Ten Crack Commandments

Notorious B.i.g.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine
It's the ten *** commandments, what
N**** can't tell me nothin' 'bout this ***
Can't tell me nothin' 'bout this ***, this ***To my hustlin' ***
*** on the corner I ain't forget you ***
My triple beam ***, word up
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, tenI been in this game for years, it made me a animal
It's rules to this s***, I wrote me a manual
A step by step booklet for you to get
Your game on track, not your wig pushed backRule number uno, never let no one know
How much, dough you hold, 'cause you know
The cheddar breed jealousy 'specially
If that man *** up, get your *** stuck upNumber two, never let 'em know your next move
Don't you know Bad Boys move in silence or violence
Take it from your highness
I done squeezed mad clips at these cats for they bricks and chipsNumber three, never trust nobody
Your moms'll set that *** up, properly gassed up
Hoodie to mask up, s***, for that fast buck
She be layin' in the bushes to light that *** upNumber four, know you heard this before
Never get high on your own supply
Number five, never sell no *** where you rest at
I don't care if they want a ounce, tell 'em bounceNumber six, that God*** credit, dig it
You think a *** head payin' you back, *** forget it
Seven, this rule is so underrated
Keep your family and business completely separatedMoney and blood don't mix like two *** and no ***
Find yourself in serious s***
Number eight, never keep no weight on you
Them cats that squeeze your *** can hold jobs tooNumber nine, shoulda been number one to me
If you ain't gettin' bags stay the f*** from police
If niggaz think you snitchin' ain't tryin' listen
They be sittin' in your kitchen, waitin' to start hittin'Number ten, a strong word called consignment
Strictly for live men, not for freshmen
If you ain't got the clientele say hell no
'Cause they gon' want they money rain, sleet, hail, snowFollow these rules, you'll have mad bread to break up
If not, twenty-four years, on the wake up
Slug hit your temple, watch your frame shake up
Caretaker did your makeup, when you passYour girl *** my man Jake up, heard in three weeks
She sniffed a whole half of cake up
Heard she suck a good *** and can hook a steak up

Gotta go, gotta go, more pots to bake up, word up*** king, Frank Whi'zza
One, two, three, four, five
One, two, three, four, five
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten

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