

Above the Law f/ Enuff, Kokane "Gorillapimpin'"

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[Intro/Chorus: Cold 187Um] Wherever we go, another
player whore From city to city, we still Gorilla pimpin'
We still pimpin' We keep the whores the Ghetto Stars
We're sippin' Caviar From city to city, we still Gorilla
pimpin' We still pimpin' [Verse 1: Cold 187Um]
Sometimes I have a whole modern bullshit on my mind
Sometimes I sit and write hype rhymes time after time
About these hoochies, about these hookers, about
these hoodrats Bitch you disrespect that, Bitch you'll
get your headcracked Now, pay your tribute to B.C.G.
(Pimp - Clinic - Gang) Yo, and bow down cause we roll
through Cause I was half melabo with this bitch from
Hundred Noo-Noo You should've seen what she wants
to do She wants to do it from the Livin' Room to the
Kitchen I mean all up in the cabinets, bread conditions
Yo, now let me tell you somethin, this is how you break
a whore: Tell what she wanna hear, take where she
wanna go And when it gets real good to them You gotta
treat them like you don't even ahh care for them Yo, yo,
that's a tactic, you call it psychology We are from the
Pimp Clinic, we call it pimpology And we pimped on like
them Rolling Stone makin' hits All up in the traffic,
yellin' fuck the bitch Yo, on that for reala my nigga Yo,
cause when I pimps, I pimps like a Gorilla, yeah
[Chorus] [Verse 2: Km.G] Pimp Clinic Gang Bandanna,
hang with my Banana Banana be in my clip, A.K. - set
trip Keep Clinic mingle, peep the new single Flossy
pimp nigga, peep cap when I hit you with the mental
Carvan cause the whores look good to me They spit
light too, I was hookin' up their wig Now, they be
sterned up, and they got their mack up Come on, here
me spreadin' love as I get my grind on the Microphone
Slide you on the homie's Benz, been some of the
homie's ends Hell of conversation with you and the
friend I never lied to you, just so I can slide to you
Check it out, let me show you the view And continue, to
smell good and look good And still be chasin' them
hoodrats, like a nigga should be With a hell of a
Chronic Sack, with my fat ass Gat Yeah, nigga has got
a Low-Rider, plus, I mobs with the Rottweiler Chronic
sow the whores follower What or Why? - cause that's

what I wanna do Click with my ignorant, Pimp Clinic
pregnant [Chorus] [Verse 3: Enuff] I'm a type of nigga
that causin' a gang of drama Oppose it, chillin', see I'm
all up in your baby's mamma Fools, get trippin' like
they're royal But see half of these bitches can't spell
the word LOYAL I run deep with a gang of killers So if
it's static, we better come for reala I said: trust no
whore til the day you die And don't be sown your soul
just saved because you suicide I hit the A.C. as I roll
through Kila California On the turn of way to Pomona To
make peace with my kinfolks, metanade on some hell
of a smoke I keep real like I used to do on the street
Cause still water is runnin' deep And if you really
wonder how I fill up Can't nobody get by a Gorilla
[Verse 4: Kokane] Ugh, we run game on you whores
and start to finish Now, it's the good, the bad and the
pimpish Now, why would I run down the hood to fuck
one girl When I can creep down the hill and fuck them
all Ugh, I know this pinky P-Y-T, so young, so sweat She
was only Seventeen At one of my shows, kickin' it
backstage You know them young ass bitches never at
the age She whispered in ear: do you wanna fuck? This
young bitch made my dick hits, called up on my nuts
My ?? is ticklin, this bitch kept on minglin' She gave the
pussy and in my ride she wants to be a singer
Promises, promises, I taped that ass and kicked the
bitch up out my S-Class And on my dashies I say:
Pimpin' Ain't Easy I can't kick it around the bitch that got
no rhyme with me, ugh [Chorus]

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