

The Field (feat. Bino Rideaux & Young Dolph)

Nipsey Hussle

Really came up in the field
Get money, get life or get killed
Now how the fuck it's gone feel
When we starts touchin them mil's
We ain't got nothing but shells
We ain't got nothing to tell
Watch how the story unveil
Bet you the hustla provail
Equity all in my deal
900 dollars a meal
Fuck with that T-Bone and snow crab
Hoggy like shrimp when it's chill
Slide on them leathers from frankfort
Smell it make sure it dont stank first
Test her make sure that brain work
Beat that shit all out the framework
You was just sayin my name, no?
I figured you know how this game go
So run me yo watch and yo chain bro
But next time I'm callin my gang tho
Shinin got all of chains on
Back of that bach gettin my brains blown
Ran up that check then I layed low
Make sure that money gone make more
Nigga yall witnessed it we got eight businesses hater thats bankroll
You could die if I say so
Heavy like 77th st case closed
Shit will get straight cold
Shit is just business we pull up and take souls
Gorillas and ape mold
LA county uh teach you that predator play mode
Really from up in the house
Really thumpers in the couch
Really say what I'm about
Off the block I made a whole onion
Heavy hustle got the name buzzin in the kitchen whippin tryna gain something
Fuck her threw her to my lame cousin
Bitches know I got a chain coming
Nigga know I got a chain coming
Pussy talkin know he got a fade coming
Pull up on me with the same thuggin
I ran it up with my bitch she gone get cracking with me and don't save nothin

I can't be wasting my time, what Ima do it for if it don't make nothin
I keep a 4 four on my ear cuz I chase a bag I know they won't take from me
In my traphouse I trust
About bitches I don't give a fuck
Lets see how fast you can count it
Came up off 16 ounces
I just parked my wraith in the hood
Cook in my backwood
And I gotta sack for her, don't bout you but life good
I ain't been doing nothin but countin paper
Duckin and dodging these haters
Bitches they making me sick, tell em fuck em nigga get they weight up, remember sittin in the
house wit about a hunnid pounds
Pitbulls in the backyard and we gotta couple hunnid rounds
Nigga where the fuck you was at, I ain't never seen you out here
Momma and my daddy was fucked up nigga I was forced to be out here Really from up in the
house
Really thumpers in the couch
Really say what I'm about
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