

Above the Law f/ Kokane, Tone Loc

"Who Ryde?"

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[Intro: Km.G Whispering on the Mic] Here it is y'all, right here Lyrics let the nigga join that demon shit So I guess.. I just have to join that game Damn I've admired every touch of that shit Come on with me [Km.G] Tack me baby, get me up, H-Nigga in the front Me trade and me packed and me stay strapped Bail and hangin, doin' a little gang with my niggaz While we flirt with some skirts, you know, some herpes But we stay with it, yeah, we flip it We find us, a motherfuckin' Chevy then we dip it Then they asked me: why you're in the game? Rollin' S-class, helpin' Kokane [Kokane] Yeah, see you're lookin' at my hoochie it's about that time That me rollin' with my clique Pimp Clinic hittin' Dolo sticks Cause bitches be sayin: Aiy, Mr. Gold Wire player Won't come out to be my whore layer Nah bitch, I be sittin' at the Dr. Coffee Hatin' for the snow to roll in or split in It's Kokane A.K.A. the black hopper Surrounded by the black gangsters with triple beamers Cause sometimes it gets so hard to slang your style What you said Km.G? [Km.G] Chocolate Nuts [Kokane] What you got Km.G? [Km.G] Big brown Chocolate Nuts [Kokane] What we got Km.G? [Km.G] Chocolate Nuts And I'm lookin' for them hookers with them big Chocolate butts Take up get naked while we laugh about my jail record Diggin' the drawers girl, so check it As I flow watch my bottom drop And I be fillin' my tap, hittin' you up on your block [Chorus: Kokane Chanting X2] Hard hard hard, hard hard hard, hard hard hard Everyday there's a change [Cold 187Um] They wanna stop Gangster Rap but they're kind of late Cause I've been kickin' Gangster shit for seven years straight And best believe makin' the end Ugh, puttin' in work for my niggaz in the Pen' Cause see, once upon a time I had a cabin sack I start flossin' and flossin' and never got tracked Smokin' weed everyday And make the funky beats for my niggaz around the way Yeah, now I think I'm worked millions And your white folks mad cause I'm sellin' to your childrens By the house and by the key They don't wanna be like Mike, they wanna be like me What's happenin' in the ghetto ain't happenin' anywhere And upon California not any where So boo yaa, boo yaa, boo

yaa, what's happenin' partner? Ugh, I'm all in this track
and I'ma break you off somethin' proper Cause I'm the
C-O-L-D, original 187 in the place to be So when you see
me, you better give me my props Or get popped by the
.44 and land out in Shot sippin' And for me, see that's a
promise, I ain't trippin' Boy, I'm just honost, ugh
[Chorus: Kokane Chanting X2] Hard hard hard, hard
hard hard, hard hard hard Everyday there's a change
[Tone Loc] I kick back, relax, cause I'm fat and all that
When I attack, it's like a swing of the Baseball bat
Known to force me, cause I live my life coastly If I had a
ringer I'll be around rosily Lived my early years straight
like a Hoodlum No time for women cause I've never
understood that They wanted to hold me, stretch me in
Coupe De Rather have my forties than just prove at my
Hoopty Comin' down your block, your street, comin'
down your avenue Check that gratitude, check my
attitude You wanna run up, you got your gun up Fool,
what's up? - Shit, your bet not even hick up Cause if you
do, I'm break your jaw Loc, Kokane and Above the Law
Puttin' in work like some more Vietnam vets What we
set, gettin' more more respects But residential as
individuals sad as pitiful That you can get a hook Of
Tone Loc kickin' that raw shit for your life West Side
Swap Meet, and Black Mafia Life [Chorus: Kokane
Chanting X2] Hard hard hard, hard hard hard, hard
hard hard Everyday there's a change

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