

# Street Rules

## Mad Skillz

Yeah, yo this go out to everybody, just doin' what they gotta do  
KnowwhatI'msayin'? To get that cream, knahmean?The streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far  
The streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get farYo, where I reside fake niggaz run and hide  
The streets be wicked, keep that biscuit by yo' side  
What the fuck? Who the next crew to get run amuck?  
It's all real over here, on the streets you get stuckFor fakin' jacks don't max 'cause the block stay hot  
Watch your back for the jeal' niggaz tryin' to get what you got  
Count your dough slow, never flash your ends  
Always keep a stash spot and never make new friendsCommit your sins, confess on your own time kid  
Never think that you too nice to do a fuckin' bid  
Don't nobody but you wanna see, you gettin' bigger  
So for every loyal nigga it's two spoiled niggazMidnight to six cliques pullin' sweet vicks  
Fulfullin' cream dreams, takin' niggaz out the mix  
Nine-pound locked down by you and yo' crew  
But watch yo' back nigga because the streets don't have toThe streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far  
The streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get farYo, fuck gettin' high, I need high dough  
And when you high all you seein' is yo' money movin' slow  
So scratch the itch, don't slip and don't snitch  
Leavin', C'mon, this ain't Superfly bitchAsk black, the kid with the wide-body Ac  
Put a freeze on your cheese and you're workin' till he stack  
'Nuff bills to chill, sniff lines and shit  
Till some niggaz hit crib on some tec-9 shitI numb gums like coke when you take a taste  
You in the wrong motherfuckin' place tryin' to be Scarface  
Niggaz be schemin' and slippin' on Henny demon  
Tryin' to outlast the next ass, cash got him fiendin'To rock on the wrong blocks and don't know the tactics  
In God we trust, mad deep like Sounds of Blackness  
Locked in the rule of no sharin', it might seem  
I'm selfish but I'm for delf I can't spend whipped creamThe streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far  
The streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get farBreak it down, the man is so hot niggaz is catchin' suntans  
Makin' plans to jam after they bag up this next gram  
Brothers gettin' laced, I caught a new case  
But if they want me, they got to kill me twice like ScrewfaceExcess players I got no time for rest man  
Keep that dough flowin', motherfuck owin' the next man

Neighborhood villain, hoodie glock no smile  
When I see you it's gon' be, executioner style  
What nigga? Check the stee', yeah you know how it get  
Out here some ol' [Unverified] Columbian blindfold shit  
Double go to club chill drink holder  
Discrete down to low cabbage gettin' street soldiers  
Duckin' guys till heads recognize the real  
Lettin' lead fly but instead I maintain and chill  
You know the deal, kids get ill don't sleep  
You get your card pulled quick fuckin' around in these streets  
The streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far  
The streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far  
Yeah, you know how we do big shout to everybody  
I ain't mad at ya, do your thing, y'knahmean?  
Northside, Southside, Eastern, Western  
Niggaz gotta win

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