

## **Kam Moye f/ One Be Lo**

### **"Life Line"**

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[Chorus: Kam Moye] It goes down whether daylight or nighttime The city say they gon' crack down and fight crime I guess they must've overlooked the hoods like mine Cause we still waiting on a life line "You wonder why I hustle? My life's on the line" - Young Buck [Kam Moye] I was born in them backroads where black folks had hopes of coming up slamming them Cadillac doors Have of us know stacking dough isn't natural They acting if so brothers wasn't strapped for cash flow We remain in pursuit of the loot and crazy honor But why save for a future that seems way beyond us? We can't move up, we full of excuses The only thing we have two of are children and baby mommas Sneakers, speakers, two hands for rolling reefer Coping with life lows, they blaze their weed up Feeling like we stuck, we fucked in the long run Feeling like we got our own guns to come up on funds That's why our minds stay focused on the grind date Fuck nickel and dimes, they want Andre's entree Kanye's promised state, all they get is blind faith Only thing that's rising in crime is the crime rate [Chorus] [One Be Lo] It's kind of like shoot 'em up, bang, bang, wild west mentality Humanity's downfall, you can't blame the gravity Blame it on the cowboy, it's all cave corral to me Quickdraw'd his enemies, so wood-paint the masterpiece Thanks to Indians giving who never had a feast Doc holidays, crime rates break the family We as starving artists still maintain a calorie Cause once you go commercial, they name brand your cattle meat Go behind your back, ten paces and draw rapidly Smoke tumbleweeds and Mary Jane calamity Deadwood dicks and women who Butch Cassidy Homosexuality, AIDS plague the cavalry Democracy, that's the code of the west We in the land of the free sex, home of the stress Buffalo Bills in mailboxes, pony express They rip you up and put a big tombstone at your rest [Chorus] [Kam Moye] Now where we stay, each day's is like a scene from a screen play that multiply daily in the most obscene way Felonious fellas step out the Beam with a clean slate to find out the aspiration and dreams seem great Your next door neighbor's the regular dope fiend's place And the ones

above you have trouble speaking Eng-lace There's no ribbon in the sky, no gift and no prize Just more loaded guns than a marine base It's sickens some men like influenza So they feel like the whole world is pitted against 'em Cause they live in the trenches with unlimited tension Having Phantom dreams while driving that Civic or Sentra The only interesting way to go is to peddle coke For Federal notes they cock metal and let it blow Bullets will make you spin like fifty-seven Chevy spokes It's do or die here, like it, date it, the levy's broke When somebody keep telling you you cannot advance You want somebody's hand to extend the olive branch Pick you up from the bottom and still give you knowledge So you could see the same college as Rashad McCants Maybe then your future wouldn't be grim looking Make it the same as those white collar pen pushers Instead of us being pulled by the arm We gotta take the bull by the horns, and rise up!

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