

Capital-X

"Life"

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I'm serving life in this game now, there's no turning
back

I feel like, Luis Felipe trapped in Super Max

I'm serving life in this game now, without parole

Got nothing to lose like I'm stranded on death row

Yo, judges be handing out sentences, like we're all
degenerates

It's life with no parole whether your, guilty or innocent

I'm locked in segregation, 7 days a week

Trapped behind these bars I speak, just like a
murdering thief

Charged with, murdering mics, and killing MCs

Indicted on multiple felonies, stuck in the beast

They got me shackled and handcuffed, with no
pending release

As words I speak, touch more kids than a Catholic
Priest

And knock niggas off they feet, just like a Southpaw
beat

360 degrees, I'm whole and complete

I'll snatch ya breath like a banga, stuck in your oblique

I stand alone, but mutha fuckas better come deep

Cause I don't sleep, I stay preparing for the fucking
revolt

At all costs, I'm taken hostages fuck peace talks

I'm locked down in New York, with it's blood stained
sidewalks

Where innocent victims die, from excessive force

Yea I feel like, King Blood, trapped up in the beast

With so much time ahead of me, can't even dream of
the streets

I'm catching flash backs of this kid I seen hang dead
from a sheet

As I sharpen my skills, like shanks on the concrete

I stay prepared for beef, in this world where life comes
cheap

Seen dude catch two to the cheek, for the Tims off his
feet

So I stay close to the heat, cause this world is so cold

It gets hard to breathe, cause I'm kept in a choke hold
Life with no parole, sentenced to die day by day
Locked down in this game, till I'm dropped in a grave
So I flow, for all my peoples locked up in a cage
For those that died in the struggle, back in the days
And all those that's born to hustle, cause we gotta get paid
Man you know how they want us, controlled like dope
and cocaine
Man we're nothing but pawns, in their political games
Till we load up and take aim, man ain't shit gonna
change...

I'm, scribing my thoughts, like a letter to my fam
Before I'm do in court the only shorts, I'm taking is
inhalation
Of nicotine excelling dreams side, another bus ride
Across the country side, where they'll lock me in the
game
Where I'm stuck inside, fuck it I'll ride against the
system
Gangsters killers and thieves, that want beef
Plot they position to eat, innocent victims
Get repeatedly beat in the head, and turn into the
walking dead
Trying to dodge the stalking feds, all they really want is
bread
A place to lay they head at least, belly of the beast
Struggling to find peace, to each is own dog don't
reach for my bone
Far from home, I call up my fam on the phone
And reminisce about the old times and crimes that we
plotted
A young mans logic, filled with garbage can be so
microscopic
So now, I use my optics watching the cops
While the fiends cop shit, to feed me where I'm locked
in

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