

E-40, Rules & Regulations

[E-40]

My killers don't take out dopefiends, my killers take out factors
My killers ain't even from out here dude
My killers some out-of-town freelancers
Professional henchmen with yellow hoppers up under they belt
Broccolis up under they belt
A gang of silent murder beefs up under they belt
"Forty, there go that nigga
that sold you that half-a-cake last week on the set"
You mean that soap for that synthetic dope
that ripped me, that shit that was wet kid?
Don't even look over there, act like we ain't trippin
Within the next few days, potnah came up missin
See a lot of these niggaz bitch up
and crack under pressure when it's time they facin
Get to bumpin they gums, rollin over
breakin the rules and regulations
Wild nigga not stickin to the script
and get the jacket put on yo' ass for life
What jacket? Batch, this jacket:
That reliable source, that rat, the head of mice
That's why we can't be talkin and bein all careless on these phones
I know technology now
allows po'-po' to look inside walls and see inside homes
I know all I was tryin to do
is buy my little daughter a brand new pair of Jordans
That's important, but you gotta remember
to stay one step ahead of the law enforcement
Be short with all of yo' shit
Keep yo' business to yourself and don't get sloppy
Talkin pig-latin keep you employed
Sizzoldiers with choppers and walkie-tizznalkies
Call on yo' ass, have wisdom, use your brain
Auction off yo' assets nigga, sell yo' trophies, sell yo' Mustang
You know what that bring? Ching ching
Playa potnah motherfucker dude that's some mail
Convertible top, black on black interior exterior
He gon' be worth about twelve
Talkin about you was savin it for your little nephew to scatter
Nigga don't you know anything over 20 years old is a classic?

- Regulation #1: keep yo' business to yo' lonesome
- Regulation #2: make sure the product you carry is wholesome
- Regulation #3: make yo' cheese, never eat it
- Regulation #4: never put yo' trust in a hoe
- The rules and regulations)

Chorus: E-40 (repeat 4X)

These are the things you need to know (The rules and regulations)

[E-40]

Uhh, you're 'posed to, you're 'posed to
play that damn game like it's supposed to be plinayed
Always keep a bucket full of battery acid
to throw yo' dope in just in case they raid
That way they can't prosecute your residence
cause you done been already got rid of all the evidence
Tryin to get a BUCK -- a BUCK?
A soup pot, a blender and a measurin cup
In my section eight appartment COMPLEX
Messy MATTRESS, and dirty CARPETS
"Nephew, did you get my message?"
Yeah I got yo' message; you told me to clean up behind myself

and scrape the residue up off the edges
"What else?" Always look over my headrest and my rearview zone
cause triflin be skanless and the skanless might try to follow me home
Never tell a motherfucker what time you gon' cop or come back through
Throw they ass off a bit - come back within the next day or two
I don't need no cowards, just warriors on my team
I don't sell coke no more dude, I sell mescaline

- Regulation #5: when it's a drop nigga park yo' feet
- Regulation #6: fuck 12 and a box (?) (?) street
- Regulation #7: don't take yo' business to where you livin
- Regulation #8: keep yo' heat but fly straight
- (The rules and regulations)

Chorus

[E-40]

BLAOW, pushin numbers on the dial-tone
Took a swig of my 40 but I forgot I had the cap still on
Look to my left and ask, honey for a light
She looked at me and said, baby you alright?
I said I'm cool, but ain't this shit supposed to relax us?
Fired up a Newport, but I accidentally lit it backwards
For some strange reason I had a feelin
that that hood-hoe bitch was sneaky
Come to find out this bitch done laced my weed and slipped me a mickey
Now I'm feelin sweaty..
Eyelids gettin heavy..
Stomach feelin queasy.. {*YAWWWWN*}
All of a sudden, now I'm slee-py
Woke up naked, slowly regainin my memory
Well where did they find you? Around the corner from Applebee
Over there by Costco, right there off the freeway
Admiral Callahan Lane, yeah! Right next door to Safeway
Stripped me clean, got me for some G's
Set me up, stole my car keys
Guess that's the consequences when you sellin that D
Shit, next time I bet I take my drink to the bathroom with me

- Regulation #9: check in those that get out of line
- Regulation #10: don't sell yo' soul if you hit the pen
- Regulation #11: keep yo' hooptie hot and revvin
- Regulation #12: keep enough to pay your lawyer mail
- (The rules and regulations)

Chorus