

Fields

Danny Brown

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