

Rules Of The Game

Jermaine Dupri

See around here
How many things can make why y'all bounce you-know-I'm-saying?
Left to right, right to left
Its so so def
And uh, yo, let it go

Rule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese
Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they knees
Number three, come down with your strap-on strap-on
Niggas love to hate, so get your cap-on cap-on

One for my niggas ain't down for hoes
Free drinks for my niggas staying crunk throwing bows
Its ya boy Manish Man in this bitch
Niggas love to hate, hoes jock cause I'm getting rich
Keep my mind on my fetti just to let you know
Strapped with rocks, reds, and camera's in my black fo'fo
On the east-side nigga trying to get me some paper
Lying throwing stone out all over the cater
These hoes be lovin the player, Jason calling me baby
But fuck that, I rather trot these hoes are too damn shady
Look I don't need a bitch, I'm riding down for me
And fuck a gang of niggas, see I'm a soldier G
And ain't another nigga, who got more got game than me
You need to check yo shit, because its lame to me
Since 91 been paying the cost, to be the boss
Got no time to floss, because the game's throwed off

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Number three, don't forget to put ya strap on ya side
Nigga who ride who ride

South-side, South-side
If anybody know bout paper-chasing its me
Playboy J to the, E-N-D
Steady showing niggas how we do it down south
Steady riding shit that ain't even came out
In the club, VIP is where you find me at
Private planes, ice chains, I don't know how to act
Every city, got me something pretty keep em on they back
"If I ain't a hot boy then what do you call that"
If its my shit, off the top you can tell
Cranberry, pineapple, four bottles of bale
Cats that play sports, rap fresh from jail
Hoes in packs, screaming out ATL
See I'm the type of nigga that was built for cash
Drive me and dropping putting down a smash
Knowing nothing in life, but how to make these hits
Get paper, spit game in, pull me a bitch

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Nigga who ride who ride, East-side, East-side
Fuck these hoes, fuck these snitches
Down south niggas, chop twenty-inches
Fuck these snitches, and fuck these hoes
Four TV screen's, big Chevy four do's
Niggas best believe I'ma represent
Hardcore niggas getting dead presidents
Where the real niggas went, I'ma let you know
Lay back with the strap, and they ain't found no mo'
These lil niggas tripping, all that hollering-screaming
I know yo momma saw dick, she should've swallowed that semen
Now I'm driving through your block, red hot like a demon
Cock it back, all you see is the beam from my demon
And it ain't no ping ping nigga, black-eye black-eye
No respect for the game, you better watch-out watch-out
Got this shit on lock, and now you locked-out locked-out
All that hate on a player, gone get you knocked-out knocked-out

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