

Above the Law f/ Daddy Cool, Enuff, Kokane, Triggerman "Clinic 2000"

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[Intro: Kokane] That's right, yeah, uha Yeah, I like R. Kelly, be cool My name Kokane, and I'm a Pollaseeds And I love them whores, and they love You understand? [Verse 1: Km.G] Eight booty bitches in the naked city Fly bitches shakin' asses and hell of titties Contemplatin' how the homies should penetrate As we watch little Tina while she masturbates She looks up and she hooks to my nigga E Then she grabs the fifth of some Hennessey She took it into hand and put the bottle between her legs Then she brings my homie Trigger to dig Just another freaky tale in the Westcoast Cause after 12 O'Clock we be poppin' the most Niggaz fiendin, to slap some ass, tap some ass And they ain't givin' a fuck about their past Now, we got naked ladies, layin' all over the room Life lights with the nascent fume Though the homies gettin' twisted of that major Kiah Pimp Clinic got them ladies for hire [Chorus] [Cold 187Um] That's the world we have [Kokane] That's the world we have [Cold 187Um] That's on every friend we have [Kokane] That's on every friend we want y'all [Cold 187Um] That's the world we have [Kokane] That's the world we love [Cold 187Um] That's on every friend we have [Kokane] That's on everybody, that's on every friend we love y'all [Verse 2: Triggerman] Ugh, welcome to the villa in Manilla Can you relate, with the armor cap peeler? Chillin' the most, cause I claim the westcoast And I love givin' a toss to the brookie And freakin on some booty See, the Clinic got a hell of a night Donna Karan L.A. and my fuel is right Bailin' with the quickness to the freak show Pocket full of classics and that mean more whores [Verse 3: Enuff] To have more whores is what a nigga plessure I got more rooms that then any whore can measure Yeah, I put them into the cleanest They still callin' my mammas, askin' haven't you seen him But she's happy cause I'm outta state Trip incase, peep the next holiday Now, I wanna play it with no ends, then I can explain What I got game, I'm headin' the first came Speak some words and took them home with me Freak them the chronic, I get nasty [Chorus] [Verse 4: Cold 187Um] Now, I be bailin' down to show with my dick out Ready

to be this seed inside bitches' mouths So don't ever trip
child, I come when set my steels out And all you bitches
out there wanna know what I'm about Cause I be hittin'
back, sissies askin: have me a shout Been red, brown,
black skin or Trout Got the conversation too, what you
gonna hear, baby How you got these niggaz out here,
straight livin' shady There's one thing I know about
these upon California squeezes Yo, they be sneakin,
they be freakin' And they be down for the get down,
when I get it begins From Calabashies to Inglewood,
you bitches know that I'm a man Cause when I come
through, I straight like jam What y'all know about the
techs flow though? 187 show, boo Yaa woow [Chorus]
[Hook: Daddy Cool] You got to have that with the
sickness You got to get back on your feet You got to
use the mind Fuckin' with a nigga like me You got to
have that with the sickness You got to get back on your
feet About to use my mind up in these streets [Chorus]

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