

# Above The Law

## "Process Of Elimination (untouchakickamurdaqtion)"

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Artist: Above The Law f/ MC Ren

Album: Black Mafia Life

Song: Process of Elimination  
(Untouchakickamurdaqtion)

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[Intro: Opening Skit]

[Cold] This motherfucker owe me a lot of money, you know what I'm sayin?

[Km.G] Aww, that's motherfucker

[Cold] Bullshit??, we gonna go there and do this, man

[Km.G] Alright, alright

[Cold] So fuck all these freak joints, over here

You know, let's check this bitch out over here

[Bitch] Aiy baby, welcome to the place where it's always goin' on, can I help you?

[Cold] No, you can't help us, hoe

[Km.G] Yo, we're lookin' for Toe Trip Tony, where this nigga at?

I know he's here

[Bitch] Aww honey, that's class...

(\*Cold 187Um cocked the gun and put it in bitch head\*)

[Km.G] Bitch

[Bitch] See him on 242, straight down the hog to your left..

I don't want no motherfuckin' trouble

Y'all always comin' in here startin' motherfuckin' trouble

[Cold] Let's do this, man

(\*Door Knocked\*)

[Cold] Open the door, Tony

[Tony] Who the fuck at my door?

[Cold] Open the door, man

[Tony] Who the fuck at my door?

[Cold] Yo man, what's up with my end, man, what's up with my end?

[Tony] I was at seven man, I was just like kickin' at seven

I told your women what's up, we talked about this..  
[Cold] No man, No motherfucker, you ain't talked about  
nothin'  
You ain't talked to nobody and you outta time,  
motherfucker  
[Tony] Aww man, I'm tryin' to..  
[Cold] You got kicked me in end, then man  
[Tony] What's up, well, can I get a little time man, I got  
some time  
[Cold] No, no, time is expired motherfucker

(\*4 Gun Shots\*) (\*Women screaming\*)

[Interlude #1: Cold 187Um]  
Do you know, motherfuckers need to get the fuck up  
off our back  
[Km.G] yeah  
Cause you know A.T.L ain't never goin' out like that  
[Km.G] Black Mafia Life  
I am the Cooooold 187  
Yo, and I'ma do a little somethin' like this

[Cold 187Um]  
Now see, some try to label me a psychopath  
Cause I think the shit is funny when I'm bustin' on a  
fool's ass  
It don't matter, the shit's out the Glock  
Cause ain't no names on a bullet in a shootout  
The way I think is kind of strange you would guess  
But nowadays, it's like the motherfuckin' wild west  
One come up, put you six feet under  
And do it so fast I'll make everybody wonder  
Yo, Where he go, where he been, where he at  
They find you in the alley with a .38 slug in your back  
Cooold, waitin' for the meat wagon  
I put two in your head to let you know, it wouldn't lack  
Straight Mafia style is kind of crazy  
Nooooooh, the motherfucker didn't fade me  
Yo, so tell your homey, tell your clique, tell your gang  
Then we can go cap for cap, or we could throw them  
thangs  
But in the heated scrap, when things are cookin'  
One of my homies might bust when you ain't lookin'  
(\*Gun shots\*)  
And now they're sayin' that them niggaz be trippin'  
But just like we say in the hood "don't get caught  
slippin"  
So I stay strapped, even though I rap, cause when I  
step  
See, the old punks and new jacks, they still wanna get a  
rep

But I'll be that motherfucker just like the Grim Reaper  
But a little bit cheaper  
So fool, you better have your shit together  
Cause if you fuck with '87 he will hunt you forever  
Yeah, and that's how you deal with them punk  
motherfuckers

[Interlude #2]

[Cold 187Um:] Yo, yo Km.G

[Km.G:] What's up my nigga?

[Cold 187Um:] What's up, man?

[Km.G:] Yeah, this is the process

[Cold 187Um:] The process of what?

[Km.G:] Process of Elimination

[Cold 187Um:] Yeah

[Km.G:] Eliminatin' all fools that don't understand the  
Black Mafia sound

[Cold 187Um:] hell, yeah

[Km.G:] Let me let them have it

[Km.G]

You see, you could just label me the undertaker  
Cause I speed up your chance for you to meet your  
maker

See, Judgement Day has come

You're bein' tried by a black-Ass-Nigga that's pulled  
many triggers

Shit, I'm the jury and I'm also the judge

For this I'm around, I can't show much love

Here's a vision: I'm a motherfuckin' assassin

Fools I clip, keeps me clockin' a grip

So I lay low then I wait for a connection

"Surveillance ain't shit to us without police protection"

Cause when nigga is got a gun "yeah"

Motherfuckers better run

Cause there's one more thing that's worse than a black  
man rappin'

And that's another nigga cappin'

Cause them brothers were slaves, if a nigga had a gat

He would've fucked all the hoes and took the white  
man's sack

But, this is the 90's and what's really goin' on?

We jackin' marks for their title, their ends and their  
zones

Give a pimp a little paper, he's a politician

Anything's possible, call me Aloutious

Shit, this is a potion to sip and don't hurl

A Black Mafia bullet from the underworld

"So if you scared of the rhymes and you ain't really  
used to us"

You a black guillotine, the motherfuckin' executioners

Yeah, Now let a real G from the real niggaz eliminate a few fools

[Interlude #3: MC Ren]

Yeah, MC Ren in here, you know what I'm sayin?  
All about that Black Mafia Life  
With A.T.L, you know, I'm livin' like a hustler  
I'm the real nigga number 1  
Yo, we about to do somethin' to you right here, so  
check this out  
It goes like this, check it

[MC Ren]

The process of elimination, the real nigga number one  
I'll get the motherfuckin' job done  
Because my voice is like a defensive line  
You beggin' for me to come with it because I'm  
attackin' you with tough rhyme  
Because MC Ren'll talk the days of wayback  
And how I had niggaz on their backs  
Gettin' fucked like a hoe in the back of the '64  
And suckin' dicks like tricks  
I only hang with G's, Cause they don't give a diznamn  
To make it clear, they don't give a damn  
I used to wear black, but the shit got played  
From the biting-Ass-Niggaz that I slayed  
For tryin' to walk the path that I walk in  
And 90% of them tryin' to talk how I be talkin'  
Yo, but they can't get that, cause 'Ren ain't with that  
And niggaz in L.A. you need to quit that  
So get your mouth off my family jewels  
Cause playin' with 'Ren, you ain't fuckin' with rules  
It's every nigga for himself when I'm known to start to  
swing  
Cause it ain't nothin' but a thing  
Or I can make it happen quick and put a bullet to your  
chest (\*Gun shot\*)  
So I can speed up the process

[Interlude #4]

[MC Ren:] Aiiyo, Km.G

[Km.G:] What's up?

[MC Ren:] Why don't tell these niggaz what time it is in '91?

[Km.G]

Yeah, there it is  
The straight gangsters shit on the motherfuckin' hit  
The Black Mafia sound from the motherfuckin'  
underground  
Cussin' and bustin, lettin' the underground have it,

there it is

[MC Ren]

And yo, this is MC Ren  
Real nigga number one, gettin' the job done  
Yo, to everybody out there, they know what time it is  
tell them what's up

[Cold 187Um]

Yo, this is Cooooooooold 187  
Yo, you know I'm doing the mad-Ass-Gangster shit  
always  
That's how I gets paid  
Yo, we gotta sign off and we outta here, yeah

[Outro: Allen Payne \*Sample from 'New Jack City'\*]

Now, that's how you kill somebody my brother  
You get right up on the motherfucker, and BOO-YAA  
Blow his brains all over the sidewalk, in broad  
daylight...

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