

## **Above the Law f/ Cavie, KAM**

### **"Don't Do the Crime"**

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[Intro: Cavie Talking] True crime in the streets of L.A.  
Active Vision, Bomb Squad makin' it Whattup?, we're  
on the way ----> Quote from a previous record [Chorus:  
KAM] Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time Stay,  
pushin' the line in the pen' all the time Play, your game  
for keeps, not for fun All alone with your peeps, so One-  
On-One Cause I, don't do the crime, if I can't do the  
time I stay, pushin' the line in the pen' all the time I  
Play, the game for keeps, not for fun All alone with my  
peeps, so One-On-One [Verse 1: KAM] This is the game  
where everybody in traffic hates you So it's rated in,  
why?, due to the drastic nature State your nickname,  
hood game, rank your business Before we move, your  
body's stinkin, you can't get a witness So who they take  
that business, it's passin' at the door If your name is on  
my shootlist, then you got to go Cross my path, you  
gonn kick a bloodbath in the mud Now, I slug half for  
your mug, that truck spits hub caps Wild shots and  
beach heat Hot rocks on every block, cold killers on  
each street Danger on every corner, scum at every turn  
Some pressure is heavy on you, you put some, just  
never learnt What the S.C. mean, so it's best that I warn  
you The South Centrol, straight Compton, is other Kila-  
fornia Survival Class, I thought you knew it Crime is the  
order of the day and we stay true to it [Chorus: KAM]  
[Verse 2: Cavie] Yeah, it's the true crime, in the streets  
of L.A. (\*Helicopter Propeller Turning\*) I got my twin  
.45, (\*Gun Cocked\*) cocked, ready for gun play Catch  
me downtown, bustin' off rounds Layin' suckers down,  
this is how I get down Face down on the hot hood, cops  
are no good (\*Sample of Police Sirens\*) Catch me  
runnin' from the police on my way back to the hood  
Snatchin' suckers out their hatchbags, peelin' caps  
back Like.. Bang Bang (\*2 Gun Shots\*) Shake their  
knee Kanes Smashin' through the city in car, burnin'  
rubber like.. UAAHHHHH (\*Tyres screechhing on the  
Asphalt\*) Bustin' the automatic, in traffic I'm causin'  
havic It's madness but I'm still classic Cause it's crime  
in the City, damn, and this game is so cold Dealin' with  
the gangs and the law You can knock through your ball,  
if you run up tryin' to bold S.C. - Survival Class, I

thought you knew it Cause crime is the order of the  
day, and we stay true to it [Chorus: KAM] [Verse 3: Cold  
187Um] Yo, I said don't do the crime, if you can't do  
the time If you ain't down for the gun play, stay the fuck  
out the way I'm a true rider, from the streets of L.A.  
Doin' licks, gettin' chips, ev'ry mothafuckin' day In the  
Rag-Six-Tre, hittin' back the streets in sought I want to  
show you bitch ass police that I can't be caught Lead  
you the crossed up to stuck, and left without a clue This  
is an everyday thing that a G like me go true  
OOOOOOOhhhh [Verse 4: KM.G] Drinkin' and drivin' in a  
mission through the Eastside Sip a bear, smokin' good  
in a G-Ride See, I'm always in the mix, gat ready for a  
twist I got a gang of CDs, y'all niggaz ain't servin' shit I  
can hit you with the .40 glock Unload the Desert Eagle,  
and through the block See, the baddest nigga, you  
ever saw Yeah, this nigga's game be Above the Law  
[Chorus: KAM] [Cavie] Yeah, true crime in the streets of  
L.A. Ha, what you know about that? Ha, runnin' from  
Knee Kane, you know what I'm sayin? Bend the corners  
on through the westside, Dun You know what I'm sayin?  
The Survive squad, Fort Knocks What's up Kris? Ha,  
yeah, what up Cleareyed? Yeah, ha ha, yeah [Cold  
187Um] True crime, in the streets, in the streets  
[Cavie] Of L.A. Aiy, I'll see you, nigga I'll see you out  
there, nigga Uh, but you can't get me Ugh, cause I'm  
out, cause I'm out (\*Echoes\*)

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