

Above The Law

"Evil That Men Do"

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[Intro: KM.G whispering] Ugh, in the house, check it out
Above the Law, ATL, player, tell me where you at hah?
Above the Law gang, A.T.L, where you at hah? Pimp
Clinic Gang, where you at hah? Mad beats pumpin,
where you at hah? That's what they say do hah? [Verse
1: KM.G] Diggin' their groom when they gang beat into
the room Sippin' on thick Hennessey consume Yeah,
we're comin' through, ready to dance with the devil in
the pale roomlight Gays kind of mad cause bang kind
of tight See, that the feelin, how chill and bake a quater
in the Westside For a nigga to get fly, tricks on some
hookin' let him steal a gram Visit my whores to get
sucked up I'm the man, lookin' for this other
mothafucker Me and my game, he wanna get wicked
He wanna take it there, dumpin' browns any time I G-up
Yeah, I'll be the mothafucker, to straight see ya So pass
the letter to the mail, Hands Up! I just got a fax at the
Shack in my ride And now, they sent me on my pager
Two chickens got stuck, someone's playin' with paper
All of a sudden, I had to sent the homie The big homie,
the pistol Whip, pistol whipped the whole clique
Because we didn't benefittin' game Known Above the
Law got to keep the name Maintained, stayin' away
from them One Times Cause we're pistol grippers, and
them turkey could be trippin' Bad unique uniform Plus,
the NARCs come through like some mothafuckin' quite
storm All we have to do is stay more aware I'm about to
flow in the the studio, bump a whore and go And stay
strapped all the time Put that L-neezie I'ma get rhyme,
toss a gang of crimes So now you know, what we go
through, the evil shit that real men do [Chorus: various
overvoices with somewhat scary music different than
were in the verses] Real men do Evil that men do Evil
that real men do Evil that men do Evil that men do
[Verse 2: Cold 187Um] Now, roll me up some of that
good feelin' So I can forget all the shit on the news that
I'm hearin' I got other things to do with my life I give a
fuck if OJ killed the demon killers right Cause I be
around a million mothafuckers a day Just ready to peel
your cap back for lookin' the wrong way I got that
problem with myself, and my mind is playin' tricks on

me Am I gettin' fucked with my homies? Or is my lady fuckin' everybody in the hood? I hope not, because her pussy is good Yo, I roll through with my Nino on lap cocked Just for the suckers on the set that wanna cock block They get dropped like that last player hater I swear, I come raw like the jaws on the alligator Now, all let your homies and all of your friends Quit tryin' to put your buster ass back together again But if not, I'm at your way, ready to shake you some more shit If that's I did, the busy gotta get Cause y'all peep, I was raised on the rough side, hussy The Who-Ride, The either get rode on I'm gettin' tired the mothafuckers playin' sheriff royalty Storm me up, and tryin' to put soft all on me I give them 50 feet, with the Infra Red on the tech set Boo yaa, kill them with no regrets I once knew a nigga named Sami, who had it goin' on in Miami Now, Sami got popped by the Feds like a bitch, so we snitched on his whole fuckin' family Now, who that? who that? who that, all up in the collate? Who don't even know what the flavor look like Yo, I be the C-O-L-D-187, A-B-O-V-E-T-H-E-L-A-W It's the crew, wicked like Voo Doo Yeah, with that evil that men do, fool [Chorus: various overvoices with somewhat scary music different than were in the verses] Real men do Evil that men do Evil that real men do Evil that men do Evil that men do

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