

## Above The Law

### "Shout 2 the True"

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[Intro: Cold 187Um]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo, I wanna do reminiscing on real on this one man

You know, I wanna go way back man

You know, so don't stop the tape

You know, I'ma kick somethin'

so everybody know what time it is man

[Verse 1: Cold 187Um]

Now, here's a little story I have to tell

About three young niggaz, you know so well

It started way back in history

With my main homey K-oss and the homey Km.G

Yo, we used to push big weight, on the north side of P-town

So you don't have to question if we really down

Check your nigga for his heart, if he's smart

See he's (bog down) who kicking in the park after dark

Cause niggaz be trying to shortstop the work

But I'm, "nobody move, nobody get hurt"

We had to watch for the snitches, the bitches

The ones that save them bitches from them feds when they smash through

Without a clue, that was scary

So we had to pack up the shack and we moved down the Moeberry

All the neighbors who are know on ya

And all I can remember is Grace saying "baby I'ma pray for ya"

It was dooming big trouble, speedy local too

We took turns when the real money came through

And if the po-po rush anyway

They be thinking all the way to fucking Cali 'fore they find yay

We made the killing at summer

Cause back then the police was no dumber

Yeah, Young black niggaz, no job, no schooling

Yeah straight black we was ruling

I mean from Ghosttown to Cin-town, all the way to the islands

Coming through cause violence

I served any motherfucker bein' Blood or Crip  
We be the last motherfuckers that was known to slip, or  
trip up  
And I'ma help you meet your Maker  
That's how it is when I'm chasing that paper, for real....

[Chorus: Cold 187Um]

I'ma keep hustlin' till the day I die  
Cause see the rap game and pimp game is all the  
same  
So put your hands in the air, if you feel what I'm going  
through  
And let me know to keep it true  
ugh, now see I'ma keep hustlin' till the day I die  
Cause see the rap game and pimp game is all the  
same  
So put your hands in the air, if you feel what I'm going  
through  
And let me know to keep it true, ugh

[Verse 2: Km.G]

See I can propose a toast to the illest pimp-ganging  
in the motherfucking town, and my lower standing  
ground  
Vitals running through my mind, thinking about the  
time  
When I was like strolling, one time patrolling the hood  
My knuckle K-oss had a little-Old-Spot  
With a gang of rocks and a fat-Ass-Knot  
Yeah, we're pushing down the block with dubs and  
tools  
Went to the little spot to scoop my nigga Daddy Cool  
Trigga nigga, the one that keeps the Ese's loco  
The one with a ruff, rugged platinum vocals  
He said he loved how we're doing it right?  
Busters, mad doggin' what that clinic like  
But anyway, put some chemicals all up in the air  
And call this hoe, that wants to do your fucking hair  
7-up's got a lick, and we need to be lovely  
A smooth little taking from them fools of raw making  
They gave it up like a groupie  
No gun-play by K cavy flosses, and case of Tanqueray  
Shoot back to the crib with the straps  
Then hook up at the shack with them Bel-Air-Rats.....

[Chorus: Cold 187Um]

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And let us know to keep it true

[Outro: Cold 187Um]

ugh, yeah, Pimp Clinic represents to..ugh fullest  
Yeah, ugh, yeah ninety twist-style, ninety twist-style  
we're flippin' ki's you know what I'm sayin'  
hah, yeah, ugh, yeah, it's all the same ugh, yeah  
ugh

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