

La The Darkman, Gun Rule

Yo, yo, yo
Once, once again
Know what I'm saying?

Chorus:

Darkman stay on the street with a tool
For these devil worshippers wit' gats and these ignorant fools
Find yourself in the hustle rocking free mint shoes
Middle week, Michigan brand rap and gun rule

Verse 1:

Me and my man contemplating on these future operations
For night clubs two four shit packed like cases
I'm nineteen paid young can only get better
Got cheese in the war trying to be enormous cheddar
Fuck a Fugees sweater stay Wu-Wear fly polo
Pepe jeans new boots kid labelled in solo
Rolled my dolo, killed from the east
Me and Reef left them twenty hour stole four bricks 100 G's
Twenty-five a piece straight in they mind that's what it's like
Peace to my man Ted who got hit on New Jersey's turnpike
I send a kite, wit a hundred in your money order
Hol' it down in your cage see you back at headquarters
Everything is fine LA blow spots like landmines
Do the knowledge as I kick seven deadly signs
>From the glock that'll make city streets boom dock
The industry is calling me like Cookie wit' rocks
And I can't stop, cocoa plants grow in large crops
Darkman east coast hip hop pad lock
I'm determined to kill the mic like Jews and Germans
Shoot a shell through your chest and leave your rib-cage burnin'
While you smiling I got forty-five to life on Rapper's Island
49507 what you dialling, fight faster pushing up deluxe Dutchmaster
Enter my potential of script it might flash you,
Wit impact, of a two hundred pound wind,
See you chased by Wu-wolves wit' no way to escape
Do it from the mouth, crush bones cause this is my house
And I'm prejudice give Mark Clayman like whiteys down south

Chorus

Verse 2:

Aiyyo, I'm hungry like 3 lions starving in a crack house
Wid guns galore taking Jakes to war
Don't challenge the score from here to Van Couver
I stand wit' this Lex Luger stashed in the Cougar
Going through you like needles from Phd's
On any demon, drunken wit' 41 thieves,
Crack fiends drug dealers and killers run the block
3 thieves wid' binoculars surveillance to drop
A credit dot little Nookie got hit wid' a shot
>From a 4-4 calibre government glock in front of the shop
Equivalent to gun galleries I better keep the eye locked
Show and prove I'm doing Gs trying to teach these 100 Gs
If I hol' nines I freaked it,
To getting all this money is a ancient Chinese secret
The liquid, LA can sit down like a precinct
I'm flippin' on you MCs for no fucking reason

Chorus

Yeah, You know what time it is
Gun Rules, You know what I'm sayin'?
Yo, Word Up, Yo, yo

Verse 3:

I spent about 20 Gs on weed as I proceed
To grow up fill my weight 100 Gs
Stacking loot, known to kept blood on my boots
Trapacane burning blazing outta fifth hundred coupes
So what you stupe?, I freezin' ya blind to sub-zero
And kept all devil killers like Robert Shapiro
The LA brings action packed heat like De Niro
I'm ancient in this rap shit king like a Pharoah
A terror, terminatin' false niggas style
Kill a man, his woman, MC and his child
Shit is wild I hold niggas hostage like Riker's Isle
Gotta deceptive, murderous money gettin' smile
I'm the judge while you on trial supreme, Killa Bee
A serpent LA can bite the whole industry
..Motherfucker

Darkman stay on the streets wit' a tool
For these devil worshipping gat slingers and ignorant fools
Find yourself in the hustle rocking free mint shoes
Middle week, Michigan brand rap and gun rule

Gun rule, Gun rule

Chorus

Triple Darkness
Sing-sing