

Concentration Camp "Outside My Life"

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[Talking-(deep voice)]

Welcome to the concentration camp

Maxminelli (voices in the background) J-von

C-loc, Young Bleed, Leetyme

[Maxminelli]

Na na, i can lay low for a G lay low for a meal

My mind is at my control, if I say so then he will

I got some thangs in mind, the situation at hand

I'm a sick man, down with the program

I'm anybody understand my plan, then they can feel
what i felt

We mad at the world, fuck being anythang else

We bringing paper to the table, we taking joyful in
stride

It ain't as easy to survive as it is to die right

Ebony queen on my side when I'm shining

Niggas looking at me like I don't belong where I'm
residing

He who beholds the tightest game shall prevail

Through hard times and saphire dreams aiming to fail

Stale as dirty down to your last pants and shirt

How the fuck life feeling neglected and hurt

Though we know not what we do, we still do what it
takes

Until the truth is revealed, these fake niggas seem real

Still sealing they faith, and making injured reserved

Something that they expereinced, no longer something
they heard of

But you'll hear about it quick

Cause everybody talk shit

Loud fo' publication

Maintaining reputation

(Chorus 1)

Outside my life in rhyme, outside the world

No matter how fast we grow we still boys and girls

(tryin to figure -echo-)

Tryin to figure where the love when it ain't none left

Now what the fuck we gone do with ourself

(Chorus 2)

On the outside my life in rhyme, outside the world
No matter how fast we grow we still boys and girls
(tryin to figure -echo-)
Tryin to figure where the love when it ain't none left
Now what the fuck we gone do with ourself (Uh Huh)

[Young Bleed]

I suggest you focus on tomorrow, with a third eye view
See the game for what it is, then its all on you
I stand true for what I do for life and love and legacy
Tryin the life I live, never like my destiny
I'm tryin to be forever free
Some niggas will never be
Steadily stackin up confedi, playin with weapons
Runnin through the ghetto ask no questios tell no lies,
ain't no alabis huggin
highs
And the devil in disguise
We visualize the same dream with cream
Through the sick team
Shinin like diamonds comin down in southern clean
(hittin side ways)
Slowly watchin the world go 'round
Ain't a thang popa on the low down
Prepared for the showdown
The future holds nothing else left but confrontation
And conversation runnin nation
Over music and melodies mashin out in the glass hoe
Bailin with felons, ready to blast though
Nigga, ha ha see it through my eyes, try to feel my fury
and flame
Just for playin ghetto games
And life goes on and on
Flipin till the break of dawn
Hustlin, tryin to get it before its gone

(Chrous 1)

[C-loc]

Wait a minute, all my in-laws gated
The way I hold my composure in suicidal situations is
scary
Legendary, like the lone ranger, with a fist full of
dollars
Malitious intent
You heaven sent
So follow me to a world where thugs no longer die
young
But yet make millions sellin street game to avoid
number one
This shit ain't funny no more, bitches done gave the

game up
It ain't quick money no more, the feds done fucked my
name up
Throwin up, frome the hennesy and fat sacks of weed
Tryin to regain my sanity, fuckin with bleed
Greed, invy, and lust are common ghetto problems but
In gats i trust so playa I'm to solve quick

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)

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