

Chase N Cashe

"Line Of Fire"

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featuring Kobe

Sitting in the studio apartment, room full of clothes,
Music equipment and garbage from the last food I just
went through,
Spent my last on that shit 'cause the nigger been
starving
Still getting high, keep a bad serve on,
Once I get this phone call imma get this work gone
Imma get this work off, get my rampage,
The land lord stay tripping 'cause the rent late.
I swear to God, man, I can't stand that bitch face,
She kicked me out, now I'm staying at my bitch place.
She hold it down for a nigger in a big way,
But she bad as fuck and got big cake.
My pockets hurting and she know I need fresh gear,
She give me half of the money when the check clear,
I don't know what she tripping, talking about ain't shit,
Had to break it with the bitch in a quick year.
Now I'm sleeping on a couch in my little nigger house,
God, how the hell I even get here?
I need some quick, quick cash and a quick, leak gash
Anything, just to get rich fast.

And to the people made me slow down,
Handcuffed in the back of a truck now,
Jail cell is where they trying to make my home now,
Wait 'till I get this bail money from a phone dial.
I'm just hoping that they're picked up,
Collect all when I hear a
One ring, two rings, three rings, four rings,
Nigger, pick up.

I'm in a line of fire, and niggers taking shots in me,
Niggers taking shots, but I'm sitting here right back,
Niggers ain't stopping me,
No, I can't stop, if it's like this right now,
Imagine how the top gonna be,
Imagine how the top gonna be,
All I know is niggers ain't stopping me.
No one ain't stopping me.

Hard times , I'm familiar with 'em,
I'm going through some things now, but I'm dealing
with 'em,
I had to drop a couple friends, wasn't feeling niggers,
You know I only play the cards, got deal me, nigger.
Be on the road with my dogs try to make it crack,
I do a 20 minute show just to make some stacks.
Remember when I couldn't find a booth 'cause I
couldn't find a loop,
Dress to impress, but couldn't even buy some food.
Ramming noodles from the 99 cents stove,
Making beans, 'cause the dream was to get more.
Double time on my tempo,
I had to speed up, be up, 'cause they don't wanna see
me up.
I had to get up, get out, now I'm kicking my feet up,
Underrating my style but tell 'em all speak up.
Imma shake up the world and wake 'em when I creep
out.
Let me shout out the LS, you know that we up,
See, pain in the scars all happen like so,
For my age I'm all down, better act like you don't know,
Sail away from the snitches, niggers acting like hoes
And away from the cops, they always on the watch.

Yeah, you know the people make you slow down,
Handcuff you in the back of a truck now,
Jail cell is where they trying to make my home now,
Pray that you can get bail money through the phone
dial,
Better pray that they're pick up,
Collect call when I hear a
One ring, two rings, three rings, four rings,
Nigger, pick up.

I'm in a line of fire, and niggers taking shots in me,
Niggers taking shots, but I'm sitting here right back,
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