Foe Life

DJ Screw

Mack 10, you know y'all rule hip hop, man
Ice Cube, you know y'all rule hip hop, man
Mack 10, you know y'all rule hip hop, man, wait a minute
They know how the West coast rock, niggaMack 10, nutty as they come, leave 'em face down
And numb from the waist down
It's a Sunday, a gun day, rollin' down a one way
In my 'lac front and back over train tracksOn yak and herb, nigga, swerve, it gets on my nerves
banked my Danas on the curb
In the gutta lane, I'm butta man, foot to the flo'
What you want from the sto'I'm broke as a muthafucka nigga, buy my single
Comin' from Ingle is my jingle
Seen yo' bitch at the sto' coulda took her
But niggas start to handcuff they hoes like T.J. HookerFool I'ma vet you can bet
That I can dance underwater and not get wet
It's the nappy headed nigga that can kill and rap
Everybody run when I bust a cap, puttin' Inglewood up on the map
Look at what I do when I pulls my strapBust two rounds and nigga's about to clown
Bitch, hit the silent alarm it's goin' downFoe life, foe life
Mack 10 comin' through the hood with stripes
Foe life, foe life
Mack 10 comin' through the hood with stripesKhaki suit, ski mask is my attire
With my luck cut my chucks on the barbed wire
Fool, where ya keep the rims and tires
'Fo yo' life expires, I'm as nutty as Michael MyersDidn't think about the Rottweiler
A lot of stitches in the ass, blood in the Impala
Sittin' in the County with a gold record
Ice Cube send me pictures of bitches nakedCaught with a contraband in my hand
Mack 10, take the stand, your Honor, I'ma changed man
So please, let me go so I can flow
Got a show had to ask my P.O. "Can I go?"And if he say no, I'ma have to say
Bitch, get out the car slow and leave ya fuckin' dough
'Cause a nigga gotta eat, fuck the world
Let the bullets hurl and feed my baby girlFoe life, foe life
Mack 10 comin' through the hood with stripes
Foe life, foe life
Mack 10 comin' through the hood with stripesCall 911, there's a son of a bitch on the roof
Yarned up in his birthday suit
Mack 10 to the rescue
My momma wanna know why I do what I do'Cause I'm superman, superbad, supermad

Superfly, fool you can die
There's gonna be a lot of cars with they lights on
And I'm at home sewing stripes onCause I'm the General and you's a stowaway
About to buck you down with this throw away
With no serial number it's the summer
Where niggas die, it's hotter than JulyYou better stay low fo you get a halo
Plus wings and a gown when I come around
So take 10 paces and try to guess
The color of my shoelacesFoe life, foe life
Mack 10 comin' through the hood with stripes
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