

# Know The Rules

Pro Era

Statik Selektah

Y'all know the rules  
Y'all know the rules (Peep the rap patois)  
From BK  
Y'all know the rules  
Y'all know the rules  
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From BK

Uh  
Check, check

It be the nights like this that make me question His name  
And it's sights like this that make me question the fame  
Feeling like, I'm the only one who destined to blame  
Never be testing my faith, so I ain't resting today  
They don't like to see sunshine  
They'd rather see sundown or the nightfall  
Pray that he might fall, just like all  
Before his time and presence  
Before his prime and essence really stepping  
But fuck it, we stepping, repping Beast Coast  
On the West End  
Hoes be impressed with his entrance  
And the valet's parking just to spark up your interest  
Let's just enter all types of keys and postures  
Ima keep it G, 'til you give me G responses  
Don't worry, I gotcha, I'm here for you conscious  
I'm all upright in your bitch concha  
Shit get deep like conches said  
They can't see me switch your consciousness  
Nigga Kirk hit me up like "What's the plans, my nigga?"  
We all trying to eat, but they don't understand, my niggas  
Trying to see figures way bigger than that minimum wage shit  
We winners for days, but it's in the sinister phase  
Now my life got stamina ways, to sin on my plates  
If I ain't reading a script, I'm reading ya bitch  
Don't trip, I see the signs she be eyeing me  
She know who I am so she be eyeing me  
But she don't get the IMG, nor the irony  
To prove you ain't as high as me  
I like these blunts Siamese  
'Til we airborne riding on heart shuttles  
Don't try to rebuttal  
I rap in puzzles like rap's Rapunzel  
Ima be here long, niggas ain't know  
Introduce you to the show  
Let me show you how to roll  
When you fucking with the Pro

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And I said  
We not kids

But we suited for family ties  
My eye tear through the leather(?) of wire  
808's, knocking as the temple of my heart  
When we robbed that girl for an iPhone  
Man, I wish I ain't start  
To work hard  
My head honchos oversee masses  
Just to see an oversea master, with disaster  
In the night, royal flush with the microphone  
Fuck it with the metronome  
Made me holler like silicone  
See my girl slip for the (?)  
Look how much years is it worth  
All the time that my body is shook  
All the time in the ER  
Thinking 'bout the E's and R's we picked up  
We could prob'ly use a see or saw  
Girls can be on the war like Christ do  
I don't need a movie  
A way, or a pistol  
And yeah I'm pissed too(?)  
Ready, ignite like a crystal  
Fuck being lyrical  
All niggas is making doubles  
But they not feeling you

Y'all know the rules (Check)  
Y'all know the rules (Yo, Yo)  
Y'all know the rules

Check, Check  
I'd rather live my life right than to be dead wrong  
Never left, so I'm guessing right I had my head on  
Then I wasn't getting gassed like Exxon  
One basket, would I know to never put all of my eggs on?  
Never meant to leave, what mentally [been rich in mine?]  
Some time I spent for free [plus I was?] sent to read  
Led me to believe I've been alive for some centuries  
We're spitting heavenly, on the memory of STEEZ  
Won't ever quit but no one knows all I've been through  
Supplied your mind with food for thought  
Your choice - what you feed into  
Sometimes I wonder how to even stomach it  
Hit a couple licks of a [guilty conscience?]  
Take the lotion off your mother's skin  
On some other shit, fell down like I fell from the top  
And had dropped and kept plummeting  
And I don't know how I do it  
Know how I keep on making songs and music  
Eye do it for you...

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