

## Rule #1

MC Eiht

Gyeah...Gyeah...Gyeah  
Gyeah...C.M.W. nigga  
1/2 Oz.  
And that's gangsta  
We gon' break it down for ya'll  
Lil' lesson for ya'll  
Check it out

Niggas recognize the game that I spit  
Tales from tha street on some gangsta shit  
Ms. phat bootie bitches with money to get  
We git the money and leave the pussy wet  
It's a very thin line between bangin and robbin  
Big difference from small change to big-timin  
I've been down for 12 years, still spittin my flow  
Still in the CPT, still fuckin a hoe  
Still mentality "kill at will"  
Still C.M.W., nigga Eiht and Chill  
Fuck around and get your cap peeled, that's low  
Then back to the hood while the pistol smoke  
I ain't no joke, ya'll best remember  
I keeps heat nigga all thru december  
If your body still cold then you must be dead  
You shoulda listen to the words I said

Rule #1 -hey- get money  
Get a ride with switches, fuck a gang of bitches  
Rule #1 -hey- don't get caught  
If the One-Time swoop then it's all your fault  
Rule #1, watch your enemies, friend  
Cause they'll be the ones fuckin you in the end  
Rule #1, that's just what we go thru  
I'ma break it down, nigga just for you

Night time must be the right time  
Don't get caught pullin a damn crime  
Cause that'll have your ass in some shit  
Probably stuck, you can't fuck with it  
From the bottom to the top, rag drops with cops  
Try to (??) so my car could stop  
And girl stash the bud' in your bra'  
And don't get nervous, here comes the law  
You know the routine, car must be clean  
T-shirt and dub cap with some bling-bling  
Yes, they saw the black face with a red bone bitch  
Must be ghetto bitch, caught me hit in a switch  
Damn, I thought we was back in the old days  
Seemin that the ones is back to they old ways  
Stick and I'ma get stacked, run in them old place  
Like in the East Side keeps it John Blaze

Who's that bangin and creepin while I'ma sleepin  
Try to set up this thing and light me up for the weekend  
Damn shame, game done did a 360  
Hammer girl turned a bitch and done switched like Missy (Elliot)  
No progress just a serious test  
To become an MC and try to fuck the rest

Have my bill fold, too phat to close  
Had a thug nigga shot down all my shows  
Industry (??) got me lookin for cheques  
In this green leaf hustle on the block with tax  
My mission is to get it  
Automatic with the automatic  
Kick back with no static  
In the land of the lost, pay the serious cost  
Thug niggas loose they life, hoe-bitches get tossed  
One-Times claim the boss, handle this scandalous  
Try to send niggas to harassin laws  
Gyeah...

Break-it-down...  
...1/2 Oz. takin over shit for the millenium...  
...C.M.W...Gyeah...