

Lord Finesse "Rules We Live By (Feat. Fat Joe And Armageddon)"

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F/ Armageaddon, Fat Joe

* 2003 Fat Beats Records version

[Fat Joe]

What

What

Yeah

Diggin' In The Crates

Terror Squad

We the best at this

Everybody stealin our style, stealin our flows

Stealin our beats

Feedin off of us

All these fake rappers in the rap game

So-called rappers

What

[CHORUS: Armageaddon (2X)]

Yo, real niggas use what they pull out, hold up, start a
shoot out

Black out, cool out, then they back out

Daily routine, stompin fiends in they spleen, no shorts

Ill like Chinatown gangsters, extort the sea port

[VERSE 1: Armageaddon]

Aluminum-crush a coco, rockin stolen gold of Africa

Ill, dressed to kill, a Navy massacre

United Nations-sized slinky Benz, lookin like
ambassadors

King off a roundtable, Glock 9 as calibers

Kidnap a senator, free the Rikers Islanders

Tell a Sicilian he got nigga in his blood, no jive

Terror Squad possessed by the souls of dead

Comanche tribes

Scalp em, scrape em and rape em, repossess Plymouth
Rock

Mnage trois with gogo bitches twice to split on my cock

Fire spark the hydro, burn a bush without the pyro

Blessed be the only saint I know exist in the Bible

What if God was one of us, downin mo' liqor and dust

A stranger sellin drugs duckin TNT bust
Comin through like an army of nigga rocker gorilla men
Terror Squad legacy live the next millennium
Iron curtain-styled tanks, gruesome shit that make
mother faint
That ain't no color paint, (?)
New York electrocute, Mississippi don't shoot
Tie his neck to a maple, hang him, strange fruit

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: Lord Finesse]

I be the all eye seeing (no doubt) supreme being
Nigga geein, playin celo, rollin demons
Forever schemin, I make it hot like Phoenix
A street genius, never thinks with his penis
I be the meanest, authentic, afrocentric
In it to win it, I don't talk it, I represent it
The sky's the limit, from the beginning to the ending
Can't knock the hustle especially when the next man's
winnin
If money makes the world go round I have it spinnin
Chillin in linen, keepin it real, no pretendin
Never-endin, mind-bendin, stay aimin
I don't player-hate, I simply make others just quit playin
Know what I'm sayin, I'm out to get stacks
I hit chicks with the dick that make dykes wanna switch
back
Can you dig that, you got game, money, lounge
I pull bitches like cars (How's that?) No money down

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Fat Joe]

You better slide or catch this homicide
Ain't no match for Joey Crack, I'm blowin backs out the
other side
Brothers died and mothers cried at wakes
These are the breaks, Kurtis-Blow your head off like
jake
So take heed and read between the lines
Ain't no geein mines, player-haters never wanna see
me shine
Up in the Range or in the Lex Coupe
Rockin a fresh suit with dress shoes on my way to let's
booze
Let's choose what life you rather live
On the streets stabbin kids or livin mad sweet in lavish
cribs
Fix marriages for my kids, six carats on my whiz
Exotic talkin parrots on my wrist

It ain't shit but sex, money and drugs
True thugs bust slugs and pack bodies and bust
What the fuck, Joey Crack twist your cap back
Leave your heart rate flat once Terror Squad attacks

[CHORUS]

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