

Field Mob

"Channel 613, Pt. 1"

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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, yeah, 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 sandwiches and Stole Cole's Grand Am
Left in a hurry, heard footsteps, looked in the rear view
Is this an earthquake? Naw, it's 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 ain't goin' to jail, I ain't goin' to jail
Aw man, I ain't even did nothin'
Shit man, I ain't 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 bat mobile
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 he caught Nicole and Ron Gold doin four play

Killed 'em both and throwed way the bloody glove in an old lake

I ain't sayin' he shoulda killed her but I understand
Picture yo broad ridin' in yo' car with another man
You given yo diesel and she blowin' a hundred 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
We ran 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 ain't 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

I 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, yeah, 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

[Incomprehensible]

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