

## Above The Law

### "Soul Searching"

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featuring Yukmouth

(K.M.G.)

Seems never, no hesitation for my frustration  
I feel the years that i'm facin', so it's here money track,  
i'm lacin'

With that Gothic lifestyle that i'm used to, voodoo,  
Bent back with a bag of gumby and the hindu.

Twelve playas, way, beyond control

Lookin' for two or three bustas that done sold they soul  
See my name is K.M.G. (Whoop whoop), do ya know  
me?

I think ya lightweight like your see-through homies  
Hold this, while I smoke this, make you focus on the  
pistol & the chrome

And the homie fly as, California born.

We shake down, at the Calabasas home,

And when we throw a gathering, ohh baby it's on.

See we, shake off the bustas, we got the cops checkin',  
Come down on imitators with they fake jail records.

Yea, we use our method, our soul searching method,  
And when we on the block after dark you might catch it.  
Disrespected? Never that. Cali West Coast bellin',  
Check out all my homies with they colors (Blue and red,  
much love)

Mi amigos, I got my homies daring ya,

Moody lifestyle mid from the Bay Area.

We like anderson, come ask for free,

Soul searching with that nigga K.M.G, (K.M.G.)

Soul searching with that nigga K.M.G. homie, (K.M.G.)

You don't wanna fuck with me...

(Chorus X4)

Why can't you see the light?

(Yukmouth)

Nigga, I was raised in a house full of dope fiends,  
Admiring ballers who sold cream, my street dream  
Like Nas, mansion and four car garage,  
Keep trust in God with mob niggas in my enterouge.  
You see that's why could be for broads,

I learned that from my pops when we used to mob the  
eldora-do,  
Through the muthafuckin' projects, I guess it's in my  
blood,  
Sometimes it seems like i'm next, to be a thug.  
And end up selling drugs like my father,  
Or like my partner on the block, man, when I holler,  
squattin impalas  
Slanging rocks, man, it don't stop,  
Keeping the glock up in the cut cuz niggas know I, get  
sho' stopped  
For yo bread, niggas drop dead, of hot lead,  
"Shot him up" that's what the cops said, a code red  
Call the muthafuckin ambulance,  
Could've ran but then again he never had a chance,  
For soul chasing...

(Chorus X4)

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