

Biggie "Ten Crack Commandments"

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One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine

Uhh, it's the ten crack commandments
What, uhh, uhh
Nigga can't tell me nothin' 'bout this coke, uh, huh
Can't tell me nothin' 'bout this crack, this weed
To my hustlin' niggaz
Niggaz on the corner, I ain't forget you niggaz
My triple beam niggaz, word up

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine
Ten

I been in this game for years, it made me a animal
It's rules to this shit, I wrote me a manual
A step by step booklet for you to get
Your game on track, not your wig pushed back
Rule numbre uno, never let no one know
How much, dough you hold, 'cuz you know
The cheddar breed jealousy 'specially
If that man fucked up, get your ass stuck up

Number two, never let 'em know your next move
Don't you know Bad Boys move in silence or violence
Take it from your highness
(Uh, huh)
I done squeezed mad clips at these cats
For they bricks and chips
Number three, never trust nobody
Your moms'll set that ass up, properly gassed up

Hoodie to mask up, shit, for that fast buck
She be layin' in the bushes to light that ass up
Number four, know you heard this before
Never get high on your own supply
Number five, never sell no crack where you rest at
I don't care if they want a ounce, tell 'em bounce
Number six, that goddamn credit, dead it
You think a crackhead payin' you back, shit forget it

Seven, this rule is so underrated
Keep your family and business completely seperated

Money and blood don't mix like two dicks and no bitch
Find yourself in serious shit
Number eight, never keep no weight on you
Them cats that squeeze your guns can hold jobs too
Number nine shoulda been number one to me
If you ain't gettin' bags stay the fuck from police
(Uh, huh)

If niggaz think you snitchin', ain't tryin' listen
They be sittin in your kitchen, waitin' to start hittin'
Number ten, a strong word called consignment
Strictly for live men, not for freshmen
If you ain't got the clientele say hell no
'Cuz they gon want they money rain sleet hail snow
Follow these rules, you'll have mad bread to break up
If not, twenty-four years on the wake up

Slug hit your temple, watch your frame shake up
Caretaker did your makeup, when you pass
Your girl fucked my man Jake up, heard in three weeks
She sniffed a whole half of cake up
Heard she suck a good dick and can hook a steak up
Gotta go, gotta go, more pies to bake up, word up, uhh

Crack king, Frank Blizzard
Uhh

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Ten

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