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## La The Darkman "Gun Rule"

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Yo, yo, yo Once, once again Know what I'm saying?

**MotoLyrics** 

Darkman stay on the street with a tool For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools

Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes Middle week, Michigan brand rap and gun rule

Me and my man contemplating on these future operations For night clubs, two four shit packed like cases I'm nineteen paid young can only get better Got cheese in the war trying to be enormous cheddar Fuck a Fugees sweater, stay Wu-Wear fly polo Pepe jeans new boots kid labeled in solo Rolled my dolo, killed from the east Me and Reef left them twenty hour stole four bricks 100 G's

Twenty-five a piece straight in they mind, that's what it's like

Peace to my man Ted who got hit on New Jersey's turnpike

I send a kite, wit a hundred in your money order Hol' it down in your cage see you back at headquarters Everything is fine, LA blow spots like land mines Do the knowledge as I pick seven deadly signs From the glock that'll make city streets boom dock

The industry is calling me like Cookie wit' rocks And I can't stop, cocoa plants grow in large crops Darkman east coast hip hop pad lock I'm determined to kill the mic like Jews and Germans Shoot a shell through your chest and leave your ribcage burnin'

While you smiling I got forty-five to life on Rapper's Island

4 9 5 0 7, what you dialing, fight faster pushing up deluxe Dutch master

Enter my potential of script it might flash you Wit' impact, of a two hundred pound wind See you chased by Wu-wolves wit' no way to escape Do it from the mouth, crush bones 'cuz this is my house And I'm prejudice give Mark Clayman like whiteys down south

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Aiyyo, I'm hungry like 3 lions starving in a crack house Wid guns galore taking Jakes to war Don't challenge the score from here to Van Couver I stand wit' this Lex Luger stashed in the Couger Going through you like needles from Phd's On any demon, drunken wit' 41 thieves Crack fiends, drug dealers and killers run the block 3 thieves wid' binoculars surveillance to drop

A credit dot, a little Nookie got hit wid' a shot From a 4-4 calibre government glock in front of the shop

Equivalent to gun galleries, I better keep the eye locked

Show and prove I'm doing G's trying to teach these 100 Gs

If I hol' nines I freaked it

To getting all this money is a ancient Chinese secret The liquid, LA can sit down like a precinct I'm flippin' on you MC's for no fucking reason

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Yeah, you know what time it is Gun rules, you know what I'm sayin'? Yo, word up, yo, yo

I spent about 20 G's on weed as I proceed To grow up fill my weight 100 G's Stacking loot, known to kept blood on my boots Trapacane burning blazing outta fifth hundred coupes So what you stupe?, I freezin' ya blind to sub-zero And kept all devil killers like Robert Shapiro The LA brings action packed heat like De Niro I'm ancient in this rap, shit king like a Pharaoh A terror, terminatin' false niggas style Kill a man, and his woman, MC and his child Shit is wild, I hold niggas hostage like Riker's Isle Gotta deceptive, murderous money gettin' smile I'm the judge while you on trial supreme, Killa Bee A serpent LA can bite the whole industry

Motherfucker, stay on the streets with a tool For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools

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Triple darkness, dad Sing-sing

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