

## Connected For Life

Mack 10

I jumped out the blocks like ready, set, go  
Check all my traps and dodge to Fedco  
I'm all up in the mix like a fuckin' collage  
And out the garage, is a Bentley Arnage

With the brains blowed out, so the suns beamin'  
I got a jackers droolin' and the hoes fiendin'  
And since I'm Westside Connected I got a streets on hype  
I got big deals, big scrills, big wheels, big pipes

Twenty inches roll, going get these hoes  
Ficky hoes, wanna I roll with my niggars  
Be a freak about it and I'm a see about it  
Speak about it no bitch, I'm a be about it

Who want some of this, West runnin' 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

Where that connect right? Nigga three time felon  
Six-double-0-west nigga sellin' rich roll dellin'  
Throw it up, hold it up, guns bust- fo' fingas up  
Two twisted in the middle with the thumb tucked

Chevy mashin', dippin' and assin', kin toda zaggin'  
Fo'-fo' maggin' and toe taggin'  
Dub the hood phantom in a blue van  
I'm front of the club- the valet dump a tall can of magnum trick

What is it like? Tossin' 'em hoes  
And rollin' on fools on Bremboes  
Flossin' 'em chain, we doing big thangs  
And bustin' on punks at close range

This is the way us gangsta's roll  
Sit back and watch as it unfolds  
Bitches and suckas done so cold  
Ahh, this is the life we chose

Dope money and rappin' shit I'm all with it  
And all I know is the streets so thats how I spit it  
Chickenhawk see a bird, I gotta get it  
So if ya hood come up short then I'd probly did it

If 'lil momma thick then I gotta hit it  
The Trojan gotta be a Magnum to me to fit it  
If it was sherm on a stick then I'd probly lit it  
The red beem was on your wig so I probly split it

To all them bitches that think they bootylicious  
I think they nutritious, I think they do dishes  
I makin three wishes, I take 'em they pictures  
And spit 'em they britches, I fuck 'em they bitches

Ego maniac, little homies call me brainiac  
Ice Cube is an ass-hole and it ain't, it ain't an act

So take a hit at that and remember that  
Where my mothafuckin' niggas and my triggas at?

Britches I get I'm Dub-C, the rider with the clique  
'N like a dragon I snaked em on fire when I spit  
I can't shake these ghetto ways  
A street rich nigga eatin a bag of lays  
With rubber bands and braids

From the turf for the sirenz and Neverlands  
Where we keep pistols smokin, like Afghanistan  
It's gangsta the killa, the dope dealer  
Backin' for mo' figgas, so trick bow down 'n po the liquor bitch

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It's plain to see, you can't change me  
'Cause I'ma be connected for life  
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Yeah, West Connect gang for life  
Butch Cassidy, Manny Fresh  
You're a fool for this -boy  
Uh, uh, uh