

Connected For Life (ft Ice Cube & WC)

Mack 10

I jumped out the blocks like ready! set! go!
Check all my traps and dodge the fair cold
I'm all about the mix like a fuckin collage
And out the garage, is the Bentley Onage
With the brains blowed out, so is the suns beeming
I got a jacket drooming and the hoes feeming
Since I'm Westside Connected I got a streets on hype
I got big deals, big squeels, big wheels, big pipes
Twenty-inches row - going get these hoes
Pinky hoes - when I roll with my negros
Be a freak about it and I'm a see about it
Speak about it, not 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
What that connect nigga like three times selling
Six-double-0-west nigga selling rich roll delling
Throw it up, hold it up, guns bust fo' fingas up
Two twisted in the middle with the thumb cuffed
Chevy Nash and dippin at ass and king of the zaggin
Fo'-fo' macking and coat tacking
Dub the hood and I'm in blue friend at 'em
Front up the club, I'm duolete, do for talk and mack 'em trick
What is it like? Tossing 'em hoes
And rolling on fools on them fo's
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 it as it unfolds
Bitches on suck us done so cold
Ahhh! this is the life we chose
Dope money and rapping shit I'm all with it
And all I know is streets is how I spit it
Chickenhawk see a bird, I gotta get it
So if ya hood come up sho', then I'd probably get it
If lil momma dick then I gotta hit it
The trojan gotta be a magnum for me to fit it
If you sherm on 'em stick then I'd probably lit it
The red beam is on your wig so I probably split it
To all them bitches that think they bootylicious
I think they new tricious - I think they do dishes
I make 'em three wishes - I take 'em 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 at that - and remember that
Where my motherfuckin niggas and my bitches at? Britches I get I'm Dub-C, the rider with the clique
Like a dragon it's nothin' but fire when I spit
And I can't shake these ghetto ways
A street rich nigga eatin a bag of Lays
And the rubber bands and brains
From the turf for the sirens and Neverlands
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 What is it like? Tossong 'em hoes
And Rolling on fools on them folks
Flossing 'em chain, we doing 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 on suck us done so cold
Ahhh! this is the life we chose What is it like? Tossong 'em hoes
And Rolling on fools on them folks
Flossing 'em chain, we doing 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 on suck us done so cold
Ahhh! this is the life we chose It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'ma be Connected For Life It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'ma be Connected For Life Yeah!, West Connect gang for life
Butch Cassidy, Manny Fresh you're a fool for this b-boy
Uh, uh, uh

Songwriters

Rolison, Dedrick D'Mon / Thomas, B. / Jackson, O'Shea / Calhoun, William, Jr. Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>