

# Rules & Regulations

The Pharcyde

Yo, man

Ayy

I forgot where I was at, you know what I'm sayin'?

Somebody stepped up to me and said "Ayy, man, I heard you got caught up"

Who me? Caught up?

Man

I give a shoutout to Big for the crack commandments

Had to revise with my own shit, damn it

Fools be losin' concentration, don't be applying the rules and regulations

Encrypt conversations, eyeball exact calculations without the use of a scale

I'll let you count the mail, an' I'll count after

Don't wanna be a part of nobody's laughter

Rules and regulations, able to start another chapter

Start afresh, break it up

Air it out, if it comes, compress

Many lose what they invest

Never hit a pre-rolled on a test

Looking at the B, but tastin' on the best

I rather sell the bomb, maybe start out less

Clientele expands when you expand that chest

Rules and regulations, no second-guess

The county states 'Open-all-night access'

Passports get revoked, red tape process

Benefit more when you talk less

Stayin' in Las Vegas, there's no contest

Ten years for a seed, I thought you knew

Rules and regulations will guide you through

It's the rules and regulations, made for me and you

It's the rules and regulations, always there for you

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Always put your best foot forward

Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing

We work hard while they sleep

Never shit where you eat

Before you say anything, think before you speak and learn to trust your

Instincts

And don't hold no heat if you don't plan on bustin'

And dealin' with them consequences and repercussions

Blastin' guns for fashion ain't nothin'

Flashin' guns for fashion ain't nothin'

Do what you're supposed

Stay on your toes

Keep your ears open and you keep your mouth closed

Listening more (Uh-huh) and talking less

And that's when they always say it's best

And God bless the child who's got his own

And citizens change tryna get in his own

And my aura's positive, I don't promote no junk  
And, under no circumstances, do you fake the funk  
Be straight up, what?  
Yeah, straight up  
Yeah, know exactly what it is you want and stand up

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Don't get misled by the way thieves get fed  
Looking for a rock to skin shed  
Rules always need be regulated  
All about my scrilla, no need to be faded  
Rules and regulations, crazy times and situations  
Don't blame the haters for hating because they can't boogie like us  
Rule number-one, close up shop and be done  
Last day of hustle: October 31  
So, if you hustle past that point, things get wack  
Instead of watching your back, your boy gains a gift pack  
So, take my advice and keep it crackin' for the mackin'  
'Cause haters are out there trying to get it crackin' for the jackin'

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