

8 Rulez (Remix) ft. Big Shasta

Lil' Flip

It's the 8 rulez on the streets
You live by this, you won't get holed up1, never let a nigga know yo business
2, always start what you finish
3, stay on yo note, don't slip
4, be careful 'cause these streets are a trip5, always keep a glock in yo whip
6, real niggaz stick to the script
7, don't slang crack where you stay
8, just don't do it, okay?In my hood all you see is dope fiends an' dope dealers
Rats an' roaches, police an' 4 wheelers
[Incomprehensible], pawn shops, liquor stores
30 year old men, chillin', drinkin' [Incomprehensible]Stop signs, but don't nobody ever stop
It's ten groups in my hood, but don't nobody drop
Plus the block is hot an' this dope game cold
Through rain, sleet or snow, birds gotta get soldBirds get sold, I stand an' watch the game unfold
Thing gets low, I told my connect right in the snow
They exchanged the dough, leave the scene wit no clue
4 words you gotta remember, 'Don't break the rules'Use your tools, it's kinda like you move, you loose
If you don't fuck wit me, I ain't fuckin' wit you
Check the game 'til you see my weapon aim
Nigga, I ain't a rookie I'm a veteran, mayne1, never let a nigga know yo business
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8, just don't do it, okay?Hustle for yo whip, stack Benjamins
Buy a cookie cutter, whip it, ship it, then I'm in the wind
Back to home base, I'm on a paper chase
I'm not a case catcher, so I can't catch a caseMoney on my mind an' how am I gonna get it
I dress like I'm broke, but I'm really runnin' the city
Bricks turn into crumbs, gallons turn into ones
Drugs, violence, distributin' narcotics usin' gunsMoney, cash, hoes, swangin' glass folds
Get the dough, pay the bills, man, that's all I know
Hustlers never sleep an' sleepers never hustle
Down on the interstate with a brick in my mufflerKeep it on a low 'cause niggas be snitchin'
They'll do anythin', so they won't see prison
Man, you never know, yo brother could be a snitch
A month later, now you got Undercovers shakin' yo pissI'm off the block, somebody better call the cops
I'm haulin' rocks, somebody better call the doc

I'm shippin' an' handlin', when I'm not chicken dismantlin'
The family don't feed me, I feed the family1, never let a nigga know yo business
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Songwriters

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