

Tracy Byrd F/ Dawn Sears

"Playing By the Rules"

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Get Low Playa, San Francisco, California, home is
Fillmoe
Crooked cats, our neighborhood jacks, bare facts
We back, got scratch, no scratch, broke flat
Abidin' by the rules, survivin' not to lose the game
played
Hustlers stayin' paid, hit the cuts doin' raids
Snitches is viscous, talkin' bout the guidelines
Slidin' down the side sidelines being blocked by the
rollers
Hold up, hold on, it's crucial in the drug zone with
different mugs on
Gangstas, hustlers, playas
Must us deal with bustas causin' ruckus for the come
up?
Violatin', I'm just statin', by the regulations you really
should be playin'
Instead of fakin', man, that's real hatin'
Then we gettin' only the perpatratin'

Chorus:

I refuse to lose, I paid dues in the game
And won't nuthin' change

Takin' tricks on worldwide trips ain't my M.O.
Fame came back from demos
When I first enkindled with baby boo's with new shoes
New doo's and spandex dresses
All in the Hunter's Point section of the city
Pretty momma lookin' proper
But she walkin', tennis shoes talkin'
Often cats stay scratched cuz they have no other
leisure
Time but to trust in a skeezer
Not every lady, but I know a few diggers
Who dealt with niggas cuz of they figures, and stripped
'em clean
With the 17 heat to the cheek, don' t speak
Caught with a leak, drippin', lay it down
Folks is broke and playin' round
Jokin', get fooled not knowin' the rules

Everything ain't cool cuz you got a piece
Put away with ya own tool, now you deceased
Learn the rules

CHORUS

Haters stop hatin', playas keep playin'
The hustle goes on, paper flows long
My grip's so strong I cannot let go of ghetto activities,
robberies and
mobbin' deep
Big Caddie's 93, now what you tellin' me?
Envy has you plannin' on spillin' me
Once a close comrade, blew bomb sacs together
Now it's mortal combat, you down for whatever?
Switchin' outta jealousy, smilin' but backstabbin'
Mack assassinatin' over the skills I be havin'
Conversatin' with these hoodrats, should stack your
paper
Saltshaker, woof, the broad taker, wannabe gangsta
Gossipin', followin' crowds, breakin' rules, way foul
It ain't my style to be dealin' with chumps
Only deal with the real scrill, put the real raps over real
funk

CHORUS

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