

Mac

"Connected For Life (Feat. Ice Cube, W.C., Butch Ca"

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[Verse 1: Mack 10]

I jumped out the box like ready! set! go!
Check all my traps and dodge to Fedco
I'm all up in the mix like a fuckin collage
And out the garage, is a Bentley Arnage
With the brains blowed out, so the suns beeming
I got a jackers drooling and the hoes fiending
Since I'm Westside Connected I got a streets on hype
I got big deals, big scrills, big wheels, big pipes

[Verse 2: Ice Cube]

Twenty-inches roll - going get these hoes
ficky hoes - wanna I roll with my niggaros
Be a freak about it and I'm a see about it
Speak about it no bitch, I'm a 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.]

Where that connect right? Nigga three time felon
Six-double-0-west nigga selling rich roll delling
Throw it up, hold it up, guns bust- fo' fingas up
Two twised in the middle with the thumb tucked
Chevy mashin, dipping and assing, kin toda zaggin
Fo'-fo' magging and toe taggin
Dub the hood phantom in a blue van
Im front of the club- the valet dump a tall can of
magnum trick

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

What is it like? Tossing 'em hoes
And rolling on fools on Bremboes
Flossing 'em chain, we doing big thangs
And busting on punks at close range
This is the way us gangsta's roll
Sit back and watch as it unfolds
Snitchers and Scukas done so cold
Ahhh! 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 streets so that's how I spit it
Chickenhawk see a bird, I gotta get it
So if ya hood come up short then I'd probly did it
If lil momma thick then I gotta hit it
The trojan gotta be a magnum to me to fit it
If it was sherm on a stick then I'd probly lit it
The red beem was on your wig so I probly split it

[Verse 5: Ice Cube]

To all them bitches that think they bootylicious
I think they nutritious - I think they do dishes
I makin three wishes - I take 'em they pictures
And spit 'em they britches - I fuck 'em they bitches
Ego maniac - little homies call me brainiac
Ice Cube is an ass-hole it ain't it ain't an act
So take a hit at that - and remember that
Where my mothafuckin niggas and my triggas at?

[Verse 6: W.C.]

Britches I get I'm Dub-C, the rider with the clique
n like a dragon I snaked em on fire when I spit
I can't shake these ghetto ways
A street rich nigga eatin a bag of lays
with rubber bands and braids
From the turf for the sirenz and Neverlands
Where we keep pistols smoking like Afghanistan
It's gangsta the killa - the dope dealer
Backing for mo' figgas - so trick bow down n Po the
liquor bitch

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy] 2X

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And Rolling on fools on Bremboes
Flossing 'em chains, we doing big thangs
And busting on punks at close range
This is the ways us gangsta's roll
Sit back and watch us as it unfolds
Snithces and Suckas done so cold
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[Repeat 2X]

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

[Mack 10 {Talking}]

Yeah!, West Connect gang for life
Butch Cassidy, Manny Fresh you're a fool for this b-boy
Uh, uh, uh

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