

Biggie Smalls

"Ten Crack Commandments"

Visit "[Ten Crack Commandments](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chuck D) 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

(Chuck D) 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 numero uno: never let no one know
how much, dough you hold, cause 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 no-bo-dy
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 god damn 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
Cause 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

(Chuck D) One two three four five six seven eight nine
Ten

Visit [Biggie Smalls](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.