

# Jermaine Dupri, Rules Of The Game

(feat. Manish Man)

[JD]

uhuh, uh, yo

uhuh, uh yo

See around here

How many things can make y'all bounce you-know-im-sayin?

Left to right, right to left

uh, its so so def

and uh, yo, let it go

[Chorus: Manish Man]

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

[Manish Man]

One for my niggas aint down for hoes

Free drinks for my niggas stayin crunk throwin bows

Its ya boy Manish Man in this bitch

Niggas love to hate, hoes jock cause I'm gettin 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 tryin to get me some paper

Lythonia, Stone Mountain, all over Decatur

These hoes be lovin the player, Jason calling me baby

But fuck that, I rather trot these hoes are too damn shady

Look I dont need a bitch, I'm ridin down for me

And fuck a gang of niggas, see I'm a soldier G

And aint another nigga, who got more got game than me

You need to check yo shit, because its lame to me

Since 91 been payin the cost, to be the boss

Got no time to floss, because the game's throwed off

[Chorus]

[Manish Man]

Number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese

Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they knees

Number three, dont forget to put ya strap on ya side

Nigga who ride who ride

[JD]

uh, South-side, South-side

If anybody know bout paper-chasing its me

Playboy J to the, E-N-D

Steady showin niggas how we do it down south

Steady ridin shit that aint even came out

In the club, VIP is where you find me at

Private planes, ice chains, I dont know how to act

Every city, got me somethin pretty keep em on they back

"If I aint 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, screamin out ATL

See I'm the type of nigga that was built for cash

Drive me and droppin puttin down a smash

Knowin nothing in life, but how to make these hits

Get paper, spit game in, pull me a bitch

[Chorus]

[Manish Man]

Rule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese  
Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they knees  
Number three, dont forget to put the strap on ya side  
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 imma represent  
Hardcore niggas gettin dead presidents  
Where the real niggas went, imma let you know  
Lay back with the strap, and they aint found no mo'  
These lil niggas trippin, all that hollarin-screamin  
I know yo mamma saw dick, she should've swallowed that semen  
Now I'm drivin through your block, red hot like a demon  
Cock it back, all you see is the beam from my demon  
And it aint 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 playa, gone get you knocked-out knocked-out

[Chorus]

[Manish Man]

Rule number one, my niggas gotta chase the cheese  
Number two, keep these mother-fucking hoes on they knees  
Number three, dont forget to put the strap on ya side  
Nigga who ride who ride, East-side, East-side