

# Mad Skillz, Street Rules

[Mad Skillz]

Yeah

Yo this go out to everybody, just doin what they gotta do  
Knowwhatl'msayin? To get that cream, knahmean?

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

The streets don't care who you are  
And those who fake jacks son they never get far

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, where I reside fake niggaz run and hide (what?)  
The streets be wicked, keep that biscuit by yo' side  
What the fuck? Who the next crew to get run amuck?  
It's all real over here, on the streets you get stuck  
for fakin jacks don't max cause the block stay hot  
Watch your back for the jeal' niggaz tryin to get what you got (true)  
Count your dough slow, never flash your ends  
Always keep a stash spot and never make new friends  
Commit your sins (right) confess on your own time kid  
Never think that you too nice to do a fuckin bid  
Don't nobody but you wanna see, you gettin bigger (uh-huh)  
So for every loyal nigga (what?) it's two spoiled niggaz (true)  
Midnight to six cliques pullin sweet vicks (uhh)  
Fulfullin cream dreams, takin niggaz out the mix  
Nine-pound locked down by you and yo' crew  
But watch yo' back nigga (why?) because the streets don't have to

[Chorus] - 2X

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, fuck gettin high, I need high dough  
And when you high all you seein is yo' money movin slow  
So scratch the itch, don't slip and don't snitch  
Leavin? C'mon, this ain't "Superfly" bitch  
Ask black, the kid with the wide-body Ac'  
Put a freeze on your cheese and you're workin 'til he stack  
Nuff bills to chill, sniff lines and shit  
'til some niggaz hit crib on some tec-9 shit  
I numb gums like coke when you take a taste  
You in the wrong motherfuckin place tryin to be Scarface  
Niggaz be schemin and slippin on Henny demon  
Tryin to outlast the next ass, cash got him fiendin  
to rock on the wrong blocks and don't know the tactics  
In God we trust, mad deep like Sounds of Blackness  
Locked in the rule of no sharin, it might seem  
I'm selfish but I'm for delf I can't spend whipped cream

[Chorus] - 2X

[Mad Skillz]

Break it down

The man is so hot niggaz is catchin suntans  
Makin plans to jam after they bag up this next gram  
Brothers gettin laced, I caught a new case  
But if they want me, they got to kill me twice like Screwface  
Excess players I got no time for rest man  
Keep that dough flowin, motherFUCK owin the next man  
Neighborhood villain, hoodie glock no smile  
When I see you it's gon' be, executioner style  
What nigga? Check the stee', yeah you know how it get  
Out here some ol' (?) Columbian blindfold shit (true)  
Dou-ble go to club chill drink holder (uhh)  
Discrete down to low cabbage gettin street soldiers (hah)  
Duckin guys 'til heads recognize the real

Lettin lead fly, but instead I maintain and chill (uh-huh)  
You know the deal, kids get ill don't sleep  
You get your card pulled quick fuckin around in these streets

[Chorus] - 4X

Yeah, you know how we do  
Big shout to everybody  
I ain't mad at ya, do your thing, y'knahmean?  
Northside, Southside, Eastern, Western  
Niggaz gotta win