

# Foe Life

## Mack 10 & Ice Cube

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  
ChorusVerse 3Call 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 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 shoelacesChorus with ad libs 'til end  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>