

## Field Mob "Betty Rocker"

Visit "[Betty Rocker](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

You got to get ya cut get a coke make a soda  
Mix it up whip it up a put in a pot.

Cook it up let it sit till it rock chop  
It up bag it then put on the block.

I'm a roach in a raid trap I feel like new born  
Babies in car seats I'm suppose to stay strapped  
Cause our country likes collard greens and grits  
Which seem like Spike Lee they scream fa nics  
But it keep calling me. Show me the ben-ja-mes  
Scard I'll be on the team I'll be 12 like enemies  
What's all the fuss about shut ya mouf cut it out  
Ya ass a hustla make mo green than brustle spruots  
Ya mad cause alcapon in a glida(?)?)(?)?)(?)?  
Like a football playa have a bar-b-que i want bark  
At you wit ya red shirts look like a football playa  
You don't sell dope like me, i was riding the bus  
With coke way before Tyrese,???  
Cops is sick of me  
Feds wanna get rid of me  
Cause I'm slanging heavy diddly diddly diddly d  
(chorus)2x

Visit [Field Mob](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.