

All I Know

Field Mob

[Intro: Cee-Lo]

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

[Verse One: Boondox]

Uh uh
I came up in the hood infested with teenage hustlers
Street grinders, paper chasing scraping busters
By keeping dust up noses and caine homes; pipes and cans
So they want they ride candy painted just like the man
That Veta trying 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 selling 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 you all 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
Man, it's all for sure
And could go and when it's gone- (you alone)
Running up yo cell phone calling GOD for hope
And who to say that day ain't awful close
And if you balling player, 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 the G.O.A.T'
He the 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 doing dirt
Coming to Church with a devil tucked in your purse
Sister Samantha from Atlanta, came up finish the prayer
Worried about sister Martha's hair
Always worried 'bout what sister Martha wear
Did she walk or did she ride the MARTA there [MARTA = Metro Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority]
It don't matter at least sister Martha there
In Sunday service with a Bible lighter form the South
But GOD bless her, we here to thank GOD (hmmmm ah)
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
Talking 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 provoking 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, living shady just to drive a Mercede
And fucking ladies, who making babies used against you
Gettin the ?? 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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