

Above The Law

"Encore"

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Chorus:

People came ??

Encore, encore

People came in by the load

Ooh, love is strong

(KMG)

Yeah y'all, I felt the need, I had to let ya all know

How Above The Law flow, we keep it funky gangster
ratio

Yeah, we taking our time, 'cos patience is a virtue

Plus we ain't in a hurry to motherfuckin' hurtcha,P

We checked in date of 1989

Intertwined with some chips to sign

On the little dotted line

It was lovely and the DeNiro was clean

Different from the crack money, but green was green

Fresh on the scene, niggas didn't know the time, we
enterprising

But never realising how the criming and the rhyiming
would twist

And make a hell of a mix

Had the neighbourhood fiending like some junkies
before a fix

Halfa Cali came to get with the source

They did after we down, players could have they own choice

Either rap singing, or even street singing,

It didn't make a difference, long as the funk you're bringing

Everybody's down with the Pimp Clinic

But all they wanted was a piece, piece of the streets

And we be all up in that ass with the quickness,

The thickness, yeah

Funkin the set from here to the east

This is a player thing, this ain't no fucking bullshit

Because we pull shit

My name is KMG, I'm from the Clinic and the Park

You either get glocked in the dark, or get sparked

Yeah, I had to change my wives, change my ways

Straight cut the strays and live for better days

Low ride, slide

Through the street, a real nigga ready to eat

Rolling tough with the glock on my seat

(Cold 187)

Yeah, now I done travelled round the world and said a million rhymes

Like with NWA, back in 89

I put the C in the controversy in the industry

Like Eazy E and Ice T, yo

I did thousands of shows, I dissed many faces

I deal with new jacks on a waayy out basis

I put it down with the true crew

We leaving player haters mesmerised when we trip
through

(KMG: "How many suckas you know?")

Well, I know a whole truck full,

I'm trying to stay two steps ahead of any bullshit they
tryin to pull

Motherfuckers claim they hard,

And put in half the work, and did half the dirt

Ain't even from the dirt

What I would do if I was you is shut your fuckin' mouth

'Cos we be moving keys while you're playin house

I'm the original rap murderer

See, I can beat your ass, rock the mic

Or fuck your girl on a good night

'Cos From Pomona to SC

I represent the real niggas, daddy, who ride with me

Yo, on the real

I got skills like a fifth degree black belt

Plus I'm ten times more explicit than the ??

Niggas making schemes and gimmicks to sell LP's

Instead of being real and stacking G's

Yo, uh, I'm like a fool at a house party,

If I'm heated, I fuck it up for e'rybody

(KMG: "What's your name, nigga?")

Oh you don't know, yo,

It's Mr.One Eighty Seven with my dick all in ya ho

Yeah, if she wanna ????

She won't know ???

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