

Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul

"Rules & Regulations"

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[E-40]

My killers don't take out dopefiends, my killers take out factors

My killers ain't even from out here dude

My killers some out-of-town freelancers

Professional henchmen with yellow hoppers up under they belt

Broccolis up under they belt

A gang of silent murder beefs up under they belt

"Forty, there go that nigga

that sold you that half-a-cake last week on the set"

You mean that soap for that synthetic dope

that ripped me, that shit that was wet kid?

Don't even look over there, act like we ain't trippin

Within the next few days, potnah came up missin

See a lot of these niggaz bitch up

and crack under pressure when it's time they facin

Get to bumpin they gums, rollin over

breakin the rules and regulations

Wild nigga not stickin to the script

and get the jacket put on yo' ass for life

What jacket? Batch, this jacket:

That reliable source, that rat, the head of mice

That's why we can't be talkin and bein all careless on these phones

I know technology now

allows po'-po' to look inside walls and see inside homes

I know all I was tryin to do

is buy my little daughter a brand new pair of Jordans

That's important, but you gotta remember

to stay one step ahead of the law enforcement

Be short with all of yo' shit

Keep yo' business to yourself and don't get sloppy

Talkin pig-latin keep you employed

Sizzoldiers with choppers and walkie-tizznalkies

Call on yo' ass, have wisdom, use your brain

Auction off yo' assets nigga, sell yo' trophies, sell yo'

Mustang

You know what that bring? Ching ching

Playa potnah motherfucker dude that's some mail

Convertible top, black on black interior exterior
He gon' be worth about twelve
Talkin about you was savin it for your little nephew to
scatter
Nigga don't you know anything over 20 years old is a
classic?

Regulation #1: keep yo' business to yo' lonesome
Regulation #2: make sure the product you carry is
wholesome
Regulation #3: make yo' cheese, never eat it
Regulation #4: never put yo' trust in a hoe
(The rules and regulations)

Chorus: E-40 (repeat 4X)

These are the things you need to know (The rules and
regulations)

[E-40]

Uhh, you're 'posed to, you're 'posed to
play that damn game like it's supposed to be plinayed
Always keep a bucket full of battery acid
to throw yo' dope in just in case they raid
That way they can't prosecute your residence
cause you done been already got rid of all the
evidence
Tryin to get a BUCK -- a BUCK?
A soup pot, a blender and a measurin cup
In my section eight apartment COMPLEX
Messy MATTRESS, and dirty CARPETS
"Nephew, did you get my message?"
Yeah I got yo' message; you told me to clean up behind
myself
and scrape the residue up off the edges
"What else?" Always look over my headrest and my
rearview zone
cause triffin be skanless and the skanless might try to
follow me home
Never tell a motherfucker what time you gon' cop or
come back through
Throw they ass off a bit - come back within the next day
or two
I don't need no cowards, just warriors on my team
I don't sell coke no more dude, I sell mescaline

Regulation #5: when it's a drop nigga park yo' feet
Regulation #6: fuck 12 and a box (?) (?) street
Regulation #7: don't take yo' business to where you
livin
Regulation #8: keep yo' heat but fly straight

(The rules and regulations)

Chorus

[E-40]

BLAOW, pushin numbers on the dial-tone
Took a swig of my 40 but I forgot I had the cap still on
Look to my left and ask, honey for a light
She looked at me and said, baby you alright?
I said I'm cool, but ain't this shit supposed to relax us?
Fired up a Newport, but I accidentally lit it backwards
For some strange reason I had a feelin
that that hood-hoe bitch was sneaky
Come to find out this bitch done laced my weed and
slipped me a mickey
Now I'm feelin sweaty..
Eyelids gettin heavy..
Stomach feelin queasy.. {*YAWWWWN*}
All of a sudden, now I'm slee-py
Woke up naked, slowly regainin my memory
Well where did they find you? Around the corner from
Applebee
Over there by Costco, right there off the freeway
Admiral Callahan Lane, yeah! Right next door to
Safeway
Stripped me clean, got me for some G's
Set me up, stole my car keys
Guess that's the consequences when you sellin that D
Shit, next time I bet I take my drink to the bathroom with
me

Regulation #9: check in those that get out of line
Regulation #10: don't sell yo' soul if you hit the pen
Regulation #11: keep yo' hooptie hot and revvin
Regulation #12: keep enough to pay your lawyer mail
(The rules and regulations)

Chorus

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