

1, 2, 3

Field Mob

[Intro - MJG sample from "Coming Out Hard"]
1 to the motherfuckin 2 to the motherfuckin 3

[Hook x4]
1,2,3 points I gotta get across
1 don't 2 make me 3 go off

[Verse 1 - Shawn Jay]
We came up from the bottom to the top (top) started wit the rocks
Used to sell 'em to the fiends now I got 'em in my watch (whoa)
Two years off the scene heard enough of ya fuckin trash
We returned now to make you suffer like succotash
Run up and the pump'll blast my niggaz is dopin
I'm the film in the camera nigga picture me rollin
Picture me blowin... Trees chieffin purple daily
Weeds (no seeds) call it (Virgin Mary)
Chevy they say we broke up ([Chevy:] Oh yeah)
But we do shows and (split ends) like (blow dried hair)
Hold up... Joe stop the song (what)
Field Mob the answer to the question "What if BIG & Pac woulda got along?"
Put us on whoever song fast slow no facade
Getcha Bible check the credits Shawn go slow for God
Wit that said I been blessed oh man
The chain (red) like a (caffeine free Coke can)
So... damn the critics yall really fake
We got (hotter 16s) than that (R. Kelly tape)
Make cheddar when I grab the mic... see when the Mob in town
Hoes (go out in bad weather) like a (satellite)
Never have to ask 'em twice do it for the fuck of it
Anything pop a pill drink a lil suck a dick
Who you wit fuck ya click stay in ya place
Charlie Murphy what did the five fingers say to the face?
SLAP!

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[Verse 2 - Chevy P aka Smoke]
I swear to God you never heard me spit it this way I'm warnin ya
I'm finna (snap) like (turtle lips in a lake)
(wrap) more than a (Egyptian coroner) ya rhymes are borin us
Listenin to you is like watchin wet paint dry
Ya lyrics I bet they taste sweet
Stop spittin them (kit kat candy bars) and (give me a break) please
Start writin ya rhymes yaself... as a matter of fact
Here's a mirror and a (map) go and (find) yaself
Cause you been fake... You frontin like you did time in the state pen
But really was a nerd at Penn State
Cut the bullshit ya not a hustler
Y'all remind me of where I rent my DVDs at y'all some (Blockbusters)
(Confessin) like (Usher) (soft) as (baby food)
Fixin to get us off the (block) like (star 82)
Mad cause I'm comin up and you ain't and I'm buyin stuff that you can't
I ain't (50 Cent) but I got (Bucks) in the (Bank)
And I got a million dollar dick bitch wood worth a lot of cash
If I fuck her in the butt she have money out her ass

Claimin you pimpin but ain't got one bitch
The only (hoes (hose)) is the one you (water ya lawn wit)
To you hoes that fuck for fun and the ones that fuck for fetti
If you ain't finna fuck Shawn then you ain't finna fuck Chevy
To The Source like a groupie in love with (Jordan Jackson
Vick Ervin and Tyson) I want 5 mics man... DAMN!

[Hook x4]

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[music to fade]