Ten Crack Commandments

The Notorious B.I.G.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

It's the ten crack commandments, what?
Nigga can't tell me nothing about this coke
Can't tell me nothing about this crack, this weed, my hustlin' niggas
Niggas on the corner I ain't forget you niggas, my triple beam niggas

I've been in this game for years, it made me an animal
It's rules to this shit, I wrote me a manual
A step-by-step booklet for you to get
Your game on track, not your wig pushed back
Rule Number Uno, never let no one know
How much dough you hold cause you know
The cheddar breed jealousy 'specially
If that man fucked up, get yo' ass stuck up
Number 2, never let 'em know your next move
Don't you know Bad Boys move in silence and violence?
Take it from your highness
I done squeezed mad clips at these cats for their bricks and chips
Number 3, never trust no-bo-dy
Your moms'll set that ass up, properly gassed up
Hoodied and masked up, shit, for that fast buck
She be laying in the bushes to light that ass up
Number 4, I know you heard this before
Never get high on your own supply
Number 5, never sell no crack where you rest at
I don't care if they want a ounce, tell 'em bounce!
Number 6, that goddamn credit? Dead it
You think a crackhead paying you back, shit forget it!
7, this rule is so underrated
Keep your family and business completely separated
Money and blood don't mix like 2 dicks and no bitch
Find yourself in serious shit
Number 8, never keep no weight on you!
Them cats that squeeze your guns can hold jums too
Number 9 shoulda been Number 1 to me,
If you ain't gettin' bagged stay the fuck from police
If niggas think you snitchin' they ain't trying to listen
They be sittin' in your kitchen, waiting to start hittin'

Number 10, 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 snow
Follow these rules you'll have mad bread to break up
If not, 24 years on the wake up
Slug hit your temple, watch your frame shake up
Caretaker did your makeup, when you passed
Your girl fucked my man Jake up, heard in three weeks
She sniffed a whole half of cake up
Heard she suck a good dick, and can hook a steak up
Gotta go gotta go, more pies to bake up, word up

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by JONES, KIMBERLY/WALLACE, CHRISTOPHER/COMBS, SEAN PUFFY/JORDAN, STEPHEN K./MASON, BARBARA
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/