

Field Mob "It's Hell"

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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 heaven, 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, with crime

My mamma died in '92 so crazy, what the fuck to do?
Daddy smokin' hard, not knowin' that it corrupted two
chillin'
I'm starin' at the ceilin', can't take too many blows
The pain be killin', got the sinus up in 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"

Twenty now, 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 pappa ain't gotta job? Why I
ain't graduate?

Why through high school I aint have a date?
Why I had to masturbate? Why I'm wearing hand me
downs?
Why I'm 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' I heard her croke
Through the wall, she was gaggin' and chokin'
Eleven years old, and I don't need to be seein' this shit

But in my tape deck, eight ball talkin' about beatin' a
bitch
It got me confused, but damn, you shouldn't popp her
that hard
And when them folks come , her stupid ass be droppin'

the charge
Whippin' her ass like a man, right and left with his fists

Heavely blows to the dome, now she slicing her wrists
I'm hyped and I'm pissed, soaking wet with blood
holdin' her limb
It's gonna be all right, she whispered with her bleedin'
lip
She passed out, eyes rolled back, I'm tryin' not to panic

Step daddy walked in, saw my momma, then he went in
a frantic
Blood leakin', non stop, permanent rush with 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 puss, I didn't help her 'cuz he ain't even
my daddy
She's back at home, and he puttin' his hands on her
again
Livin' in eternal fire, where drama doesn't end

It's hell
Nobody knows, the load, my soul tow
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