

Field Mob, Betty Rocker

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-b-que i want bark
at you wit ya red shirts look like a football playa
you don't sell dope like me, i was riding the bus
with coke way before Tyrese,???
cops is sick of me
feds wanna get rid of me
cause I'm slanging heavy diddly diddly diddly d

(chorus)2x