

Field Mob "Project Dreams"

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(Boondox)

Rent thirty days late, gotta be gone by Saturday
Tired of sellin' cocaine, folks tryna' trap me
Every night dreamin bout livin life lavish
A watch full of karats, a candy coated Caddy
Off the show flo', sittin on fo' Vouges
Oak wood gear shift, ??? dash door
Choppin on seventeen inch Enki's
Bling bling from my mouth to my pinky
Enough about my jewelry, grill, and my Fleetwood
Tryna still live stable so my folks can eat good
House sittin out on the hill to sleep good
Livin peaceful, just like we should
Money legal, no more sellin reefer
No more FEDs tryna' stick me like a needle
When it's cold outdo' come in I heat ya
He ain't gotta walk in the sun, I A.C. ya
Bump worryin 'bout that burgular comin to creep ya
Get trapped by alarms and the millimeter
I'm a do or die playa for my people, follow the leader
I'm my brotha's keeper, for real

(Chorus-both)

I'm a have me a big nice Caddy
House on the hill for my ma' and my pappy
Live life happy and I'm still nappy
Makin legal money, no FEDs tryna' trap me
I'm a have me a big nice Caddy
House on the hill for my ma' and my pappy
Live life happy and I'm still nappy
Nigga, legal money, no FEDs tryna' trap me
If you ever been broke put your hands up
You been broke put your hands up, put your hands up
If you ever been broke put your hands up
You been broke put your hands up, put 'em up

(Kalage)

What ya know 'bout havin no dough, no coat for the
winter
Remember, we poor folk
Most cut yolk and smoke coke, cut throats in ya dope,
hoe

Talk about they wanna 'Lac with four do's, no Vogues
Wood kit and Momo's
I gets Polo, pockets so swol', Jenny Craig
Naw, Escalade hog, in the yard
Breakin all ya folks too, belly full a soul food
Chittlens, greens, pork chops, green beans
Yeah I pray for that, each and every day I rap
I rap with guard, 'cause I feel you ain't really safe with
gats
We escape slacks, the government help and welfare
My folk cries to the Lord, ain't no help there
We ain't have much, or less to brag about, but mo' to
lose
I ran the street, mama told me go to school
But now I got a chance to change things and maintain
Mo' so, I ain't gotta slang 'caine anymore
Hell yeah boy, you really understand dirt
Well I'm a rap if you gon' clap until your hands hurt
I ain't the only person feel like I feel, that there live like I
live
And wanna chill, for real

(Chorus)

(Boondox) Now put your hands up if you're broke, folks
tried
to spoil ya
With fried bologna sandwiches and sugar water
(Kalage) Put ya hands up, if you feel my hurt
Have you ever bathed with soap the size of a Cert
(B) Don't disguise the dirt did 'cause we all know rocks
It's the real reason furniture go to the pawn shop
(K) 'Cause ya crackhead cuz smokin the car antennas
(B) Understand see...
(K) It's a junkie in every family
(B) Them my hand-me-down, tight pants, lookin slim in
'em
If they too big...
(K) What you do?
(B) Put a hem in 'em
(K) 'Member talkin over the loud sounds when the wind
blow
'Cause the trash bag's replacin yo' car window
(B) Man, I been poor
(K) I been poor
(Both) Man, we been poor!
That's how it is in the Field, for real

(Chorus) 2x

