Rules Of The Game

Brazilian Girls

Yo, yo, see around here
How many things can make y'all bounce
You know wha I'm sayin'?
Left to right, right to left, it's So So Def
An' yo, let it goRule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
Number two, keep these motherfuckin' hoes on they knees
Number three, come down with your strap-on, strap-on
Niggas love to hate, so get your cap on, cap onOne for my niggas, ain't none for hoes
Free drinks for my niggas stayin' crunk, throwin' bows
It's ya boy' Manish Man in this bitch
Niggas love to hate, hoes jock 'cause I'm gettin' richKeep my mind on my fetti just to let you know
Strapped with rocks, [Incomprehensible] an' cameras in my black fo'-fo'
On the east-side, nigga, tryin' to get me some paper
Lythonia, Stone Mountain, all over DecaturThese hoes be lovin' the player, chasin', callin' me 'Baby'
But fuck that, I rather trot, these hoes are too damn shady
Look, I don't need a bitch, I'm ridin' down for me
An' fuck a gang of niggas, see, I'm a soldier GAn' ain't another nigga who got more got game than me
You need to check yo' shit because it's lame to me
Since '91 been payin' the cost to be the boss
Got no time to floss because the game's throwed offRule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
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Number two, keep these motherfuckin' hoes on they knees
Number three, don't forget to put ya strap on ya side
Nigga, who ride, who ride? South side, South sideIf anybody know 'bout paper chasin', it's me
Playboy J to the, E N D
Steady showin' niggas how we do it down south
Steady ridin' shit that ain't even came outIn the club, VIP is where you find me at
Private planes, ice chains, I don't know how to act
Every city got me somethin' pretty, keep 'em on they back
If I ain't a hot boy then what do you call thatIf it's my shit off the top, you can tell
Cranberry, pineapple, four bottles of Bale
Cats that play sports, rap fresh from jail
Hoes in packs, screamin' out, ATLSee, I'm the type of nigga that was built for cash
Drive me an' droppin', puttin' down a smash
Knowin' nothin' in life but how to make these hits
Get paper, spit game in, pull me a bitchRule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
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Nigga, who ride, who ride? East side, East sideFuck these hoes, fuck these snitches
Down south niggas, chop twenty-inches
Fuck these snitches an' fuck these hoes
Four TV screen's, big Chevy, four doorsNiggas best believe I'mma represent
Hardcore niggas gettin' dead presidents
Where the real niggas went? I'mma let you know
Lay back with the strap an' they ain't found no mo'These lil' niggas trippin', all that hollarin', screamin'
I know yo' momma saw dick, she should've swallowed that semen
Now I'm drivin' through your block, red hot like a demon
Cock it back, all you see is the beam from my demonAnd it ain't no ping ping nigga, black eye, black eye
No respect for the game, you better watch out, watch out
Got this shit on lock an' now you locked out, locked out
All that hate on a playa gon' get you knocked out, knocked outRule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
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