

Field Mob "It's H***"

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Stay up
Hold ya head up
It's hell in the streets boy
Hold your head young nigga, cause it's hell

I'm sittin' in the courtroom, stomach full of butterflies
Somebody help me, cause my life is in the Judge eyes
They got me for a Humbug, and that's some bullshit
I should've listened to them preachers in the pulpit
Stressin' to help me, seemed like I was born by mistake
While the races dominate, got me victim to the
Legislate'
I'm playin' for kicks, hustle and rob reefer, it medicated
my mind
Fuck the World, we cried
My mamma died in 92 so crazy, what the fuck to do?
Daddy smokin' hard, and I know one day it currupt him
to chillin'
I'm starin' at the celin', can't take too many blows
The pain be killin', got the silence up through my nose,
oh
These people want to hurt me, my momma dead so
fuck 'em
A small timer on the rise, so nothin' I feel
To my niggas in the county, I might do a bit with ya
Boy, in the streets I don't care with ya my nigga

Cause it's hell
Livin' off a thug, money things ain't swell
Don't believe me, go and ask my boys in jail
When we cryin' keep a knock for the cops
Cause ain't no sunshine for boys or blocks, my nigga

Cause it's hell
What we gotta go through, and only time will tell
When the pain is over, I'm down on my knees
Lord keep watchin' over
I'm lookin' for a better way
And I that's all I gotta say

Now I was born broke, but I'll be damned if I'm a die
that way

Love my momma, can't deny that face
And as a child, everynight I prayed
For a rap record deal, man sometimes, twice I'd say
Lord save me, take me, away from here
20 To 9, and I've been sellin' yay' for years
But why we had a house, and couldn't keep it?
Why we evicted?
Why we get more pink slips than Victorias Secret?
Why I gotta rob?
Why my pappi ain't gotta job?
Why I ain't graduate?
Why through high school I didn't have a date?
Why I had to masturbate?
Why Im wearing hand me downs?
Why im in and out of jail?
Why I let my family down?
Why my uncle died?
Wish it would've been me
He ain't rob, he ain't hustle, should've been me
Preacher man, could you pray for me, faithfully?
When God comes lay him his herbs, tell him wait for
me

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He just keep layin' his hands on my momma again
Family ties, this is where the drama begins
Tellin' my momma on the floor, bitch this and bitch that
Locked in my prayin' to God, Please let me get back
He's trippin' like he's outta control
So he had to of been smokin' the herb to croke
Through the wall, she was gaggin' and chokin'
11 Years old, and I don't need to be seein' this shit
But in my tape deck, 8ball talkin' about beatin' a bitch
It got me confused, but damn, you shouldn't of popped
her that hard
And when them folks come through, her stupid ass be
droppin' the charge
Whippin' her ass like a man, right and left with his fists
And when he blows to the dome, now she sliced her

wrists
I'm hyped and I'm pissed, so I wipe the blood holdin'
her limb
It's gonna be all right, I was with in her bleedin' guilt
She passed out, eyes rolled back, I'm tryin' not to panic
Stepdaddy walked in, saw my momma, then he went in
a frantic
Blood leakin', it won't stop, him and the rush of the
fever
She almost died, of loss of blood
I knew my momma wouldn't leave me
She don't deserve to live in pain, she just wanted to be
happy
Feelin' like a pussy, I didn't help her cuz he ain't even
my daddy
She's back at home, and puttin' his hands on her again
Livin' in the turn of fire, where drama doesn't end
It's hell
Nobody knows, than Lord, my soul's hope
Nobody knows, than Lord, my soul's hope

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