

Field Mob, Channel 613, Part 1

I woke up on Fox found myself starring on Cops
Got chased by squad cars and cameras for two blocks
I hate the man yea I ran
To HBO and stole lethal weapons From Mel and Dan Glover's hand
Ran back to Fox found Martin
Me and Bruhman from the fifth floor
Climbed through the window
From his apartment
Ran up on'em, had a mask on gat in each hand
Robbed Martin, Tommy, Cole, Gena and Pam
Told'em gimme your bread, mayo, cheese and ham
Took two sandwiches and Stole Cole's Grand Am
Left in a hurry heard footsteps, looked in the rearview
Is this an earthquake? Naw its Big Shirley!!
She came after the bucket of chicken and clole slaw
Cole bought last week and left in the back seat
I jumped out and just kept running until my chest hurt
Hooked up with Forest Gump and ran to Cartoon Network
I gotta find Bubba, shut up he been dead
Big Shirley probably ate him and Lieutenant Dan's Legs
I need Jenny, damn sure do cause right now
The only thing that can stop Big Shirley is Jenny Craig

I aint goin to jail, I aint goin to jail
Aw man I aint even did nothin
Shit man I aint goin to jail

Now I'm a wanted fugitive, runin with hot gats
Duck'n the cops from Fox and the fuck'n Swat Cats
Damn, here come Batman in the batmobile
Floss'n on four vowed rims, with four coats of steal tryna catch me
But I ran fast, he couldn't grab me
I jumped in the green van wit Scooby-Doo and Shaggy
I put the gun to Shag's head said don't look back
And told Scooby, play dead and gimme your Scooby snacks
Then we drove way reached the stop sign at a four way
I hopped out and rode with O.J, rode the whole day
He told me caught Nicole and Ron Gold doin four play
Killed'em both and throwed way the bloody glove in an old lake
I aint sayin he shoulda killed her but I understand
Picture yo broad riden in yo car with another man
You given yo deisel and she blowin a hudred grand
Goin shoppin, call Cochran tell Cato to take the stand
He took me to set it off with four delighted bitches wit glocks
You know Kim, Latifah, Jada, Vivaca Fox
Went in the bank strapped with A.K's
This is a raid everybody throw lay down the hay

Aight don't nobody mothafuckin move
This a mothafuckin robbery, lay down
Come here, come here, come here bitch
Put the money in the motherfukin bag
You don't wanna die, hurry the fuck up

I stashed my half of cash in the dashboard of a stolen Ford Escort
Changed clothes and drove to the airport
Flew to the island of MTV but go figure
Besides Tyrese and Ananda, I aint see no niggas
And I stayed for three whole days and layed low
Kidnapped the cast of Road Rules and stole the Winne Bago
Rode to Rap City bumpin U.G.K and Jigga
Spend the night in the basement with the Hot Boys and Mama Tigga

Man she can cook

She made some pig feet, some greens, some hogmog
Man anyway

Woke up the next mornin yawnin what the fuck is this?
Man get the camera out my face, he said you've just been hit
That's when I met her, I swear to god I never forget her
A fine big doonk senorita and her name Cita
She was jazzy yea she had computer generated skin
But hell at least her ass wasn't ashy
I took her home and down loaded my hard drive
For bout five straight hours right between her thighs