

Field Mob "Nothing 2 Lose"

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I'm ready to flee to a better place
Go West, South and East, whatever the way
Let's make a move, hurry up let's go now
You got to believe we can get away
I'm tired of doin' what the devils say
We got nothing 2 lose, take my hand lemme help ya

I want to be free, come on brotha
I want to be free, help each other
I want to be free, love ya sista
I want to be free, don't you miss her
I want to be free, I want to be free

Master say being born colored was the worst disease
And we the worst to bread, worse than flees
As long as I work for he, I work for free
He beat me like a dick in jail and cursed at me

I'm certain we, weren't put on this earth to be, hustled
Nobody deserve to be, hustled
Look here, run I dare ya
I catch ya, I'ma give ya more lashes than mascara

If its pride or die, I'm choosin' respect
I saw my daddy hung dead, wit a noose on his neck
My niece got raped pregnant, won't tell she scared
Master done it but she blamin' it on drop dead Fred

But one day, things gon' change for better
Lord knows it cant rain forever
Thats what I told my momma
Two days later master sold my momma, master sold
my momma

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Uh, uh, uh, I'm in the field, thats white lil' niggas and
me
From dusk to dawn 'til the sun come and it leave
Through all seasons, winter, fall, summer and spring
Pickin', pushin', pullin', cuttin' the field

Sweatin' 'bout to dehydrate, stuck in the heat
And when it's cold, joints lock up barker than trees
Rest, I don't get enough of my sleep
'Cause master got us workin' late night and then wakin'
up in the wee

Hours of the mornin', stackin' stalks of hay
Hopin' the rain from dawn 'til shower day
Wishin' I could walk away
But then I think about hard away, master cut off his
hand

'Cause you can't talk or sing or speak from your mouth
If it ain't what master talk or say
But I was taught to pray to the Lord and have faith
Please take me away from this awful place
'Cause you can be so off today

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Man I tell ya drop shit, ain't nothin'
'Nuff sufferin', done dealt with more headaches the
bufferin'
Gotta spend my time off the destructive by gettin' by
doe bu-bu-bubblin'
Can't risk stumblin', fumblin'

So I'm 'bout takin' my life, dice tumblin'
I drop down the road, tryin' to get that pot of gold

Still out in the field, mobbin' with Sean and Smoke
Nine times, nine to five, I'm troop servin'
Nine, you bout tryin' to eat well, get in line

'Cause momma got laid off, the lil' sis need shoes
My brother just got popped back in his county blues
And pops been made it off, there was no money, no
food
Comin' through next week, my rent and my girl due
Life ain't got no rules, destruction, one two's
So every now and then, your gonna sing the blues

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