

Gun Rule

LA the Darkman

Yo, yo, yo
Once, once again
Know what I'm saying? Darkman stay on the street with a tool
For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools
Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes
Middle week, Michigan brand rap and gun rule Me and my man contemplating on these future
operations
For night clubs, two four shit packed like cases
I'm nineteen paid young can only get better
Got cheese in the war trying to be enormous cheddar
Fuck a Fugees sweater, stay Wu-Wear fly polo
Pepe jeans new boots kid labeled in solo
Rolled my dolo, killed from the east
Me and Reef left them twenty hour stole four bricks 100 G's
Twenty-five a piece straight in they mind, that's what it's like
Peace to my man Ted who got hit on New Jersey's turnpike
I send a kite, wit a hundred in your money order
Hol' it down in your cage see you back at headquarters
Everything is fine, LA blow spots like land mines
Do the knowledge as I pick seven deadly signs
From the glock that'll make city streets boom dock The industry is calling me like Cookie wit'
rocks
And I can't stop, cocoa plants grow in large crops
Darkman east coast hip hop pad lock
I'm determined to kill the mic like Jews and Germans
Shoot a shell through your chest and leave your rib-cage burnin'
While you smiling I got forty-five to life on Rapper's Island 4 9 5 0 7, what you dialing, fight
faster pushing up deluxe Dutch master
Enter my potential of script it might flash you
Wit' impact, of a two hundred pound wind
See you chased by Wu-wolves wit' no way to escape
Do it from the mouth, crush bones 'cuz this is my house
And I'm prejudice give Mark Clayman like whiteys down south
Darkman, stay on the streets with a tool
For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools
Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes
Middle week, Michigan brand rap and gun rule Aiiyyo, I'm hungry like 3 lions starving in a
crack house
Wid guns galore taking Jakes to war
Don't challenge the score from here to Van Couver
I stand wit' this Lex Luger stashed in the Cougar
Going through you like needles from Phd's

On any demon, drunken wit' 41 thieves
 Crack fiends, drug dealers and killers run the block
 3 thieves wid' binoculars surveillance to drop A credit dot, a little Nookie got hit wid' a shot
 From a 4-4 calibre government glock in front of the shop
 Equivalent to gun galleries, I better keep the eye locked
 Show and prove I'm doing G's trying to teach these 100 Gs
 If I hol' nines I freaked it
 To getting all this money is a ancient Chinese secret
 The liquid, LA can sit down like a precinct
 I'm flippin' on you MC's for no fucking reason Darkman, stay on the streets with a tool
 For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools
 Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes
 Middle week, Michigan brand rap, gun rule Yeah, you know what time it is
 Gun rules, you know what I'm sayin'?
 Yo, word up, yo, yo I spent about 20 G's on weed as I proceed
 To grow up fill my weight 100 G's
 Stacking loot, known to kept blood on my boots
 Trapacane burning blazing outta fifth hundred coupes
 So what you stupe?, I freezin' ya blind to sub-zero
 And kept all devil killers like Robert Shapiro
 The LA brings action packed heat like De Niro I'm ancient in this rap, shit king like a Pharaoh
 A terror, terminatin' false niggas style
 Kill a man, and his woman, MC and his child
 Shit is wild, I hold niggas hostage like Riker's Isle
 Gotta deceptive, murderous money gettin' smile
 I'm the judge while you on trial supreme, Killa Bee
 A serpent LA can bite the whole industry Motherfucker, stay on the streets with a tool
 For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools
 Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes
 Middle week, Michigan brand rap, gun rule, gun rule Darkman, stay on the streets with a tool
 For these devil worshipers wit' gats and these ignorant fools
 Find yourself in a Hudson rocking cement shoes
 Middle week, Michigan brand rap, gun rule Triple darkness, dad
 Sing-sing

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>