

# Rules To The Streets

Finesse2Tymes

I charge my losses to the game, I ask God, "Help me forget 'em"  
And I still hold grudges, I ask God, "Help me forgive 'em" (Forgive 'em)  
Can't help but think when they was down bad, I was there with 'em (Me)  
Apologizing to me, I accept it, but I don't feel 'em (Nah)  
Got the devil on my back, two choppers on the backseat (Yeah)  
And I'ma do the dash if I look and see the police (I'm gone)  
Five felonies, I'm a habitual offender (Habitual)  
This rap shit don't work, I got four hoes, I'ma pimp 'em (Pimp)  
That's just how I was brought up (Brought up)  
Fuck a drive-by, nigga, walk up (Walk up)  
Keep your mouth closed, you get caught up (Don't talk)  
Rules to the streets, better listen if you in 'em (You better)  
And never ever go to trial with public defenders

Rules to the streets, keep it real with your fam' (Fam' first)  
Keep your name clean, if you owe that nigga, pay him (Pay that man)  
Keep your business off of Facebook and Instagram (For real)  
Don't never ever talk if you fuck around and get slammed (Don't talk)  
That nigga ain't your nigga if he talk behind your back (That ain't your nigga)  
Don't give too many chances out, that shit'll get you whacked (Splat)  
Never listen to a nigga that ain't in the streets (He lying)  
Try your best not to beef, that shit ain't good when you eatin'

For real, 'cause nowadays your enemies'll put the police on you (They snitching)  
Send a hit, then next thing you know, the police coming (They coming)  
All the shit I been through made me an OG, homie (I'm OG)  
Fuck all that rap shit, niggas got to show me somethin' (Fuck all that)  
How you a boss? Money don't make you real (At all)  
You've never been under pressure (Never), facin' thirty-somethin' years (Life)  
Body made of steel (Hardbody), heart made of gold (Pure)  
If they was in my situation, on the five, they would've told (On the five)  
Protect your reputation (Do that) instead of your religion (Pray)  
'Cause it's gon' take a higher power to help how we livin' (Facts)  
No such thing as friends (Nah), no such thing as homies (Nah)  
Feed your mama and your kids, stay out the way, invest your money (Invest your money)

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Ayy, practice what you preach (For real), don't live beyond your means (Don't do it)  
Don't be out there hustlin' for some shit that you don't really need (Don't)  
Don't put shit up your nose, you see how it did Scarface (You seen it)  
Don't worry 'bout the fake, that shit gon' catch up with 'em one day (Don't do that)  
You got a gun, use it (Use it), don't be influenced by this music

'Cause they ain't really livin' what they rappin', see, I proved it  
I ain't sayin' goin' to jail is somethin' that I should be happy for (Be happy for)  
I got the right to talk that gangster shit, these other niggas cappin', boy  
(Cap)

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