

## Mtume

### "Ten Crack Commandments"

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(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 nombre 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"

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