

LAW

"Street Rules"

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[Mad Skillz]

Yeah

Yo this go out to everybody, just doin what they gotta do

Knowhat!msayin? To get that cream, knahmean?

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

The streets don't care who you are

And those who fake jacks son they never get far

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, where I reside fake niggaz run and hide (what?)

The streets be wicked, keep that biscuit by yo' side

What the fuck? Who the next crew to get run amuck?

It's all real over here, on the streets you get stuck

for fakin jacks don't max cause the block stay hot

Watch your back for the jeal' niggaz tryin to get what you got (true)

Count your dough slow, never flash your ends

Always keep a stash spot and never make new friends

Commit your sins (right) confess on your own time kid

Never think that you too nice to do a fuckin bid

Don't nobody but you wanna see, you gettin bigger (uh-huh)

So for every loyal nigga (what?) it's two spoiled niggaz (true)

Midnight to six cliques pullin sweet vicks (uhh)

Fulfullin cream dreams, takin niggaz out the mix

Nine-pound locked down by you and yo' crew

But watch yo' back nigga (why?) because the streets don't have to

[Chorus] - 2X

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, fuck gettin high, I need high dough

And when you high all you seein is yo' money movin slow

So scratch the itch, don't slip and don't snitch

Leavin? C'mon, this ain't "Superfly" bitch

Ask black, the kid with the wide-body Ac'

Put a freeze on your cheese and you're workin 'til he
stack
Nuff bills to chill, sniff lines and shit
'til some niggaz hit crib on some tec-9 shit
I numb gums like coke when you take a taste
You in the wrong motherfuckin place tryin to be
Scarface
Niggaz be schemin and slippin on Henny demon
Tryin to outlast the next ass, cash got him fiendin
to rock on the wrong blocks and don't know the tactics
In God we trust, mad deep like Sounds of Blackness
Locked in the rule of no sharin, it might seem
I'm selfish but I'm for delf I can't spend whipped cream

[Chorus] - 2X

[Mad Skillz]

Break it down
The man is so hot niggaz is catchin suntans
Makin plans to jam after they bag up this next gram
Brothers gettin laced, I caught a new case
But if they want me, they got to kill me twice like
Screwface
Excess players I got no time for rest man
Keep that dough flowin, motherFUCK owin the next man
Neighborhood villain, hoodie glock no smile
When I see you it's gon' be, executioner style
What nigga? Check the stee', yeah you know how it get
Out here some ol' (?) Columbian blindfold shit (true)
Dou-ble go to club chill drink holder (uhh)
Discrete down to low cabbage gettin street soldiers
(hah)
Duckin guys 'til heads recognize the real
Lettin lead fly, but instead I maintain and chill (uh-huh)
You know the deal, kids get ill don't sleep
You get your card pulled quick fuckin around in these
streets

[Chorus] - 4X

Yeah, you know how we do
Big shout to everybody
I ain't mad at ya, do your thing, y'knahmean?
Northside, Southside, Eastern, Western
Niggaz gotta win

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