

Taproot

"Connected for Life"

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[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 skroll, 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] - repeat 2X

[Mack 10 - repeat 2X]

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

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