

# Field Mob, All I Know

(Intro: Cee-Lo)

6 O'clock, it's volume 1,  
Yeah, Gregg Street's, mixtape,

(Verse One: Boondox Blax)

Uh, uh,  
I came up in the hood infested with teenage hustlers,  
Street grinders, paper chasin scrapin busters,  
By keepin dust up noses and caine on pipes and cans,  
So they want they ride candy painted just like the man,  
That feed 'em, tryin not to bite his hand,  
But they need em to keep em life from they stand,  
Every night praying for praying go as far as the ceiling,  
Got me feel like I'm (cursed) from this heart that I'm dealing,  
And all this liquor hoeing brother and goose-neckin,  
That I do but I don't want to got me losing blessings,  
God said he'll take the next two steps if I take the first,  
I did, But in it to pick and sellin the spur,  
From under my feet, lost faith and jump in the street,  
Back to serve a rocks dying to the chrome in the heat,  
And running with G's that take it to the block with 'em,  
Tellin me along with my greens up like pot nickel,

(Chorus: Cee-Lo)

Well, all I know,  
That I'd been down this road before,  
It ain't the first time, won't be the last,  
I gotta slow down cause I'm living too fast,  
It's time to admit I need some help,  
Still living with my momma, can't feed myself,  
Life ain't about who straight, who real, who fake, and who gay,  
It's about who pray,

(Verse Two: Cee-Lo)

You can clock my consistent and endless,  
Efforts up uplift me,  
Trees and branches catch draft,  
When I'm choppin down a path,  
To walk down, actually don't even know how talk sound,  
I'm trying to stop the next step they drawing the chalk round,  
Matter-of-factly, I'll stand alone with no entourage to back me,  
God is my every existence; exhalation, exactly,  
I'll pimp prophets so profounding labels don't like contract me,  
I'm one of a kind; they gotta find a satellite to contact me,  
Let us bow, I thank the Almighty God for right now,  
For the strictor, smile through the tribulation and trial,  
For sparing me when the devil was daring me,  
And scaring me, synonymous for preparing me,  
And to my family, the Dungeon Family,  
And ya'll family, we all family,  
And to me health and home and my son Keith Stun,  
My tongue is my gun, revolutions already begun,  
(Whaa)

(Chorus: Cee-Lo)

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(Verse Three: Kalage)

All I know is charge cards, cars, and clothes,  
Maan, it's all for sure,  
And could go and when it's gone, you alone,  
Runnin up yo cell phone callin God for hope,  
And who to say that day ain't all for close,  
And if you ballin playa, it's only because God's your coach,  
And it don't bout the lies you hold, laws you broke,  
Thangs ya drink, dank and cigars you smoke,  
He gonna forgive and that's you; now don't get me wrong,  
I like LL, but God da gold,  
He da greatest of all time, if I'm lying I'm blind,  
Can I get a Amen (Amen brother),  
But we got to stop, we got to stop doin dirt,  
Coming to Church with a devil tucked in your purse,  
Sittin some leather from Atlanta, came up finish the prayer,  
Worried about sister mom's and hair,  
All along worried bout what sister mom gonna wear,  
This ya boy or should they ride the martyr there,  
It don't matter at least that's the moral there,  
In Sunday service with a Bible lie defer the South,  
But God bless her, we here to thank God,  
And that's the step inside Holy Church thinkin,  
I said step inside his Holy Church thinkin,  
We all God's Property, and not just Kirk Franklin,

(Chorus: Cee-Lo)

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(T.I. and studio engineers interlude convo)

(Verse Four: T.I.)

Open my eyes, see the sunrise,  
Talkin about memories of G's got my tongue tied,  
Put out some Henn for my friend, why the good die?,  
But til the end, I'm in the wind where the slug fly,  
Pray for my sins, I hope I find Heaven close to me,  
Try to be godly but these haters provokin me,  
Pull the shotty want them dead is what my heart say,  
My hard head make me learn shit the hard way,  
Dodging the fedz ain't the easy way to live, care,  
But nigga do it everyday to make a meal stack,  
Your phone tapped, under surveillance, secretly indicted,  
Being watched daily, livin shady just to drive a Mercede,  
And fucking ladies, who making babies used against you,  
Gettin the ends to be the main nigga you be a friend too,  
How can begin to explain the pain,  
Can you stay in the rain,  
Used to be a simple thing, but the game done changed,  
Now slanging caine is a lifestyle,  
Risking your freedom just to ball for a short while,  
Gettin buckwild on the street up on Westside,  
Downtown Atlanta, while we ride some of the best die,  
From cocking hammers of these Tec-9s and .45s,  
Excuse my grammar; but it's fucked up how time fly,  
It seem like yesterday we play until our days was nights,  
And yesterday, I just put flowers at his gravesite and that ain't right,

(Outro: Kalage)

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Is I'd been down this road before,

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