

My killers don't take out dope fiends, 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 niggas 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 Jordan's
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 number 1, keep yo' business to yo' lonesome
Regulation number 2, make sure the product you carry is wholesome
Regulation number 3, make yo' cheese, never eat it
Regulation number 4, never put yo' trust in a hoe
(The rules and regulations)

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

Uh, 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 apartment 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 rear view zone
Cause triflin' be skanless and the skanless might try to follow me home
Never tell a motherfucker what time you goin' 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 number 5, when it's a drop nigga park yo' feet
Regulation number 6, fuck 12 and a box ? street
Regulation number 7, don't take yo' business to where you livin'
Regulation number 8, keep yo' heat but fly straight
(The rules and regulations)

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

[Chorus]