

It's Hell

Field Mob

Stay up
Hold ya head up
It's hell in the streets boy
Hold your head y'all, livin' cause it's there
[Boondox]
I'm sittin' in the courtroom, stomach full of butterflies
Somebody help me, cause my life is in the Judge eyes
They got me for a Humbug, and that's some bullshit
I should've listened to them preaches in the pool kid
Stressin' to help me, seemed like I was born by mistake
While the races dominate, got me victim to the Legislate'
I'm playin' for kicks, hustle and rob reefer, it medicate-ed
My mind, f**k the World, we cried
My mamma died in '92 so crazy, what the f**k to do?
Daddy smokin' hard, and I know one day it corrupt him to chillin'
I'm starin' at the celin', can't take too many blows
The pain be killin', got the silence up through my nose, oh
These people want to hurt me, my momma dead so f**k 'em
A small timer on the rise, so nothin' I feel
To my niggas in the county, I might do a bit with ya
Boy, in the streets I don't care with ya my nigga
[Chorus]
'Cause it's hell
Livin' off a thug, money things ain't swell
Don't believe me, go and ask my boys in jail
When we cryin' keep a knock for the cops
'Cause ain't no sunshine for boys or blocks (my nigga)
'Cause it's hell
What we gotta go through, and only time will tell
When the pain is over, I'm down on my knees
Lord keep watchin' over
I'm lookin' for a better way
I that's all I gotta say
[Boondox]
Now I was born broke, but I'll be damned if I'm a die that way
Love my momma, can't deny that face
And as a child, everynight I prayed
For a rap record deal, man sometimes, twice I'd say
"Lord save me, take me, away from here"
20 to 9, and I've been sellin' yay' for years
But why we had a house, and couldn't keep it?
Why we evict'?'
Why we get more pink slips than Victorias Secret?
Why I gotta rob?
Why my pappi ain't gotta job?
Why I ain't graduate?
Why through high school I didn't have a date?
Why I had to masturbate?
Wea, wea, hand me their hands
Why so many not in jail?
Why I let my family down?
Why my uncle died?
Wish it would've been me
He ain't rob, he ain't hustle, should've been me
Preacher man, could you pray for me, faithfully?
When God comes lay him his herbs, tell him wait for me
[Chorus]

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 [Boondox]
 He just keep layin' his hands on my momma again
 Family ties, this is where the drama begins
 Tellin' by momma on the floor, bitch this and bitch that
 Locked in my prayin' to God, "Please let me get back"
 He's trippin' like he's outta control
 So he had to of been smokin' the herb to croke
 Through the wall, she was gaggin' and chokin'
 11 years old, and I don't need to be seein' this shit
 But in my tape deck, 8ball talkin' about beatin' a bitch
 It got me confused, but damn, you shouldn't of popped her that hard
 And when them folks come through, that stupid ass be droppin' the charge
 Whippin' her ass like a man, right and left with his fists
 And when he blows to the dome, now she sliced her wrists
 I'm hyped and I'm pissed, so I wipe the blood holdin' her limb
 It's gonna be all right, I was with in her bleedin' guilt
 She passed out, eyes rolled back, I'm tryin' not to panic
 Stepdaddy walked in, saw my momma, then he went in a frantic
 Blood leakin', it won't stop, him and the rush of the fever
 She almost died, of loss of blood
 I knew my momma wouldn't leave me
 She don't deserve to live in pain, she just wanted to be happy
 Feelin' like a pussy, I didn't help her when she ain't needin' my daddy
 She's back at home, and puttin' his hands on her again
 Livin' in the turn of fire, where drama doesn't end
 It's hell
 Nobody knows, than Lord, my soul's hope
 Nobody knows, than Lord, my soul's hope
 [Chorus x3 to fade]
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Correct these lyrics

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