

Capital-X f/ Akir**"Life"**

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[Chorus 2x's] 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 [Capital-X] 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 its blood stained sidewalks Where innocent victims die, from excessive force [Chorus 2x's] [Capital-X] 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..... [Chorus 2x's] [Akir] 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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