

# Rules Of The Game

Jermaine Dupri

See around here  
How many things can make why y'all bounce you-know-I'm-saying?  
Left to right, right to left  
Its so so def  
And uh, yo, let it go

Rule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese  
Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they knees  
Number three, come down with your strap-on strap-on  
Niggas love to hate, so get your cap-on cap-on

One for my niggas ain't down for hoes  
Free drinks for my niggas staying crunk throwing bows  
Its ya boy Manish Man in this bitch  
Niggas love to hate, hoes jock cause I'm getting rich  
Keep my mind on my fetti just to let you know  
Strapped with rocks, reds, and camera's in my black fo'fo  
On the east-side nigga trying to get me some paper  
Lying throwing stone out all over the cater  
These hoes be lovin the player, Jason calling me baby  
But fuck that, I rather trot these hoes are too damn shady  
Look I don't need a bitch, I'm riding down for me  
And fuck a gang of niggas, see I'm a soldier G  
And ain't another nigga, who got more got game than me  
You need to check yo shit, because its lame to me  
Since 91 been paying the cost, to be the boss  
Got no time to floss, because the game's throwed off

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Nigga who ride who ride

South-side, South-side  
If anybody know bout paper-chasing its me  
Playboy J to the, E-N-D  
Steady showing niggas how we do it down south  
Steady riding shit that ain't even came out  
In the club, VIP is where you find me at  
Private planes, ice chains, I don't know how to act  
Every city, got me something pretty keep em on they back  
"If I ain't a hot boy then what do you call that"  
If its my shit, off the top you can tell  
Cranberry, pineapple, four bottles of bale  
Cats that play sports, rap fresh from jail  
Hoes in packs, screaming out ATL  
See I'm the type of nigga that was built for cash  
Drive me and dropping putting down a smash  
Knowing nothing in life, but how to make these hits  
Get paper, spit game in, pull me a bitch

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Nigga who ride who ride, East-side, East-side  
Fuck these hoes, fuck these snitches  
Down south niggas, chop twenty-inches  
Fuck these snitches, and fuck these hoes  
Four TV screen's, big Chevy four do's  
Niggas best believe I'ma represent  
Hardcore niggas getting dead presidents  
Where the real niggas went, I'ma let you know  
Lay back with the strap, and they ain't found no mo'  
These lil niggas tripping, all that hollering-screaming  
I know yo momma saw dick, she should've swallowed that semen  
Now I'm driving through your block, red hot like a demon  
Cock it back, all you see is the beam from my demon  
And it ain't no ping ping nigga, black-eye black-eye  
No respect for the game, you better watch-out watch-out  
Got this shit on lock, and now you locked-out locked-out  
All that hate on a player, gone get you knocked-out knocked-out

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