

# 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 currupt 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 it 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  
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[Chorus x3 to fade]  
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