

Die Roten Rosen

"The Rule"

Visit "[The Rule](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah yeah..
Terrorists, Killa-Arm..
Yeah, my squad..
What the deal? ..
Killa Sin, Shogun the Assassin (you know my team)
4th Disciple, 9th Prince, Beretta 9 (yeah)
Islord, yo.. yo..

[Dom Pachino]
What's the deal black man? What's that in ya hand?
Whattcha tryna sell us? That supposed to be a gram?
Understand; I'm through with the white shit
Now I write shit, go in the booth and recite shit
Hype shit, uhh, tight shit, dynamite shit
Make Benjamin Franklin, wanna fly a kite shit
Write shit everytime I recite shit
Ignite shit, make the sun shine bright and shit
Explosive, have ya best friend notice I'm potent
So nasty, that ya mom dukes wouldn't condone it
Automatic, no static, like a digital component
The mic; I boned it, love love and then disowned it
I'm back, Peurto Rican man from the stack
It's just an island but put my whole team on the map
We universal, geographical the beat is hurtin you
Closin in, on ya weak ass, made for a certain few
Who know, look, listen, observe, and understand Wu
Damn you, ignorant nigga, I have to can you
Lift you, from the earth crust, then bodyslam you
Keep playin with the cards you was dealt, cuz life's a
gamble

[Polite]
Aiyyo the only thing we promised in this life is death
So I'ma die for some get high, or one in my chest
Stay icey no matter what block I'm on
See me hoppin out the whip with my boxers on
I'm a part time rapper, full time criminal
Get rid of you, robbin you cats is like a ritual
I'm here now, niggaz ain't servin me
Better tryna murder me, cuz y'all can't handle me
verbally

Threat to society, got the feds eye on me
Blood's gon' shed if you faggots keep tryin me
It's war dick, throw the four in ya dawg's face
And blow the feathers out his motherfuckin Northface
Nigga more money more problems
Fuck that nigga, more money, more revolvers
And I pop off nigga, don't tempt or push me
You are what you eat, in other words - pussy!

[Hook]

Aiyyo the rules don't change in the game, only the
faces
Tied up, niggaz get found in strange places
Bust shots, dodgin the cops and fed's agents
Bodies get recover in lots and dark basements
Rules don't change in the game, only the faces
Tied up, niggaz get found in strange places
Bust shots, dodgin the cops and fed's agents
Bodies get recover in lots and dark basements

[Killa Sin]

Live wire brigade, razorblade attire, we raid
Space invade, blazin haze before we sever the stage
I'm never afraid, mainly concerned of others outcome
Like (?) the block sales, we put 'em in ya mouth son
What we not about, one - games not excuses
Further reference, tighten up the loosen for steppin
Keep ya mind on ya money, not mine, nuttin funny
No smiles, leave you sunny side up, nose runny
Not snot neither, ER screen, we got a bleeder
Doc need a mop, to clean up the spot when the receive
ya
Not a hardrock, but a rockhard, and niggaz love that
You see me in the streets, it's all love, I give the love
back

[Hook]

Visit [Die Roten Rosen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.