

When money talk only broke people listen  
Ain't gotta pot to piss in can't afford to pay attention  
These unfamiliar niggas be expecting recognition  
Respect the intellect let me continue on the mission  
Use to walk through alleys paths in the field  
You know that one house where Kenneth use to live  
Now it's just another shortcut to the store  
The tv and my window drew the line of what was rich and poor  
Mommy gave me food stamps told me buy wonder bread  
On the way these niggas jumped left me with knot on my head  
Went to school yesterday but to had leave early  
Cause niggas said they was gone jump me at 3: 30  
All because I lived in the hood who they had beef with  
And I ain't tell em, dog, I kept that shit a secret  
But I can't really trip, niggas looked out for me  
Nigga played me now that nigga ain't around to tell the story  
Just young nigga on the D.O.T  
With my headphones on and sack full of weed  
Rhymes in my head thought nobody wanted to hear em  
So I had the fiends hitting rocks like the Pilgrims

And where I live it's house, field, field  
Field field, field, house  
Abandoned house, field, field

That nigga much sicker  
That's why he pop them pills, sip lean, smoke swishers  
Yea I'm doing drugs thought I never ever try  
That had eyes so dry dog I wish I could cry  
I'm fucking bad foreign bitches why you niggas in the hood  
Smoking on some dirt weed smelling like fire wood  
Sitting on porches of abandoned houses  
Or sitting in the field on bed bug ridden couches  
It's like they all forgot man nobody care about us  
That why we all ways end up in prison instead of college  
Living in the system working kitchen for chump change  
Lost in the streets niggas playing that gun game  
Where nobody wins just a bunch of mommas losing  
Dead bodys in the field and nobody heard the shooting  
We living in the streets where the options is limited  
Cause it's burnt building instead of jobs and buisseness