

# Rules

## Vinny West

Rule one, never fuck a thug bitch  
A thug bitch be the same as a slut bitch  
Gang you up then they might fall in love bitch  
Leave you stuck now you lookin like a dumb bitch  
Rule two, you needa get you money up  
It's like rule one but acting funny huh?  
Test her, see if faster money come  
If she ain't bringing in the funds find another one  
Rule three, stop flexing on the gram, stop dmming me those dumbass scams  
We ain't hommies, we ain't partners, we ain't fam  
Free my nigga [?] out the motherfucking jam  
Rule four, stop buying all em' chains  
get yo momma outta debt make it rain  
Put her in a house, in a car, anything  
We do it to get money, money nigga fuck the fame  
Rule five, never tell lies  
If you gon ride for a nigga, better slide  
My enemies your enemies, never switch sides  
Never fill a [?] that's a [?] in disguise  
Rule six, don't trust shit  
Don't even trust your main hommie or a bitch  
Money change everything that shit hella sick  
Keep a player all the time so you won't get bit  
Rule seven, you better run it up  
If any nigga run your fade you better squabble up  
It's 2018 you better keep that thang tucked [?] be quick to run it up  
Rule eight, never turn fake  
Keep everything silent, remain straight  
Be a man, better take her on a date  
At the end of the night, put that thang in my face

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>