

Tony Touch

"U Know The Rules (Mi Vida Loca)"

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Well, it's the alley cat, puffin' on a hoody mack
Some say I'm a titere, but yo I ain't all of that
Hit you wit a baseball bat if you try to ill though
Fuck around you get bucked on the hill bro

Mr. Tony Toca, rollin' wit the joker
East L.A. to Bushwick, Cosa Nostra
Bring it to you bitch ass clicks like we supposed
Cypress Hill in full effect wit the mota

Ain't nuthin' changed but the date, so fuck wit Jake
Expect me to cut the cake, it's much too late
I'm takin' it all, send you to the back of the line
Breakin' you off, watchin' you react to the rhyme

Me packin' the nine, nah that's a whole other game
'Cuz if I'm forced to pull out, I'mma blow out ya brain
Yo, what we feel, never go wit the grain
It's Tony Touch and B-Real still goin' insane

Mi Vida Loca, get blast
Money moves, you snooze you loose
Punk nigga, you know the rules
We strike first, we hit hard, no regard
And move weight, international, state to state

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Maginifico, here we go, me and Tony Toca
My name ain't Ricky but I'm livin' the vida loca
Serial rhyme killa, the paper spinner
Eatin' the pussy sup, havin' you for dinner

Like a fur tinner, makin' you loose it over the years like
a winner
I can't abuse like a picketer, I send it a flow, control
temper
We into the party, wit bounce and yo go get ya

All this other shit don't really matter

I'd rather be open your grave, relivin' my bladder
Ain't nothin' sadder, the Mad Hatter
Make a fine cheddar, keep climbin' the ladder
You try follow after, I'm sorry to shatter your dream

Splatter your spleens, scatter your teams
Bad as it seems, niggas will follow the beam
Money cream, funny things, happen when you runnin'
things

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Time to put a little pressure, but the addresser
You get no lesser, microphone finesser
Rhymes go like pressure, and listen never
Whether you gather to go, never become richer

Keep the punk nigga bitch up
Pain change like a woman ass switch up
You rhyme on the mic like you ate a dick up
Mouth full, blown talk, not to hiccup

Pick up your brain off the ground wit the vacuum
cleaner
Life's a bitch like Elliott Misdemeanor
I have you ass up wit the sharp cleaver, thru the
receiver
Spot it like rhyme weaver, follow the leader
Shit's off the fuckin' meter, drum beater
Side reader, while we puffin' the cold 'hebbba

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Yeah, Mr. Cocotasso, hit you wit a baso
Say hello to my little friend, posa caso
Tato, now that's all she wrote
Muthafuckas think I fell for the okie doke

But you can quote me loke, 'cuz the joke's on you
Soul Assassins in the house, you better hold on to
Now you can watch these rap niggas just roll on
through
Or you can get up and get involved, it's on you
U know the rules

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