

Box Car Racer

"Made 'n' America"

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[uncredited singer]

Got me livin the life
Got me livin the life
That I don't want to

[L.A. Nash]

Never knew life could be so fucked up with no God to
call
Labelled us ills, big boys developed the hearts to ball
It seems the dreams we saw got burst
Lit up the ammunition, won the war ??? bodies back to
the Earth
They say from war comes peace
I say in the streets of L.A. let it begin on every corner
and streets
In the belly of the beast is where me and my enemies
meet
Inhalin teflon shells until the death of me
And to you devils plottin now know this
Haven't forgotten my tactics, so when you shoot, don't
miss, bitch
I know it's a sin to be suicidal
But the way you niggas and bitches is trippin today is
like 'fuck the Bible'
No hesitation like ?????, nigga, no breath
Can escape Nash or the angel of death
Lost in a world where we all feel pain
The Lord keeps callin my name, so I escape again

You never know when it's yo time to go
Heaven or hell, freedom or jail, even die slow

Got me livin the life
That I don't want to

[uncredited guest rapper]

I praise God for relief, this life is hell
I'm trapped between jail cells and hell, felonies lately to
stack mail
These niggas wanna see me or do they wanna be me
If I get it raw I draw heat like McGraw, feel me

Mama, without a coma, this G thuggin
Got me feeling like I'm addicted to all the drama
Don't know when I'ma touch the other side but I'ma ride
For all my niggas that died and all the tears you cried
But first things first, riders clown in this fast life
Aggravated thoughts got my bound by my past times
Mama cried, we try, every day spend gettin high
Money, bitches and jewels until we die
Now watch em fly, like a bird will have you ballin or get
you cracked
Scandalous homies'll turn they back and have your ass
jacked
It's a fact, niggas stack to be the mack
When it's on it's on, I bring the chrome, now watch em
moan

You never know when it's yo time to go
Heaven or hell, freedom or jail, even die slow

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[Young Prodeje]

The streets got a young nigga cold
The streets'll make a young nigga old
Sell your soul to get parole
It didn't take a man to hold the heat and blast him off
his feet
Where evil lurk we put in work and represent the street
I hit my knees but it burn cause I done touched the
other side
Where we hellbound in a small town and the weak can't
survive
Where my 9 to 5 is snatchin souls, fuckin bitches, buyin
gold
Tellin my little homies if it's the life they wanna go
My nigga Lucifer'll keep it true to ya, all he want is your
soul
But you don't need that, it don't matter where you go
So I'ma ball while I'm here, roam this western
hemisphere
Livin this life I don't wanna live but I ain't ready to leave
here

[Prodeje]

I almost lost my soul to the .44
So many niggas ficticious and quick to getcha if you
don't know
Gotta beat the heartless, in Cali the foulest niggas'll
fade you
Better watch your shit cause it be crackin somethin

major

All my life I done ducked so many damn slugs
I felt em rippin through the walls as I prayed to the Lord
Nobody falls, so many homies fell though
And you can count the blood stains but they all got a
different story to tell though

You never know when it's yo time to go
Heaven or hell, freedom or jail, even die slow

Got me livin the life
That I don't want to

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