

# 8 Rulez (Remix) (featuring 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  
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?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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