

# 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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