Rules

VoicePlay

All you hoes, be cryin' for these bitches
All you niggaz, be cryin' for these hoes
Both hands clusty, pullin' out gats
Double barreled, blew off the burner kinda dusty
We back don't test, bring it to 'em proper, potnah
Comin' from the thirty-six chamber
Math, let the plate spin
Many brothers y'all be sparkin'
Stray shots, all on the block that stays hot
If ya fuck with Wu, we gots ta fuck witchu
Who the fuck knocked our buildings down?
Who the man behind the World Trade massacres
Step up now
Where the four planes at huh is you insane bitch?
Fly that shit over my hood and get blown to bits
No disrespect, that's where I rest my head
I understand you gotta rest yours true
Nigga my people's dead
America, together we stand, divided we fall
Mr. Bush sit down, I'm in charge of the war
Yes yes y'all, the INS bless y'all
Stop hearts like cholesterol, let's brawl
Never fall, tear it down like a wreckin' ball
Role call where my niggaz that's one for all
And all for one, we draw the guns on impulse
Cash in the envelope, spend it on kinfolk
Then smoke a ounce as we count mills
Providin' you pure ecstasy without pills
Y'all know the rules, we don't fuck with fools man
How the fuck did we get so cool man?
Never ever disrespect my crew
If ya fuck with Wu we gots ta fuck witchu
Y'all dogs better guard ya grills, it's all real
We live from it, it's the God I-Reelz
Yo' wonderful, spark the blillz
Let me build with the people for the mills
I'm rollin' with the Rebel I-Ill from Killa Hill
Peace to Brownsville
Brothers that'll kill for the will of the righteous

Twenty-five to lifers, true and livin' snipers
You wait like "Sixth Sense" 'til hard to kill
How you livin' Street Life? I'm surrounded by criminals
Serial killers tote guns without the serial

High-tech, street intellect, all digital
Project original, sheisty individual
New York's bravest, always supply you with the latest
We hall of famers, and still hit you with the greatest
Took a year hiatus, now you wanna hate us
Thanks to all you haters for all the cream you made us
Y'all know the rules, we don't fuck with fools man
How the fuck did we get so cool man?
Never ever disrespect my crew
If ya fuck with Wu we gots ta fuck witchu
Sendin' letters to China, my cousin in Wendy's on Viacom
At home, it's worth money, I adorns
Order drinks, all real niggaz order your minks yo
We got the fit teds on, lookin' all fink
Daddy everybody get money from now on
Payday flash Visas livin' like, Easter e'ryday
Don't fuck Benz, rather a 430
That shit that float through water, eyeball come up
Drop birdies yo
We can eat right, or we can clap these toys
I'm with Street Life, ain't never been a Backstreet Boy
Who y'all kiddin' tryin' to act like my shoe fittin'
Confused with ya head up yo' ass like who's shittin'
It's Hot Nixon, same team same position
Battin' average three-five-seven and still hittin'
Y'all still bitchin', still lame and still chicken
I'm still here, one leg missin' and still kickin'
'Cause I'm hard, hard like a criminal
Love like a tennis shoe, throw slug to finish you
It's the Method Man, for short Mr. Meth
I can tell this motherfucker ain't Wu, look at his neck
Comin' from the thirty-six chamber
Bring it to 'em proper, potnah
It's Wu-Tang, rushin' yo' gang, crushin' the game
Pretty thugs, clutchin' they chain, hand cuppin' they thang
Who gets strange, gassed up playin' with flames
Let a nigga take off his shades, see what I'm sayin' is
Y'all know the rules, we don't fuck with fools man
How the fuck did we get so cool man?
Never ever disrespect my crew

If ya fuck with Wu we gots ta fuck witchu
Nigga

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