

Hopkins Lightning

"The Rules"

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[Intro: P.R. Terrorist]

Yeah, Tera Iz Him, the Ramadan, yeah
Here it come...

[P.R. Terrorist]

Aiyo, I stay in hostility, make sure y'all crab niggas be
feelin' me

Unload your clip, I'm Teflon Don, it ain't no killin' me
I'm on the block, 1 A.M., coppin' a felony

The raw way, on Broad Street in broad day

Display my sword play, like a Broadway play left in the
doorway

Half cocked, your gun didn't jam, you had it on lock
Should've learned, how to work that shit, before you
shot at the

Career criminal, burners tucked near my testicle

Identical, g sag off my ass ready to finish you

For fuckin' up, not sayin' your shots would've hit me

Cuz your ass is too shook, and your trigger finger is
shifty

If I go, the whole world go, you comin' with me

Nasty taste, dirt on my face, gun on my waist

Make a shooting range out of the place, about face

Crime capital, givin' ya'll niggas somethin' to clap to

Return of the Six Man Wettin', held at the chapel

Incarcerated, mentally shackled, they wanna trap you

Dust you off, dumped in the ocean, the sharks attack
you

Left alone in a dark room, my mic grapple

Just a sample of what I can do on the L.P.

My C.D., a hologram picture visionin' 3D

You see me on the streets in 2G, that means they clone
me

The devil tried, but I rebel, he wanna own me

Don't say peace, your ass is confused, you're fuckin'
phony

You're analog, my catalog's digital, like a Sony sound
system

I hit 'em and twist 'em, then dismiss 'em

Terrorist, expedition, new jack, play your position

[Chorus 2X: P.R. Terrorist]

The moves niggas make, the rules niggas break
The lives niggas take, your lives are at stake
Wit plans to expand, we rise just like a cake
Be wise, look deep in to the eyes and tell a snake

[Hook 2X: Chi Chi]

The moves, the moves, niggas make
The rules, the rules, niggas break
The lives, the lives, that they take
Their lives, their lives, are at stake

[P.R. Terrorist]

Yo, I'm like The Last Man Standing, pawn, weld in the
cannon
He's exhausted, explainin' to me, I shouldn't have
forced it
You're damn right, that's why I left you hot in your pipe
Rookie cadets, all upset, tryin' to vanish my stripes
It's get me hype, just the thought of them, tryna take
my life
Then run North, vacate the sight, like a thief in the
night
It's kinda sickening, thinkin' of your self as the victim
That's why I'm standin' here, niggas in suds and blood
drippin'
Rarely confused, cuz I ain't got Nothing to Lose
I seen cats crippled and dead, cuz friends that they
choose
Broadcastin' live on the ten o'clock news
Anyway, who's to say, it can't happen to you?
But you a thug, wit a color, or a crew tattoo
All the same, when the barrel of flames pointed at you
Hollow points'll leave double jointed, and black and
blue
When the scar heal up, and you got no cousin Phillip
And your other man got hit, can't feel from his waist up
In a wheelchair, gettin' wheeled around
All because, he didn't know how to react when he heard
the sound
These are the rules...

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Chi Chi]

The moves, the moves, niggas make
Those rules, those rules, niggas break
The moves, the moves, those rules, those rules...

