

## **Above The Law**

### **"Call It What U Want"**

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You've now entered the quest to the black triangle  
Now you know the reason for the Black Mafia theory, ha  
ha ha  
Yes, it has many meanings but no matter how you  
define it  
It still comes out black, see it's just a hair trim  
So you can call it what you want

Now I clown around, when I hang around, with the  
Underground  
But when I'm with the Mafia we droppin' ya  
And if you're a hoe then I'll be knockin' ya, baby, why  
not  
You shouldn't jock me 'cause I'm popular

The group with the glock, I love to pop the gun  
Coppers get shot, they shouldn't try to stop the Mafia  
2Pac'll pack a person, pump the trunk  
I'm bumpin' G-Funk, but you can call it what you want

How many times, I gotta tell ya, don't ignore me  
Either be my hoe or hit the do', you're nothin' for me  
(See ya)  
That's why I love to go on tour G

Scores of whores behind the door, a nigga's naughty  
Now, I'm sippin' on a forty  
So you can call it what you want just pass  
The blunt and kick it Money

Well, I am the danger, the danger, similar to a killer  
I rhyme for rounds of conflicts chomp and stomp em  
while y'all chillin'  
In Tokyo, check it as I choke a slow poke rapper  
Capped his ass faster  
Than a half of pound of crepes'll go on Mother's Day

First and fifteenth, another way of sayin' it  
I got new clips so trip but it's okay to get your crew  
'Cause ooh, I'll send your team to the showers  
They true and do and rippin' and got the Wonder Twin  
powers

I devour much venom, lunch breaks I shit em, I just  
stink  
Whaddya think, this is a threat? Just forget about it  
Come back, you're done black, see Cutty was the  
stopper  
But you'll call me the indo when I chop ya with the  
shopper

Sting ya with the stinger, flex the trigger finger, I blow  
you to bits  
And I be gettin' a kick out of grabbin' the mic and  
flingin'  
Lyrics with the maximum security  
I smoke a spliff but I'm not Jamaican, so won't you let a

Yankee doodle doo, what he hasta, raise my hand and  
cast a  
Hellafied spell you can't tell you better ask a  
Weatherman he'll sigh and reply, "You shoulda stayed  
in the house"  
'Cause Mon is gonna rain on their parades

Now, clear the smoke and grab a fool by his throat  
And don't let him go 'til he holla, holla, billygoat  
Now Money Money Money B, once said to me  
"187, why you wanna be a G?", well

I like to clock big G's, and hang out all night  
And never worry bout a bitch, 'cause she can't tell me  
shit  
Plus, money money is a pimp thang  
(What?)  
'Cause see if you was in my shoes, you'd be doin' the  
same

So don't ever ever fuck with, I'm a G-er playa  
'Cause when I'm bustin' on a punk, I could never be a  
customer  
Now peep this, 'cause when I'm goin' deep  
The only customers gettin' served in the house is the  
pussy, I freak  
They wanna pop that ying-yang

I tell em, "Sit down, shut up bitch, and let me kick  
game"  
(Y' know)  
'Cause hoes always be sayin', they got it goin' on but if  
they wanna  
Get with a nigga like me they gotta pay a fee, I am not  
The no mack nigga, from the planet called, Silk

I'm from the planet Black Mafia Life, that freaks pimps  
Yo, come take a sip  
Of the psycho mega pimpsome hoesta must be a-playa  
Now hold up, wait a second  
Nah, I fucked you bitches on the last record, yo  
It's like I'm high on a raggamuffin' spliff

Me the dope sound what a man, the myth  
(Come)  
Mon they wanna see me fade shit, like I did last year  
So I post on em, then I coast on em

No, I never never never had a murder rap  
And if you snitch you say  
I did it you're bound to get your neck snapped  
So there it is, and how it's gonna be  
So I pass the joint, to my man KMG

Well you can call it what you want but if you don't  
I'm still a nigga with a pimp strut, ooh, a macadamia  
nut  
Ah, say what you want, I'm workin' for a cha-ohh  
Well alright, you little silly ass hoe

Now when you want to rhyme to boo and get tramped  
(Get tramped)  
Give a call to the clinic, ATL's the pimp camp  
And see which playa, is up for the downstroke  
( 'Cause you skeez-in, 'cause you broke)

So toast them hoes like I said before  
I fuck four bitches a day, and I'm lookin' for more  
'Cause cords of scores of hoes be leavin' my house  
Like, bam and I'm like, damn

Now my niggaz done labeled me  
The dangerous neighborhood nastyman 'cause they  
know I can  
When you wake up in the morning I only give ya five  
pushes  
I'll be out by your garage, awaitin' behind the bushes  
Drinkin' coffee, smooove waitin' to talk see  
Like a true hoe gigolo should be

See I'm a giant and the rest of them are fakers  
Especially when it comes to the bitches and they  
moneymakers  
A simp nigga hesitate to dish a tramp but I don't  
So ease back Mafioso on the corner, what you, want

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