

Mc Eiht

"Rule #1"

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Gyeah...Gyeah...Gyeah
Gyeah...C.M.W. nigga
1/2 Oz.
And that's gangsta
We gon' break it down for ya'll
Lil' lesson for ya'll
Check it out

(Verse 1)

Niggas recognize the game that I spit
Tales from tha street on some gangsta shit
Ms. phat bootie bitches with money to get
We git the money and leave the pussy wet
It's a very thin line between bangin and robbin
Big difference from small change to big-timin
I've been down for 12 years, still spittin my flow
Still in the CPT, still fuckin a hoe
Still mentality "kill at will"
Still C.M.W., nigga Eiht and Chill
Fuck around and get your cap peeled, that's low
Then back to the hood while the pistol smoke
I ain't no joke, ya'll best remember
I keeps heat nigga all thru december
If your body still cold then you must be dead
You shoulda listen to the words I said

(chorus)

Rule #1 -hey- get money
Get a ride with switches, fuck a gang of bitches
Rule #1 -hey- don't get caught
If the One-Time swoop then it's all your fault
Rule #1, watch your enemies, friend
Cause they'll be the ones fuckin you in the end
Rule #1, that's just what we go thru
I'ma break it down, nigga just for you

(Verse 2)

Night time must be the right time
Don't get caught pullin a damn crime
Cause that'll have your ass in some shit
Probably stuck, you can't fuck with it

From the bottom to the top, rag drops with cops
Try to (??) so my car could stop
And girl stash the bud' in your bra'
And don't get nervous, here comes the law
You know the routine, car must be clean
T-shirt and dub cap with some bling-bling
Yes, they saw the black face with a red bone bitch
Must be ghetto bitch, caught me hit in a switch
Damn, I thought we was back in the old days
Seemin that the ones is back to they old ways
Stick and I'ma get stacked, run in them old place
Like in the East Side keeps it John Blaze

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Who's that bangin and creepin while I'ma sleepin
Try to set up this thing and light me up for the weekend
Damn shame, game done did a 360
Hammer girl turned a bitch and done switched like
Missy (Elliot)
No progress just a serious test
To become an MC and try to fuck the rest
Have my bill fold, too phat to close
Had a thug nigga shot down all my shows
Industry (??) got me lookin for cheques
In this green leaf hustle on the block with tax
My mission is to get it
Automatic with the automatic
Kick back with no static
In the land of the lost, pay the serious cost
Thug niggas loose they life, hoe-bitches get tossed
One-Times claim the boss, handle this scandalous
Try to send niggas to harassin laws
Gyeah...

(Chorus)

Break-it-down...
...1/2 Oz. takin over shit for the millenium...
...C.M.W...Gyeah...

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