

B.I.G. Notorious

"Ten Crack Commandments"

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Chuck D) "One two three four five six seven eight nine"

Uhh it's the ten crack commandments

What uhh uhh

Nigga can't tell me nothin bout this coke uh huh

Can't tell me nothin bout this crack this weed

To my hustlin niggaz

Niggaz on the corner I ain't forget you niggaz

My triple beam niggaz word up

(Chuck D) "One two three four five six seven eight nine"

"TEN"

I been in this game for years, it made me a animal

It's rules to this shit, I wrote me a manual

A step by step booklet for you to get

your game on track, not your wig pushed back

Rule nombre uno: never let no one know

how much, dough you hold, cause you know

The cheddar breed jealousy 'specially

if that man fucked up, get your ass stuck up

Number two: never let em know your next move

Don't you know Bad Boys move in silence or violence

Take it from your highness (uh-huh)

I done squeezed mad clips at these cats for they bricks
and chips

Number three: never trust no-bo-dy

Your moms'll set that ass up, properly gassed up

Hoodie to mask up, shit, for that fast buck

she be layin in the bushes to light that ass up

Number four: know you heard this before

Never get high, on your own supply

Number five: never sell no crack where you rest at

I don't care if they want a ounce, tell em bounce

Number six: that god damn credit, dead it

You think a crackhead payin you back, shit forget it

Seven: this rule is so underrated

Keep your family and business completely seperated

Money and blood don't mix like two dicks and no bitch

Find yourself in serious shit

Number eight: never keep no weight on you

Them cats that squeeze your guns can hold jobs too

Number nine shoulda been number one to me

If you ain't gettin bags stay the fuck from police (uh-
huh)

If niggaz think you snitchin ain't tryin listen

They be sittin in your kitchen, waitin to start hittin

Number ten: a strong word called consignment

Strictly for live men, not for freshmen

If you ain't got the clientele say hell no

Cause they gon want they money rain sleet hail snow
Follow these rules you'll have mad bread to break up
If not, twenty-four years, on the wake up
Slug hit your temple, watch your frame shake up
Caretaker did your makeup, when you pass
Your girl fucked my man Jake up, heard in three weeks
she sniffed a whole half of cake up
Heard she suck a good dick, and can hook a steak up
Gotta go gotta go, more pasta bake up, word up, uhh
Crack king, Frank Blizzard
Uhh
(Chuck D) "One two three four five six seven eight nine"
"Ten

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