Rules

Prof

Oh yeah
So basically, you know, I don't want you telling me shit
I'm not trying to hear anything you got to say
Tomorrow ain't promised to anybody
So I ain't hearin' you today

Rules don't apply to me
I don't need to see tomorrow, tomorrow
Rules don't apply to me
I don't need to see tomorrow, tomorrow

Check it out
I'm thinking about putting it in your mouth
I'm thinking about taking you to my house
And I'm thinking about messing around on my couch
I'm thinking about all the things we could do with
Hold up
I seen another girl that was fly like you
I'm thinking about handing out rides for two
If you down I'm cool
And if you 'round that's cool
And if you hold her down that's better
'Cause I've seen a lot of doll-faced women
And I'm still screamin' "Independent women forever"
(Forever-ever, forever-ever)
I will love you until the end of time
As long as you ain't afraid to take charge
To step up and give a piece of your mind

Rules don't apply to me
I don't need to see tomorrow, tomorrow
Rules don't apply to me
I don't need to see tomorrow, tomorrow

Fuck around and get followed
I seen you coming out of that McDonalds
I seen your fat mom shop at Marshall's
For the past three Sundays lookin' gnarly
I'm patient, what more can I say?
I know you take your garbage out every single Wednesday
Yeah, bits, don't get ram, up, on
I leave ya in the alley with your nuts gone
And I'll be probably be leaving with some puff song
But I'll be dancing like I got myself a touchdown
Prof got twinkle toes
Blowing kisses, throwing mistletoe
Too much seconds and I'll hit the floor
Buckin' out, throwing 'bows, I'm invincible
I got into a fight last night
And I'm quite sure that it was a dyke last night
Yep

Rules don't apply to me
I don't need to see tomorrow, tomorrow
Rules don't apply to me
I don't need to see tomorrow, tomorrow

Call up the chickens, all the gampos
Where the strippers at, dubs and the hundos?
Assholes throw bows in the front rows
No bodybuilders, but real gun shows
Southside, where they jump folk
Put it in the air, bud smoke
Yeah, rules don't apply to me
A good dude, but I don't even try to be
'Cause I'm a bad mutherfuck ask if you could rap
With an asshole such as a mac like myself
Mr officer, I am a monster
Involved with illegal things at my concert
I am considered an immature little kidder
Then you figured I'm a shit, then you realize I'm a shitter
I'll make your women scream
Make the dudes fight
We gon' do this all night

Rules don't apply to me (No they don't now)
I don't need to see tomorrow, tomorrow
Rules don't apply to me (Apply to me)
I don't need to see tomorrow (No I don't now)
Tomorrow (No I don't now)

Break it down now
Go girl, go girl, go girl
Break it down now, go girl
How you do that there
How you do that there
How you do that there
How you do that there

Yeah, buddy

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!