

Betty Rucker

Field Mob

You got to get ya cut get a coke make a soda
Mix it up whip it up a put in a pot
Cook it up let it sit till it rock chop
It up bag it then put on the block
I'm a roach in a raid trap I feel like new born
Babies in car seats I'm suppose to stay strapped
Cause our country likes collard greens and grits
Which seem like Spike Lee they screem fa nics
But it keep calling me. Show me the ben ja mes
Scard I'll be on the team I'll be 12 like enemies
What's all the fuss about shut ya mouf cut it out
Ya ass a hustla make mo green than brustle spruots
Ya mad cause alcapon in a glida
Like a football playa have a bar be que I want bark
At you wit ya red shirts look like a football playa
Wanna get rid of me cause I'm livin good in the
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