

# Mack 10

## "Connected For Life"

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Artist: Mack 10

Album: Bang or Ball

Title: Connected For Life

Feat. Ice Cube, W.C., Butch Cassidy

[Verse 1: Mack 10]

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

[Verse 2: Ice Cube]

Twenty-inches roll "goin' get these hoes  
Picky hoes - wanna roll with my Negroes  
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 - where the money pit?  
You broke ass niggas can't even stomach this

[Verse 3: W.C.]

What that connect like? Nigga three time felon.  
Six-double-0 West selling, rich, rebellin'.  
Throw it up; hold it up, guns bust, four fingers up,  
Two twisted in the middle with the thumb cuffed.  
Chevy mashin', dipping the ass n' killin' a zaggin.  
44' mag'n and toe tagging  
Dub the hood phantom and I'm in a blue phantom.  
In front of the club, I'm valet, dumpin' a tall can of  
magnum, trick.

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

What is it like? Tossing 'em hoes  
And rolling on fools on them fo's  
Flossing 'em chains, 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  
Bitches and suckas 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 streets, so this is how I spit it  
Chicken hawk see a bird, and I gotta get it  
So if ya hood come up short, then I'd probably did it  
And if your momma thick then I gotta hit it  
The Trojans gotta be a magnum for me to fit it  
If it's 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 make 'em three wishes - of takin' they pictures  
And spending they riches- I fuck 'em they bitches  
Ego-maniac, little homies call me brainiac  
Ice Cube is an ass-hole, and it ain't an act  
So take a hit of that - and remember that  
Where my motha-fuckin' niggas and my bitches at?

[Verse 6: W.C.]

Tr-i-ick I'm W.C, the rider of the clique.  
Like a dragon it's nothin' but fire when I spit  
And I can't shake these ghetto ways  
I street rich nigga eatin' a bag of lays  
Some rubber bands some braids  
From the turf for the sirens and ambulance  
Where we keep the pistols smoking like Afghanistan  
It's the gangsta, the killa, the dope dealer  
Back for more figgas-, so trick, bow down and pour the  
liquor, bitch!

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy] 2X

What is it like? Tossin 'em hos  
And rollin' on fools on them vogues  
Flossin' 'em chains, we doin' big thangs  
And busting on punks at close range  
This is the ways us gangsta's roll  
Sit back and watch as it unfolds  
Bitches 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'm a be Connected For Life

[Mack 10 {Talking }]

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

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