

# Connected For Life

## 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 gararge, 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  
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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

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