

Above The Law

"1996"

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[Intro: Km.G] Yeah, much dedication to Uno, Untro theatre He loved that wicked shit It's for nine six, too much mix [Km.G] Maybe me a picture, sweat as a memory No enemies allowed or an able to get in to me Hot, fills by body, makes my blood bail Real mothafuckers, that was seven years loyal We lost my niggaz six months ago And people said: that we out to dark But we remained thick think with shit, the Pimp Clinic niggaz and the Park [Cold 187Um] Cause see, cash rolls everything around I'm lookin' for a bitch to take 10 of them things out town Cause niggaz outta state got the proper price A couple of fights, back and forth and we be head tight You're tryin' to floss, sellin' dopes on the corner It's 1996, lay you on some white sheet If the Po-Pos done bitchin, them player haters willin' I be sippin' on the AlizÃ© way up on the hill Waitin' for Tommika to check in So we can grab the money, make a profit and Re-up again Yeah, it's like my life's one way big hustle Three sixty five mothafucker, three sixty five mothafucker Three sixty five, yeah [Chorus: Km.G] What see, we're lettin' y'all niggaz know the mothafuckin' real What see, how the mothafuckers, that get your fuckin' cap peeled What see, we're lettin' y'all mothafuckers turn to the real Cause I might right trip, Above the Law niggaz'll kill at will [Km.G] Come on, Km.G, no need to be limit again Count the money, so I can get wet, sweat that ass Who can let the nigga smoke that hash? There's too many glocks in the mothafuckin' stash We can't walk through the clean part of town Cause the skinny busters, nigga, might steal our fuckin' sound And get draw down quick like quick gore Talent bullets should be gone ?? more leave you hardcore In stores, so what you need? And we got that funk sack that wets your fuckin' feet Take you to valley with the chirmin' in Alley Niggaz shootin' bangers, California street gangsters [Cold 187Um] Ugh, I got the Infra Red set on the tech Ready to roll on some punk-Ass-Niggaz tryin' to pop like the swole Sayin' we put whack shit out When they knew our first LP was rolled straight out of the Fatike house That's why I roll with the thickest That's why they call me 178,

and my style is the wickedest Fuck the B-Boy the truck I
checked my nuts cause I be number one on the block,
still gettin' fuck Yo, I keep it real mothafucker Still I am
a murderer, still I am untouchable That was like 1989
now it's 1996 And the only thing changed is my cars
and my tilt And everything else remains the same Still
the same niggaz, still the same names Ugh, and that
name was Above the Law Is that mothafucker, it's all I
want Yeah, I said it, I put that on my great aimin' See I
be true to this shit I be claimin' Yeah, yo, yo, bring that
shit back again we gonna blow you You know, we're
sick, I mean sick [Chorus: Km.G] What see, we're lettin'
y'all niggaz know the mothafuckin' real What see, how
the mothafuckers, that get your fuckin' cap peeled
What see, we're lettin' y'all mothafuckers turn to the
real Cause I might right trip, Above the Law niggaz'll kill
at will [Outro: Cold 187Um] Awww ahhh, awww ahhh,
awww ahhh, time to keep it on the real Awww ahhh,
awww ahhh, awww ahhh, caps get peeled Awww ahhh,
awww ahhh, awww ahhh, time to keep it on the real
Awww ahhh, awww ahhh, awww ahhh

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