

In The Field

Merkules

You'll see blood across the pavement
When we rob you for your ice, won't think twice and take your life
You'll see blood across the pavement
Middle finger to the hops when we hittin' up your spot
You'll see blood across the pavement
We get it poppin' in the street, all that talkin' shit is cheap
You'll see blood across the pavement
Fuck that rap shit, this is real, ya'll ain't actually in the field, no

Fuck rap, I know how it feel to kill a man
These niggas don't be in the field, they be on Instagram
These streets' is a full-time job, we don't take nights off
We be pullin' heat out on niggas, takin' they ice off
Niggas stay shootin' at me, but they'll never clap me
All my ops is pussy, where the diamonds from dead daddy?
Don't let shots, head shots, we merkin' you nigga
Mike'll smack your mother for birthin' you nigga
It was cheap to get him killed, it cost a Louis belt
That strap he had on his waist ain't do him no help
Who gon' raise your kids with that being said nigga?
You ain't no deadbeat, you just dead nigga
Dead 'cause you was beefin' with the wrong one
Your girl pregnant? You ain't get to meet your newborn son
Now he gon' grow up in the trap nigga
That lil nigga might be pumpin' my packs nigga
Might make him go shoot something for Merkules
He feelin' himself now, he think he Hercules

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Just got a call from Uncle Murda, we gon' fuckin' turn up
And we ain't talkin' pocket rockets when we tuck the burner
You hit with enough shells to fill a bowl of macaroni
Bitch, I'm married to his music screaming "Holy matrimony!"
There ain't no one swaggin' on me, I'm the flyest of the century
They pussy, they won't look into the eyes of all they enemies
On a bench with a stick on me, like I just got a penalty
They know I got the sauce, that's why they tryin' to get the recipe
These uppercuts can fuck you up, they might affect your memory
Murda got a brand new burner, she named Penelope
They won't tell it to my face, they know my resume is straight
Never ran, never ratted, this is Planet of the Apes
Too smooth with it, I ain't even had to catch a case
Graduated from the game with straight A's in first place
So much ice around my wrist, you think it's forty below
I'm good in Brooklyn like I'm homies with hope, you already know

Yo, someone grab another bottle, it's a celebration right now motherfuckers
Woo! Let's go!

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