

# Mac 10

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

Visit "[Connected For Life \(Feat. Ice Cube, W.C., Butch Ca\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 niggars  
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 aint 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

What is it like? Tossin 'em hoes  
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  
Ahhh! this is the life we chose

[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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