

## Weeping Willows

### "U Know the Rules"

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[Tony Touch]

Well it's the alley cat, puffin on a hoody mack  
Some say I'm a titere, but yo I ain't all of that  
Hit you wit a baseball bat if you try to ill though  
Fuck around you get bucked on the hill bro  
Mr. Tony Toca, rollin wit the joker  
East L.A. to Bushwick, cosa nostra  
Bring it to you bitch ass clicks like we supposed  
Cypress Hill in full effect wit the mota  
Ain't nuthin changed but the date, so fuck wit jake  
Expect me to cut the cake, it's much to late  
I'm takin it all, send you to the back of the line  
Breakin you off, watchin you react to the rhyme  
Me packin the nine, nah that's a whole other game  
Cuz if I'm forced to pull out, I'mma blow out ya brain  
Yo, what we feel, never go wit the grain  
It's Tony Touch and B-Real still goin insane

[Chorus 2X]

Mi Vida Loca, get blast  
Money moves, you snooze you loose  
Punk nigga, you know the rules  
We strike first, we hit hard, no regard  
And move weight, international, state to state

[B-Real]

Maginifico, here we go, me and Tony Toca  
My name ain't Ricky but I'm livin the vida loca  
Serial rhyme killa, the paper spinner  
Eatin the pussy sup, havin you for dinner  
Like a fur tinner, makin you loose it over the years like  
a winner  
I can't abuse like a picketer, I send it a flow, control  
temper  
We into the party, wit bounce and yo go get ya  
All this other shit don't really matter  
I'd rather be open your grave, relivin my bladder  
Ain't nothin sadder, the Mad Hatter  
Make a fine cheddar, keep climbin the ladder  
You try follow after, I'm sorry to shatter your dream  
Splatter your spleens, scatter your teams

Bad as it seems, niggas will follow the beam  
Money cream, funny things, happen when you runnin  
things

[Chorus 2X]

[B-Real]

Time to put a little pressure, but the addresser  
You get no lesser, microphone finesser  
Rhymes go like pressure, and listen never  
Whether you gather to go, never become richer  
Keep the punk nigga bitch up  
Pain change like a woman ass switch up  
You rhyme on the mic like you ate a dick up  
Mouth full, blown talk, not to hiccup  
Pick up your brain off the ground wit the vacuum  
cleaner  
Life's a bitch like Elliott Misdemeanor  
I have you ass up wit the sharp cleaver, thru the  
receiver  
Spot it like rhyme weaver, follow the leader  
Shit's off the fuckin meter, drum beater  
Side reader, while we puffin the cold 'hebba

[Chorus .6X]

[Tony Touch]

Yeah Mr. Cocotasso, hit you wit a baso  
Say hello to my little friend, posa caso  
Tato, now that's all she wrote  
Muthafuckas think I fell for the okie doke  
But you can quote me loke, cuz the joke's on you  
Soul Assassins in the house, you better hold on to  
Now you can watch these rap niggas just roll on  
through  
Or you can get up and get involved it's on you  
U know the rules

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