

# Mack 10, Connected For Life

(feat. Butch Cassidy, Ice Cube, W.C.)

[Verse 1: Mack 10]

I jump out the blocks like ready! set! go!  
Check all my traps and dodge the fed co  
I'm all about the mix like a fuckin collage  
And out the garage, is a Bentley Onage  
With the brains blowed out, so the sun's beamin  
I got the jackers drooling, and the hoes fiendin  
And since I'm Westside Connected got the streets on hype  
I got big deals, big skril, big wheels, big pipes

[Verse 2: Ice Cube]

Twenty-inchers roll - go and get these hoes  
Picky hoes wanna roll with my niggaroles  
But be a freak about it, and I'ma see about it  
Speak about it, no bitch I'ma be about it  
Who want some of this, West running this  
Mack 10 with the playboy bunny bitch  
She's a dummy bitch - with a money pit?  
You broke ass niggas can't even stomach this

[Verse 3: W.C.]

What that connect like? Nigga like three time felon  
Six-double-0-west nigga selling rich Ru-bellin'  
Throw it up, hold it up, guns bust fo' fingers up  
Two twisted in the middle with the thumb cuffed  
Chevy Nash and dippin the ass and king of the zaggin  
Fo'-fo' mackin and coat taggin  
Dub the hood phtanom I'm in a blue phantom  
In front of the club and valet, do for talk and mack 'em trick

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

What is it like, tossin' them hoes?  
And rollin' them fools on them vogues  
Flossin' them chains, we doin' big thangs  
And bustin' on punks at close range  
This the way us gangstas roll  
Sit back and watch as it unfolds  
Bitches and suckers stunt so cold  
This is the life we chose

[Verse 4: Mack 10]

Dope money and rapping shit I'm all with it  
And all I know is the street so that's how I spit it  
Chickenhawk see a bird, then I gotta get it  
So if ya hood come up short, then I probably did it  
And if lil' momma thick then I gotta hit it  
The trojan gotta be a magnum for me to fit it  
If it was sherm on a stick then I probably lit it  
The red beam is on your wig so I probably split it

[Verse 5: Ice Cube]

To all them bitches that think they bootylicious  
I think they nutritious - I think they do dishes  
I'm makin three wishes, or takin' they pictures  
And spendin' they riches and fuckin' they bitches  
Ego maniac - little homies call me brainiac  
Ice Cube's an asshole and it ain't an act  
So take a hit of that - and remember that  
Where my motherfuckin niggas and my bitches at?

[Verse 6: W.C.]

Tree-i-ick! I'm Dub-C, the rider with the clique

And like a dragon it's nathin' but fire when I spit  
And I can't shake these ghetto ways  
A street rich nigga eatin a bag of Lays  
And rubber bands and braids  
From the turf for the side, rings an ambulance  
Where we keep the pistols smoking just like Afghanistan  
It's gangsta the killa - the dope dealer  
Back for mo' figgas - so trick bow down and po' the liquor bitch

[Chorus x2]

[Mack 10 x2]

It's plain to see, you can't change me  
Cause I'ma be "Connected for Life"

[Outro: Mack 10]

Yeah!, West Connect gang for life  
Butch Cassidy, Mannie Fresh you a fool for this beat, boy  
Uh, uh, uh