

Field Mob "Crutch"

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You are not alone 'cause I'm going through this thing
with you
You don't have to cry no more
If we make it through this pain, promise I'm gon' keep it
real with you
You, you don't have to cry no more

I remember bein' broke with no record deal
Broke with no job, too broke to smoke dope
Man, times so hard, I wanna take my own life
That's what pain do to you

But I'm too broke to even die
I couldn't afford a funeral
I'm too broke to spend time
Y'all don't know how it feel

I could've been a metal welder
'Cause I know how to steel
Naw, I ain't braggin', I'm just keepin' it real
I was so broke my wet dream was 'bout eatin' a meal

Man I been homeless
You ever spent the night in the grass?
With ants and mesquites
While they bitin' ya ass

My best friend got shot nine times for nothin'
He was all I had, we used to lie and say we was cousins
Even Momma turned her back on me, wouldn't look me
in my face
I'm a disgrace to my folks, 'cause I ain't graduate?

I ain't have nobody
Man, I wish I was dead
I was alone so I turned to God and e said

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As far as I remember, I been in high school ever since
elementary
Since the fifth I been twistin' spliffs and hittin' the weed
My eyes went through menestration every day in the
summer
At age six, my piss could crank up a Hummer

Had a hooker mom, like Alfred she Hitchcock
Bumped dad, 'cause when he visit it was like a pit stop
I lived knock hard, like Jay Z, boy ya won
Things got harder, at age eighteen, I bought a gun

A three eighty caliber, for street crazy scavengers
Tryna take my [Incomprehensible], I'll turn your hat
lavender
Sacks of herb in my pocket I smoke eventually
Supposed to be sellin' 'em, but it's hard to give 'em
away

Livin' the day for tomorrow, so on the down low
I used beats and rhymes, why not, look at me now
From flippin' dimes, playin' get like me to get a dollar
To ridin' on my own twenties in my Impala, I ain't cryin'

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Well, I been hearin' a lotta people say that blood's
thicker than water
Well, answer this then, which would you swallow?
I said that to say, it don't matter, friend or kin
Shawn ain't my cousin but he here through thick and
thin

Okay, I came up but all the faith folks came down
The script flip flopped, now the game changed round
Everybody wanna chill now, in my grill now
Now my smile ice cold, white gold like whoa

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We all need to cry sometimes, someone, something we
can count on
A crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch, a crutch
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