

No Rules

Starlito

These streets ain't got no rules, I ain't got nothing to prove
If you ain't got nothing to lose, then I ain't fucking with you my ni
gga

These streets ain't got no rules, and I ain't got nothing to prove
If you ain't got nothing to lose, then I ain't fucking with you my ni
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Should I cop a plea or fight 'em, I just got indicted
And that bullshit don't excite me, fuck if you don't like me
I got niggas hiding they hoes, ducking, tucking ice in
I heard niggas getting shot at they shows, need another hypeman
I got this sexy chocolate bunny, acts so fucking lightskin
Always texting 'bout some money, ho I'm nothing like them
I was geeked off two tans, I still don't need no new friends
They say they beefing with Slim, well I'll believe it when I see him
I'm coast to coast with this shit, my reputation precedes me
I really ain't fucking with niggas, they either ungrateful or greedy
They say it's hard but it's fair, you gotta take it or leave it
You either hate it or love it, you better stay with a heater, because

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These streets ain't got no love neither
You ain't got no plug, leave him
Residue on my Adidas, heater for a buzzer beater
In the cut where I keep it
Yeah I'm clutching, I don't fuck with people
Paper like a trapper keeper, safe look like I rap for QC
Free C Murder, I was taking notes from Master P
Idolizing Soulja Slim, are y'all really down to die with me?
I stay in my mirror so don't pull up on the side of me
I got mine with me, I'ma ask questions later
They don't even need private eyes, go on IG to investigate you
Stop trying to impress them haters and invest the paper
I got the twenties and fifties in the bag right there and a blue stri
p separate 'em
I move premeditated, you'll lose if you hesitate

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Goddamn it, you're a goddamn genius
You must have a goddamn IQ of 160

You are goddamn gifted