

Crime Mob

"Rules of Engagment"

Visit "[Rules of Engagment](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

scratching One two, one two
For those who do not know, once again
For those who do not know, once again
(yo, check it yo)

[J-Live]

Aiyyo it's somethin' like a twilight zone epic
Rookies in the hall of fame vets gettin' hazed
Has the world gone crazed?
Like, fatal flesh wounds when you just got grazed or
Walkin' up and point blank shot from a twelve guage
There's no respect for the rules of engagement
Producers know nothin' of arrangement
Emcees with five figure deals and never got up on the
stage yet
Knowin' that they styles haven't properly aged yet
Consider these, casualties in the war between art and
industry
Fought in the streets, so nobody sells out in vain
It just makes us work harder, on these dope rhymes
and beats
Knowin' either side ever admits defeat
And screams treason at the first sign of retreat
It's like a never endin' struggle in this box of chocolates
It show that even though you got flavor ain't nothin'
sweet

Hook:

For those who do not know, once again
For those who do not know, once again

[Esoteric]

Eighty nine was the time that I started catchin' wreck
I had my hair in steps with a fresh pair of sweats
They were rules to abide by, you couldn't slide by
Rappin' in tye-dye claimin' that you sci-fi
But nowadays people clap even if you're wack
No wonder everybody wants to rap
These underground cats think they're down
They don't know a damn thing

These rock dudes tryna rap cause they can't sing
You don't shoot a gun before, learnin' how to use it
Ya don't shoot ya mouth off before learnin' the music
I stay fly, the rules still apply

Bridge: *scratching of the line*
"let me tell you the reason why"
"Wanna know why, I'll tell ya why"
"Because of my vocals"
"I told y'all here they come now"
"Now let me hear my man..."

[Count Bass D]
First give it up to God he the head of my life
Blessed are the peace thought makers
The freight burners the paint hoffers
The old school jungle green users
The stop cap rockers, the S-P trunk haters
Beat's so hot use a tong not my tongue it speaks
impurity
Fuck Debbie, plus in blood like Carrie
They're all gonna laugh at you
I know why Donny did a swan dive off the Essex
Ya claim inspiration, but still can't play shit
Talkin' bout you workin' on a symphony
And can't even play the tympani
Walls of asbestos filled with the best dust
Power station of the connection the wizard of Oz
Mixmaster nuff weed deejay pound cake
The brick mason, prime minister V.C. Burn L
Now what is my moniker?, come late like Hanukkah
Johnny come lately, sometimes still crave-sty
Pac Man go ank-bank, stang like Cuba
More pickups than Hoover, more run than Suba
The funky dope maneuver, my field is holy
New duva, shook in Judah
Who the fuck wanna test me?
Captain Kenny Clark Gillespy, hold the vest B
We gon't throw some hands in this section
Uhh it's like that, Count Bass...

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