stuff that you can't

I ain't (50 Cent) but I got (Bucks) in the (Bank)

And I got a million dollar dick bitch wood worth a lot of
cash

If I fuck her in the butt she have money out her ass

Claimin you pimpin but ain't got one bitch

The only (hoes (hose)) is the one you (water ya lawn
wit)

To you hoes that fuck for fun and the ones that fuck for
fetti

If you ain't finna fuck Shawn then you ain't finna fuck
Chevy

To The Source like a groupie in love with (Jordan
Jackson

Vick Ervin and Tyson) I want 5 mics man... DAMN!

[Hook x4]

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[music to fade]

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