

The Rules

Saigon

I wrote all them raps cause I was in jail with nothing to do
My nigga, now that I got things to do, writing raps is like last
Of my priority list

This is the difference between me and them

Check

New New Yiddy is back in full effect
We the kind that don't throw gang signs or claim sets
We one of the few left that ain't riding the west
Ain't dick sucking the south
You still will get punched in ya mouth
You ever fuck around luck buck'em down
I like the way that sound luck buck'em down
I'm bucking the fuck out of this duck nigga now
I uppercut the sucker the fucker gon touch the ground
Since two thou I came with another style
My shit was "sharp-then" just like brother Al
But I was never rocking a perm
If I was anything I try to teach the people not gonna learn
I could try to take the popular term
Rap about a bunch of bullshit that's not really not my concern
Or I could do some old dumb shit that come with a melody
Nigga I know the game what the fuck is you telling me
I love this hip hop shit nigga you smelling me
How else could a nigga get rich with two felonies

(2x)

I know you really want to know who's
Comin' through leaving bloodstains and residues
Gotta pay your dues baby you know the rules

Ya'll niggas flows is dookie
I flip styles like one of them old Suzuki's and shocazuki
Burning whoever closest to me
The verbalize meat that ya'll eat
Laying back on the concrete
Rip open your chest and rhyme to ya heartbeat
Niggas can't resist to put the bond first
If I am what I eat then I guess that I'm every wack lyricist on earth
Born worse, couldn't really explain in a song verse
Ask the families of the people I put in that long hearst
O nine we flipping this into some other different shit
Real niggas come get your certificates if you interested
First off we gon build this Abandoned Nation censorship
Prison don't even mention it if you ain't experience it
This is some serious shit go head think I'm playing then
See what you saying when it's a puddle of blood you laying in
You kidding me I'm lyrically the epitome of verbal validity
Look nigga see what life did to me
Turn me colder than my older raps
Colder than polar caps
Cold as the common cold perhaps without no lookback
I used to cook crack they took that
I learn to jux cats
Where the brook at
We got this locked put that back

And new yiddy is back in full effect
Fuck around you gon get my hands wrapped around ya neck
Respect to all the kids still trapped in the jects'
I'm a rep watch how much of this cash I'm a collect
Yep!