

Foe Life (explicit) (feat. Ice Cube)

Mack 10

Verse 1

Mack 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 tracks
On yak and herb nigga swerve
it get's 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 (Foe Life) is my jingle
Seen yo' bitch at the sto' coulda took her
but niggas start to handcuff they hoes like T.J. Hooker
Fool 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 pull my strap
Bust 2 rounds nigga about to clown
bitch hit the silent alarm it's goin' down

Chorus

Foe life foe life
Mack 10 comin' through the hood with stripes
(Repeat)

Verse 2

Khacki 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 Myers
Didn't think about the Rottweiler
a lot of stiches in the ass
blood in the Impala
Sittin' in the County with a gold record
Ice Cube send me pictures of bitches naked
caught 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 girl

Chorus

Verse 3

Call 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 superb bad 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 on
Cause I'm the General and you's a stowaway
'bout to buck you down with this throw away
with no serial number it's the summer
where niggas die
It's hotter than July
You 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 shoelaces

Chorus with ad libs 'til end

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>