

# Made N' America

## South Central Cartel

Got me livin the life  
Got me livin the life  
That I don't want to

Never knew life could be so fucked up with no God to call  
Labelled us illz, big boys developed the hearts to ball  
It seems the dreams we saw got burst  
Lit up the ammunition, won the war bodies back to the Earth  
They say from war comes peace  
I say in the streets of L.A. let it begin on every corner and streets  
In the belly of the beast is where me and my enemies meet  
Inhalin teflon shells until the death of me  
And to you devils plottin now know this  
Haven't forgotten my tactics, so when you shoot, don't miss, bitch  
I know it's a sin to be suicidal  
But the way you niggas and bitches is trippin today is like 'fuck the Bible'  
No hesitation like [?????], nigga, no breath  
Can escape Nash or the angel of death  
Lost in a world where we all feel pain  
The Lord keeps callin my name, so I escape again

You never know when it's yo time to go  
Heaven or hell, freedom or jail, even die slow

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I praise God for relief, this life is hell  
I'm trapped between jail cells and hell, felonies lately to stack mail  
These niggas wanna see me or do they wanna be me  
If I get it raw I draw heat like McGraw, feel me  
Mama, without a coma, this G thuggin  
Got me feeling like I'm addicted to all the drama  
Don't know when I'ma touch the other side but I'ma ride  
For all my niggas that died and all the tears you cried  
But first things first, riders clown in this fast life  
Aggravated thoughts got my bound by my past times  
Mama cried, we try, every day spend gettin high  
Money, bitches and jewels until we die  
Now watch em fly, like a bird will have you ballin or get you cracked  
Scandalous homies'll turn they back and have your ass jacked  
It's a fact, niggas stack to be the mack  
When it's on it's on, I bring the chrome, now watch em moan

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The streets got a young nigga cold  
The streets'll make a young nigga old  
Sell your soul to get parole  
It didn't take a man to hold the heat and blast him off his feet  
Where evil lurk we put in work and represent the street  
I hit my knees but it burn cause I done touched the other side  
Where we hellbound in a small town and the weak can't survive

Where my 9 to 5 is snatchin souls, fuckin bitches, buyin gold  
Tellin my little homies if it's the life they wanna go  
My nigga Lucifer'll keep it true to ya, all he want is your soul  
But you don't need that, it don't matter where you go  
So I'ma ball while I'm here, roam this western hemisphere  
Livin this life I don't wanna live but I ain't ready to leave here

I almost lost my soul to the .44  
So many niggas ficticious and quick to getcha if you don't know  
Gotta beat the heartless, in Cali the foulest niggas'll fade you  
Better watch your shit cause it be crackin somethin major  
All my life I done ducked so many damn slugs  
I felt em rippin through the walls as I prayed to the Lord  
Nobody falls, so many homies fell though  
And you can count the blood stains but they all got a different story to tel  
l though

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