

Special Ed "Rukus"

Visit "[Rukus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the...
(shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!) -->
method man

I break pens, make ends
Fake friends smile up
While I rip a style up
But I know the real ones
Who steal guns
And jooks to crooks, c-k-l-y-n
See, they be dyin
Daily, rarely do they make it to the news
New suit, no shoes, no clues
I mind my business, you better mind yours
I'm steppin to jaws
So get the gores for the cause
Laws ain't made for a nigga, pid tax-free
So they wanna find out where the cracks be
So they run up, gun up, wanna touch us
They must be lookin for the rukus

(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the...)
(shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!) -->
method man

[verse 2]

Now I'm back on the block stuck
Shit outta luck
I need some dead men, they keep me alive in '95
Gotta eat, got a street, let's pump it
Blow that shit up like a trumpet
No doubt, baby, maybe when they be thinkin
Shit is dead, we split his head, hit his crib
Yo, fuck that, my nigga big I just did his bid
We need a steady flow, ready-go, get the ifth
Let me hit the spliff, let's do this

Yo, tell em who dis, the rudest
Like a nudist I got no shame
I put the flame to your perimeter claim
Fuck po-po, I smoke em like cocoa
In fronto pronto
As I go on to
The next order of business
I'm sellin crissness over bridges
National, unrational, yet everything works out
Every hour on the hour, another bag of flour
I got the kryptonite that'll take away your power

(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the...)
(shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!) -->
method man

[verse 3]
They wanna put me in a institution
For distribution, solution
Prostitution - trick
D's wanna seize ki's, ease off the brick
My brother caught a body, but the rap won't stick
They want names, people play games like poker
I got the joker and the ace, the smoker in the waist
Under fire cook the cocoa to the base
Easy money, bee's honey, sweet, brick city street
Cold flip with the whole strip, deep
Gettin z's yet I never sleep
I be up, I re-up, and then I transact
My man's packed, I do too
So if they don't shoot you, then I will
So you die still
Either way I take your breather away
So I guess you better leave away
This ? ? ? or get the clapper
I know how to make muthafuckas scatter

(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)
(here come the...)
(shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!) -->
method man

Visit [Special Ed](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.