

In The Field

Warhol.SS

When I'm in the field, yeah I'm in the field
You ain't in the field, when I'm in the field
Warhol In the field, When I'm in the field
He ain't in the field, He ain't in the field

When I'm in the field, gotta watch my back
Love gon' get you killed, hate gon' get you wacked
When I'm in the field, gotta keep that Gat
Gotta keep that pack, ball out like I'm Shaq
When I'm in the field, Ima make a play
Ima roll a eighth, take that to the face
When I'm in the field, I got cookie taste
All he got is shake, get that out my way

I ain't got no patience, Like that pressure when I'm in the field
Focused on this money cause these bitches they gon' get you killed
Bag it up, bitch I bag it up, Do this shit forreal
Understand, I only do the Xan, when I on wan' feel
People in my ear like boy you next, but I see it true
Work my life away until I'm walking, living, breathing proof
Count these blues, so I'm countin' till my coupe ain't got no roof
Be up out my business, niggas always try me in a loop
Ridin' 'round, east side, terror town, just might blow you down
Taliban with' me, duck or get hit with' like fifty rounds
Peeped she ride with me, money talk, move like fifty pounds
Tag gon' watch my back, that's my brother, we like blood hounds

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Oo Ridin' through the land, With' my man, takin' over the land
This bitch, off a half a Perc, off a half a Xan
Big dick, up, up in the back, she can't even stand
I can't stand up off the lean I'm fallin' down like quicksand
Quick hands, beat a nigga ass for that tough Tony
Niggas say he know me, He on't know me, He wan' get to know me
Talk just like me, and he walk just like me, Think he wanna clone me
This bitch suck me up so hard that I get to moaning
And she like it, ooh, And she gay, yeah I think she dykin'
Nigga tryna run up on me, well, that's his third strike oo
Chopper gon' bite him out no more like christmas light oo
Is your decision right before you come and risk your life oo

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