

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/>