

Jerk

"Rules Of The Game"

Visit "[Rules Of The Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Manish Man)

[JD]

Uhuh, uh, yo

Uhuh, uh yo

See around here

How many things can make y'all bounce you-know-im-sayin?

Left to right, right to left

Uh, it's so so def

And uh, yo, let it go

[Chorus: Manish Man]

Rule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese

Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they knees

Number three, come down with your strap-on strap-on
Niggas love to hate, so get your cap-on cap-on

[Manish Man]

One for my niggas aint down for hoes

Free drinks for my niggas stayin crunk throwin bows

Its ya boy Manish Man in this bitch

Niggas love to hate, hoes jock cause I'm gettin rich

Keep my mind on my fetti just to let you know

Strapped with rocks, reds, and camera's in my black fo'fo

On the east-side nigga tryin to get me some paper

Lythonia, Stone Mountain, all over Decatur

These hoes be lovin the player, Jason calling me baby

But fuck that, I rather trot these hoes are too damn shady

Look I don't need a bitch, I'm ridin down for me

And fuck a gang of niggas, see I'm a soldier G

And aint another nigga, who got more got game than me

You need to check yo shit, because it's lame to me

Since 91 been payin the cost, to be the boss

Got no time to floss, because the game's throwed off

[Chorus]

[Manish Man]

Number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they
knees
Number three, don't forget to put ya strap on ya side
Nigga who ride who ride

[JD]

Uh, South-side, South-side
If anybody know bout paper-chasing it's me
Playboy J to the, E-N-D
Steady showin niggas how we do it down south
Steady ridin shit that aint even came out
In the club, VIP is where you find me at
Private planes, ice chains, I don't know how to act
Every city, got me somethin pretty keep em on they
back
"If I aint a hot boy then what do you call that"
If it's my shit, off the top you can tell
Cranberry, pineapple, four bottles of bale
Cats that play sports, rap fresh from jail
Hoes in packs, screamin out ATL
See I'm the type of nigga that was built for cash
Drive me and droppin puttin down a smash
Knowin nothing in life, but how to make these hits
Get paper, spit game in, pull me a bitch

[Chorus]

[Manish Man]

Rule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they
knees
Number three, don't forget to put the strap on ya side
Nigga who ride who ride, East-side, East-side
Fuck these hoes, fuck these snitches
Down south niggas, chop twenty-inches
Fuck these snitches, and fuck these hoes
Four TV screen's, big chevy four do's
Niggas best believe imma represent
Hardcore niggas gettin dead presidents
Where the real niggas went, imma let you know
Lay back with the strap, and they aint found no mo'
These lil niggas trippin, all that hollarin-screamin
I know yo momma saw dick, she should've swallowed
that semen
Now I'm drivin through your block, red hot like a demon
Cock it back, all you see is the beam from my demon
And it aint no ping ping nigga, black-eye black-eye
No respect for the game, you better watch-out watch-

out
Got this shit on lock, and now you locked-out locked-
out
All that hate on a playa, gone get you knocked-out
knocked-out

[Chorus]

[Manish Man]

Rule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they
knees
Number three, don't forget to put the strap on ya side
Nigga who ride who ride, East-side, East-side

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