

# Gun Rule

## La the Darkman

Yo, yo, yo  
Once, once again  
Know what I'm saying? Darkman stay on the street with a tool  
For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools  
Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes  
Middle week, Michigan brand rap and gun rule Me and my man contemplating on these future operations  
For night clubs, two four shit packed like cases  
I'm nineteen paid young can only get better  
Got cheese in the war trying to be enormous cheddar  
Fuck a Fugees sweater, stay Wu-Wear fly polo  
Pepe jeans new boots kid labeled in solo  
Rolled my dolo, killed from the east  
Me and Reef left them twenty hour stole four bricks 100 G's Twenty-five a piece straight in they mind, that's  
what it's like  
Peace to my man Ted who got hit on New Jersey's turnpike  
I send a kite, wit a hundred in your money order  
Hol' it down in your cage see you back at headquarters  
Everything is fine, LA blow spots like land mines  
Do the knowledge as I pick seven deadly signs  
From the glock that'll make city streets boom dock The industry is calling me like Cookie wit' rocks  
And I can't stop, cocoa plants grow in large crops  
Darkman east coast hip hop pad lock  
I'm determined to kill the mic like Jews and Germans  
Shoot a shell through your chest and leave your rib-cage burnin'  
While you smiling I got forty-five to life on Rapper's Island 4 9 5 0 7, what you dialing, fight faster pushing up  
deluxe Dutch master  
Enter my potential of script it might flash you  
Wit' impact, of a two hundred pound wind  
See you chased by Wu-wolves wit' no way to escape  
Do it from the mouth, crush bones 'cuz this is my house  
And I'm prejudice give Mark Clayman like whiteys down south Darkman, stay on the streets with a tool  
For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools  
Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes  
Middle week, Michigan brand rap and gun rule Aiiyyo, I'm hungry like 3 lions starving in a crack house  
Wid guns galore taking Jakes to war  
Don't challenge the score from here to Van Couver  
I stand wit' this Lex Luger stashed in the Cougar  
Going through you like needles from Phd's  
On any demon, drunken wit' 41 thieves

Crack fiends, drug dealers and killers run the block  
3 thieves wid' binoculars surveillance to drop A credit dot, a little Nookie got hit wid' a shot  
From a 4-4 calibre government glock in front of the shop  
Equivalent to gun galleries, I better keep the eye locked  
Show and prove I'm doing G's trying to teach these 100 Gs  
If I hol' nines I freaked it  
To getting all this money is a ancient Chinese secret  
The liquid, LA can sit down like a precinct  
I'm flippin' on you MC's for no fucking reason Darkman, stay on the streets with a tool  
For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools  
Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes  
Middle week, Michigan brand rap, gun rule Yeah, you know what time it is  
Gun rules, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Yo, word up, yo, yo I spent about 20 G's on weed as I proceed  
To grow up fill my weight 100 G's  
Stacking loot, known to kept blood on my boots  
Trapacane burning blazing outta fifth hundred coupes  
So what you stupe?, I freezin' ya blind to sub-zero  
And kept all devil killers like Robert Shapiro  
The LA brings action packed heat like De Niro I'm ancient in this rap, shit king like a Pharaoh  
A terror, terminatin' false niggas style  
Kill a man, and his woman, MC and his child  
Shit is wild, I hold niggas hostage like Riker's Isle  
Gotta deceptive, murderous money gettin' smile  
I'm the judge while you on trial supreme, Killa Bee  
A serpent LA can bite the whole industry Motherfucker, stay on the streets with a tool  
For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools  
Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes  
Middle week, Michigan brand rap, gun rule, gun rule Darkman, stay on the streets with a tool  
For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools  
Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes  
Middle week, Michigan brand rap, gun rule Triple darkness, dad  
Sing-sing

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