

Nothing 2 Lose

Field Mob

[Chorus]

I'm ready to flee to a better place
Go West, South, and East, whatever the way
Let's make a move, hurry up lets go now
You got to believe we can get away
I'm tired of doing what the devils say
We got nothing to lose, take my hand lemme help ya
I want to be free, see man brother
I want to be free, help each other
I want to be free, love ya sister
I want to be free, don't you miss her
I want to be free I want to be free

[Kalage]

Master say being born colored was the worst disease
And we the worst to bread, worse than flees
As long as I work for he, I work for free
He beat me like a dick in jail and cursed at me
I'm certain we, weren't put on this earth to be, Bustled
Nobody deserve to be, hustled
Look here, run I dare ya
I catch ya, I'ma give ya more lashes than mascara
If its pride or die, I'm choosing respect
I saw my daddy hung dead, wit a noose on his neck
My niece got raped pregnant, won't tell she scared
Master done it, but she blaming it on drop dead Fred
But one day, things gon' change for better
Lord knows it can't rain forever
that's what I told my momma
Two days later master sold my momma (master sold my momma)

[Chorus]

[Boondox Blax]

uh, uh, uh. I'm in the field, that's white lil' niggas and me
From dusk to dawn til the sun come and it leave
Through all seasons, Winter, Fall, Summer, and Spring
Picking, pushing, pulling, cutting the field
Sweating bout to dehydrate, stuck in the heat
and when its cold, joints lock up barker than trees
Rest, I don't get enough of my sleep
cause master got us working late night, and then waking up in the wee
Hours of the morning, stacking stalks of hay
Hoping the rain from dawn til shower day
Wishing I could walk away
But then I think about Hardaway
Master cut off his hand
cause you can't talk or sing or speak from your mouth
If it ain't what master talk or say
But I was taught to pray to the Lord and have faith
Please take me away from this awful place
cause you can be so off today

[Chorus]

[Slimm Calhoun]

Man I tell ya drop shit, ain't nothing

nuff suffering, done dealt with more headaches the buffering
Gotta spend my time off the destructive by getting by doe bubbling
can't risk stumbling, fumbling
So I'm bout taking my life, dice tumbling
I drop down the road, trying to get that pot of gold
Still out in the field, mobbing with Sean and Smoke
9 times, nine to five, I'm troop serving
Nine, you bout trying to eat well, get in line
'cause momma got laid off, the lil' sis need shoes
My brother just got popped back in his county blues
and Pops been made it off, there was no money, no food
Coming through next week, my rent and my girl due
Life ain't got no rules, destruction, one-two's
So every now and then, your gonna sing the blues

[Chorus]