

Rules & Regulations

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 number 1
Keep yo' business to yo' lonesome
Regulation number 2
Make sure the product you carry is wholesome
Regulation number 3

Make yo' cheese, never eat it
 Regulation number 4
 Never put yo' trust in a hoe
 (The rules and regulations)These are the things you need to know
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 (The rules and regulations)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
 'Cuz 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' cupIn 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'Cuz triflin' 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 mescalineRegulation number 5
 When it's a drop nigga park yo' feet
 Regulation number 6
 Fuck 12 and a box [unverified] [unverified] street
 Regulation number 7
 Don't take yo' business to where you livin'
 Regulation number 8
 Keep yo' heat but fly straight
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 (The rules and regulations)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
All of a sudden, now I'm sleepy
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 number 9
Check in those that get out of line
Regulation number 10
Don't sell yo' soul if you hit the pen
Regulation number 11
Keep yo' hooptie hot and revvin
Regulation number 12
Keep enough to pay your lawyer mail
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