

Above The Law

"Apocalypse Now"

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[Intro: KM.G whispering] This year is to drop, ten years of calm What we strived, to innovate it, you know what I'm sayin? [Verse 1: KM.G] Four scores and seven years ago The homies that I know figured out, how we can get paid of that gangster flow True in that.. breakin' the whores with that Rap shit Fuck that jack shit, benefittin' nothin' Givin' the world a little somethin' My comrades on the block still duckin' Pumpin' the junkies with that Killa Cali' Flippin' a quarter to a half, see Burps was the word, they kicked that attitude into the industry I never knew that my Cap was old Chavy I only have fates, and two are my players, Mr. 187Um or Mr. Glock K-Oss Were all you niggaz hear our shit? Then other fools came benefit it Believin' in the managers but they were just strangers Didn't let us know about the paper workin' danger Rules in the land of shiesty, hookers they came fiesty People said.. we was on the winnin' team Peelin' the grip, and it wasn't just a pipe dream And we still chill blowin' that hell of steam So you know shake the spot, because it ain't right be chillin' Where them hookers and panties be droppin' Got a letter in the mail said the west wasn't true Sold a million records, so thank you Player hatin, on while we still innovatin, pushin' records across the nation So apocalypse with a pack of the clips Here we got a beef, so I think you better worry [Break:] [Verse 2: Cold 187Um] Now, I'ma free their minds, and free their souls It ain't nothin' but the bomb shit comin' on sole Y'all, a little somethin' for them player haters Who think they got flavor like Nam' Later They'll get popped, mobbed, dropped Spit out, it's kind of hard to speak With the tech all in their your mouths We do them just like the old days They got beef with the crew, they got it raised, to get sprayed It's like that all day, always I'll be true to this shit 'til my grave Yeah, Gangster Rap made America checked her neck Yo, when change the whole contexts Because, I went from dope dealin' to makin' millions legal Only me and Meegos, yeah, in ten years in makin' notes Still got the same Limo, and got the same Benzo Keep it funky at the gangster bate G'd up, put it down with the gang fate Yeah, it like my mamma used to say: If you go in

like that, you'll go out the same way That's why I always
be myself Cause I get no respect, tryin' to be
somebody else And that's realer than the realist
homies I know You might as well patch your face right,
rap at the Sight Show Or be a \$10 whore, cause there
ain't no level allow you just might go Don't come
around, I'ma clown Cause I got more macks than Dann,
when I get down

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