

Above The Law

"Playaz & Gangstas"

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[Intro: Cold 187Um] Awawaw, awawaw, awawaw,
awawaw (*Laughter*) Yeah, we be that sick, sick-Ass-
Clique Called Above The Law, right back at you
(*Laughter*) Yeah, ugh, ugh, yeah, yeah, yeah Beatin'
down your block, checkin' in your spot And it don't stop
Like I said before we do our thing from L.A. to Oaktown
Pomona style, yeah, so check it, I'ma bust it off like this
[Verse 1: Cold 187Um] Nineteen ninety fry, back in
your mothafuckin' face Nigga step back before I catch
a case Yeah, I'm on the chase for the paper A decade
deep into the game and I'ma break you Guarantee to
take you, to the next level Yeah, and I'm bound still
slam to the flow, trick hoe Yo, so nigga what that A.T.L
like, they can't see me When the nigga passed the Mic,
check this I'm comin' up out the mist like Romadeem
With nine full it up with the Infrared beam Yeah, I
represent that Westcoast down For them niggaz on the
streets and in the Penthouse So, put your stress up
cause we're gettin' bomb tonight And if you feel me,
nigga that's right Yo, we make the hood-rats yell out
Yo, that's the ?? will your punked out nigga pick it out
Because we be the original undisputed ones That make
more hits then humble county growth green You know
what I mean, ha ha, ugh, yeah [Chorus: Cold 187Um]
When I run up in your spot, you don't want to see me
When I'm beatin' down the block, you don't want to see
me When your bitches on my jock, you don't want to
see me Come trippin' in my spot, you don't want to see
me Cause I'ma player, player, aww, I'ma gangster,
gangster Ugh, it's like bam bam, bambam, bam bam,
bambam Damn it feels good to see people up on it
Ugh, it's like bam bam, bambam, bam bam, bambam,
yeah [Verse 2: Km.G] We dwell in level, my kinfolk
peep me, to the real Homie Diomands last forever, and
troops stay together If it be that way, then we'll drink
Cartier The Low-riderin' niggaz that'll get your ass to
Alazhay I'm in it, gotherin' Pimp Clinic, they're partyin'
to me baby Did a lick with jack move, now we hell of
shady Just heard about pervin' as we bounced to the
Bay And we still servin' yay, the old fashion way
Pomona is the house, check it out South Central is the

house, without doubt, we turn it out Crimin-als, hustlers
pay us now All we wanna do is flip a chicken and a half
of cow Yeah, we're ready to kick the monster Jam And
we're on the West, and all the rest of y'all got the script
So back up with all that bullshit y'all be woofin' Cause
y'all be curb servin' and them T's we be pushin' I'ma
pimp when it comes to them tracks I got them twistin'
hoes and bomb bitches triple in my sack Now, quite
triple in Mercedes have released them in '96 see with
Caddillacs [Break: Cold 187Um Talking] Yeah, that's
how we do it in the nine Fever Floss mode, yeah, you
know, ugh [Chorus: Cold 187Um w/ minor Variations]
When I run up in your spot, you don't want to see me
When I'm beatin' down your block, you don't want to
see me If your bitches on my jock, you don't want to
see me I be trippin' down my spot, cause you don't
want to see me Cause I'ma player, player, aww, I'ma
gangster, gangster Ugh, it's like bam bam, bambam,
bam bam, bambam It's like bam bam, bambam, bam
bam, bambam, ugh

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