

**Diesel Johnny****"The Rule"**

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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]  
Aiiyo 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  
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[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]

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