

# Rukus

## Special Ed

(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)  
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)  
(here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus)  
(here come the...  
(shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!)--> method man

I break pens, make ends  
Fake friends smile up  
While I rip a style up  
But I know the real ones  
Who steal guns  
And jooks to crooks, c-k-l-y-n  
See, they be dyin  
Daily, rarely do they make it to the news  
New suit, no shoes, no clues  
I mind my business, you better mind yours  
I'm steppin to jaws  
So get the gores for the cause  
Laws ain't made for a nigga, pid tax-free  
So they wanna find out where the cracks be  
So they run up, gun up, wanna touch us  
They must be lookin for the rukus

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[ verse 2 ]  
Now I'm back on the block stuck  
Shit outta luck  
I need some dead men, they keep me alive in '95  
Gotta eat, got a street, let's pump it  
Blow that shit up like a trumpet  
No doubt, baby, maybe when they be thinkin  
Shit is dead, we split his head, hit his crib  
Yo, fuck that, my nigga big I just did his bid  
We need a steady flow, ready-go, get the ifth  
Let me hit the spliff, let's do this  
Yo, tell em who dis, the rudest  
Like a nudist I got no shame  
I put the flame to your perimeter claim  
Fuck po-po, I smoke em like cocoa  
In fronto pronto  
As I go on to  
The next order of business  
I'm sellin crisness over bridges  
National, unrational, yet everything works out  
Every hour on the hour, another bag of flour  
I got the kryptonite that'll take away your power

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[ verse 3 ]

They wanna put me in a institution  
For distribution, solution  
Prostitution - trick  
D's wanna seize ki's, ease off the brick  
My brother caught a body, but the rap won't stick  
They want names, people play games like poker  
I got the joker and the ace, the smoker in the waist  
Under fire cook the cocoa to the base  
Easy money, bee's honey, sweet, brick city street  
Cold flip with the whole strip, deep  
Gettin z's yet I never sleep  
I be up, I re-up, and then I transact  
My man's packed, I do too  
So if they don't shoot you, then I will  
So you die still  
Either way I take your breather away  
So I guess you better leave away  
This ? ? ? or get the clapper  
I know how to make muthafuckas scatter

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