

Above the Law f/ MC Ren

"Killaz in the Park"

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(*Helicopter propeller turning*)

[Intro: Crime Scene investigation]

"Okey what we have here?"

we have a 187 black male, fictim of possibly 18 years
of age.....

gun shot wound to the head.....

look like he is been dead of possibility 2 hours "uha"

when we received a phone call quite sometime ago....

but you know how it's when people have to come down
into the Park

and don't nobody wanna come down here.....

"yeah, were any witnesses step forward?"

Shit, witnesses down in this motherfucker?

who's the fuck is gonna come forward down here....

"Okey, well let's get this area tipped off

let's move these fuckin people back outta the way,
behind the tape

let's get those cars outta here and get that car down
here

and pick up this motherfuckin dead body"

I want all y'all motherfuckers get the move in this shit

everybody get back, everybody get back

hey you.. you.. you.. yeah

take the, yeah, take the tape overthere, would you
please

Okey, man, it's always a killing in the park.

(*Helicopter propeller turning*)

[Chorus: some girls]

it's all like everyday, if you want some tray

if you want some gun play

straight killas in the park.....

straight killas in the park.....

if it ain't that right time of the day

I think you better walk around the other way

straight killas in the park.....

straight killas in the park.....

[Verse 1: K.M.G]

watch young brother now watchin me get game
well let me tell you about this little spot
where we check by the block mate, yeah it's servin'
straight claimin killas in the park
put some out for my dead homies and my niggaz stuck
to the rock
if you look up in the ride you'll see this
Regals, colorists, foes, trays and big fat black Doodle
light posted hundred smokes for my folks, and case of
Hennessy
a couple of pounds of this stinky trees
a few rats with mobile phone to keep calling the shit
let's know when it's on
even rollin chick inside worse and worst got beef
dwellin, while we still drug sellin'
but y'all don't heard that shit from me...Oooh baby
please
what y'all know about killas in the park
that's the drums sound 40 felons holdin ground
and I aid across you by the little B.G.'s-> Ghetto Boys
cause y'all couldn't see this, they will known me
enemies
straight provin to help us with that chicken movin
nine times outta ten
we tell 'em meet us at the park at the dark
to see where your nuts at
20 niggaz with straps, 20 more with they packs, fully
automatic
my people stalk to see me, smelling like a gang with
me
leavin niggaz start killings in the park.....

MC Ren: "Niggaz in the Park"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: MC Ren]

nigga who in the fuck you think you're talking to
nigga you won't remember shit when come through,
out your coma
it's compton and pomona
killas in the park from Cali' to Arizona
you can't walk through the park, niggaz crazy of the
dark
keep your hand on the gun or nigga you'll be on the run
niggaz camouflaged in the night
packin Desert Eagles and 22's nigga fuck the fight
and fuck them police that be thinkin they slick
with they headlights on, tryin to creep, they can suck a
fat dick
take your pig in the pimp clinic

stay your ass out the park cause this crazy niggaz be
off in it
but I see you niggaz there selling 'lley
hitting switches with your bitches every motherfuckin
day
so beware of the killas in the park
and get your ass on before it get dark, uhh niggaz.....

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Cold187Um]

you got to watch your back for the po-po's, creepin up
out suburb-os
come on up the creep, for your works and your heap
deepest think then can get.. I gets the fuck about the
one time
it's just another player heater tryin' to take mine
yo, we regulate the buck them dawn to dusk
so if the one time one, stash your gauge, you'll shut the
fuck up
cause they be comin with that black killing black
you better watch your back because the streets full of
pack
think it to myself yeah I'ma dump motherfucker
got me y'all off ??? tryin to act like ain't did nothin'
but 'til the minute I slipped
yo, they'll all up in my mamma house trippin this shit
it's like my homies used to say
if it gets that deep you got to put the motherfuckers to
sleep
and make the park once more won't safer
cause dumb shit comin between we and my paper
he that be in the park gettin rolled up?
it be that nigga Short stopper sellin' cut up
yo, he ain't the homie, so we can't check
it ain't personal nigga it's respect
yo, if I ain't part on swings, I'm in the basketball court
I'm in the T-shirt, chuck T's and cut off Khaki short
junkies come and call me lil' boot camp
I'm goin and see now, I'ma screamin New child
yeah, big ball going off like the mugg man, it's 9-1-1
man
stash the gold, take by the wrong man
I just served then I ain't this trick
uhh, now we gettin restart quick
I turned around and said fool you're a snitch
I shot him in his junky-Ass-Bitch
I'ma killa from the park.....

(*Pow*)

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