

## Field Mob "Channel 613"

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I woke up on Fox found myself starring on Cops  
Got chased by squad cars and cameras for two blocks  
I hate the man yea I ran  
To HBO and stole lethal weapons From Mel and Dan  
Glover's hand  
Ran back to Fox found Martin  
Me and Bruhman from the fifth floor  
Climbed through the window  
From his apartment  
Ran up on'em, had a mask on gat in each hand  
Robbed Martin, Tommy, Cole, Gena and Pam  
Told'em gimmie your bread, mayo, cheese and ham  
Took two sandmiches and Stole Cole's Grand Am  
Left in a hurry heard footsteps, looked in the rearview  
Is this an earthquake? Naw its Big Shirley  
She came after the bucket of chicken and clole slaw  
Cole bought last week and left in the back seat  
I jumped out and just kept running until my chest hurt  
Hooked up with Forest Gump and ran to Cartoon  
Network  
I gotta find Bubba, shut up he been dead  
Big Shirley probably ate him and Lieutenant Dan's Legs  
I need Jenny, damn sure do cause right now  
The only thing that can stop Big Shilrey is Jenny Craig

I aint goin to jail, I aint goin to jail  
Aw man I aint even did nothin  
Shit man I aint goin to jail

Now I'm a wanted fugitive, runin with hot gats  
Duck'n the cops from Fox and the fuck'n Swat Cats  
Damn, here come Batman in the batmobile  
Floss'n on four voved rims, with four coats of steal  
tryna catch me  
But I ran fast, he couldn't grab me  
I jumped in the green van wit Scooby-Doo and Shaggy  
I put the gun to Shag's head said don't look back  
And told Scooby, play dead and gimmie your Scooby  
snacks  
Then we drove way reached the stop sign at a four way  
I hopped out and rode with O.J, rode the whole day  
He told me caught Nicole and Ron Gold doin four play

Killed'em both and throwed way the bloody glove in an  
old lake  
I aint sayin he shoulda killed her but I understand  
Picture yo broad riden in yo car with another man  
You given yo deisel and she blowin a hudred grand  
Goin shoppin, call Cochran tell Cato to take the stand  
He took me to set it off with four delighted bitches wit  
glocks  
You know Kim, Latifah, Jada, Vivaca Fox  
Went in the bank strapped with A.K's  
This is a raid everybody throw lay down the hay

Aight don't nobody mothafuckin move  
This a mothafuckin robbery, lay down  
Come here, come here, come here bitch  
Put the money in the motherfukin bag  
You don't wanna die, hurry the fuck up

I stashed my half of cash in the dashboard of a stolen  
Ford Escort  
Changed clothes and drove to the airport  
Flew to the island of MTV but go figure  
Besides Tyrese and Ananda, I aint see no niggas  
And I stayed for three whole days and layed low  
Kidnapped the cast of Road Rules and stole the Winne  
Bago  
Rode to Rap City bumpin U.G.K and Jigga  
Spend the night in the basement with the Hot Boys and  
Mama Tigga

Man she can cook  
She made some pig feet, some greens, some hogmog  
Man anyway

Woke up the next mornin yawnin what the fuck is this?  
Man get the camera out my face, he said you've just  
been hit  
That's when I met her, I swear to god I never forget her  
A fine big doonk seniorita and her name Cita  
She was jazzy yea she had computer generated skin  
But hell at least her ass wasn't ashy  
I took her home and down loaded my hard drive  
For bout five straight hours right between her thighs

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