

## 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]