

Chris Howland

"I Know the Rule"

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Verse one

I blow'em over wit the club scene
try don, for my nine thousand thugs
in the clubs, that love green, one step
behind Hussin, dogs the don, me and I'm
well bomb on ya kind, like Vietnam
against all odds, get cha Benz or rocks
me and kada, go against all fog
dog from jeerz, infotrate all herds
my last words, who gone blast and serve
they told me never say never, but I never stay alive
hold me, look in my eyes, say I'm never gonna die
blast pass, ya half ass, staff like Casses Clay
pass the tray, pound gripped wit the satin
pistol packin' fresh out of jail, I ain't goin' back
release me to the care, of my heartless strap
hung over from Hennessy, wit a menace in Tennessee
to creep like, burglars heraldin' all you suckas in the
industry

Chorus

I know the rules, you all tryin' to change'em
cuz, you a star, wit ya video models you be frontin'
at the bar, me and my thugs in back, sippin Yack
relax, tat it down, jus dyin' to go out wit macks

I know the rules, you all tryin' to change'em
cuz, you a star, wit ya video hoes you be frontin'
at the bar, me and my thugs in back, sippin Yack
relax, tat it down, jus dyin' to go out wit macks

Verse two

It get's hectic yall, switch the rules
get cha tools, my motor for runnin' down cuz
ya bitch inproved, reelected as any, as respected
outlaw glocks, got it locked, wit all these blocks
connected
from the east to the west, back home wit tha vest
seen it all and still ball, a dog you can't impress
cores ya soul, wit this gold mic molest
when I blow'em ain't nothin' less, drinkin' in front of ?

don't get prayed over and laid, picked from bein'
pounded
tha 41. wit the quick flip speed rounded, clothes you
identify
bitch made niggaz, I got a point
I'm out ta minimize, down goes ya squad and ya C.E.O,
to
step in the streets, steadily infectin' ya crew
he betta act, or get smacked, wit the ten mack two

Chorus

Verse three

Secerts of war, we bust if we must plus
and handle business, when you jealous playas
fuck wit us, turn the party out
soon as they whip the lime beocardy out
it's all we out, been up all night, when the guards be
out
call me out, picture perfect life, when I live it
run ya part of town like Emmitt, only five minutes in it
Militant minded, combined wit a sentence
all you fake thug niggas, ya crimes ain't constant
even po-nine, they give me mine from a distant
my chain dangle, hold the Henny on a strange angle
aim and bang you, who the fuck you tryin' run ya game
to
it's crunch time, I'm servin'em when it's lunch time
give me mines, stealin' ya hoe, and I'll throw just one
rhyme
yall niggas squealin', my thuggs is still dealin'
got niggas hittin' the ceilin', on them fiffty story
buildings
clack back the strap, give me that wit the equipment

Chorus

To all my thuggs, all around the muthafuckin' county
nation
world wide, keep on sittin' in the back, wit that Yack
keepin' it real, yall know who it go downnnnnnnn
Fatal dog once again, for my outlaw niggas
keep it comin', none muthafuckin' stop
Kadafi rest in peace, my nigga 'pac rest in peace

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