

Kokane f/ Above the Law, Dirty Red

"Aftermath"

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[Intro: Dirty Red] Alright players, Alright Gs Hustlers, pimps, macks, real niggaz and all that The Time has come, and what a time to drop real gangster poetry on that ass Ha ha, yeah, comin' at you from the under world, The Aftermath!! A group of underground launtics brought together on mission of destruction So all you bitches and whores beware, for what lurks be on in the bucklers Give too meanin' into the words is totally insane 187Um, my motherfuckin' murderous homicidal skills for you suckers Stay down to get that ass clown Km.G, the motherfuckin' undertaker, the bitch breaker So whores if you didn't know, now you do So that's just the first clue from a nigga on a mission You see, Chronic is way of life, Gs So spray a peace to mothers and get right the fuck out Awww yeah, what dopeless comes to a man named Kokane Influential in amount, believin' in a certain theory That all players must come correct, other than it he gets no respect You see, it's all about makin' yours in this life time So if that said, I would like to introduce one more player in this game A nigga named Shank, A.K.A. the Kane A nigga known for breakin' the suckers off So y'all believin' in the Theory of Elevation Reason bein, I got the fly.. fly.. shit for that ass So here it is players, aww yeah, bitches too The fly shit for you So tune in 'til it get faded with The Aftermath, niggaz [Hook: Cold 187Um & Km.G X2] Funk them up Funk them up, Funk them up, from the Westcoast Funk them up, Funk them up, Funk them up Funk them up, Funk them up, from the Eastcoast Funk them up, Funk them up, Funk them up Well, alright ----> Kokane [Verse 1: Cold 187Um] Awww, comin' through the motherfuckin' side door Checkin' all the niggaz, and cluckin' all the whores Before you jump up, and get rowdy like the Yawny You better ask your bitch if she knows me "ooooohhhhh" Cause I got two pounds of bakings on a two pounds of coke I brought a bitch some Bamby, some papers, so I can smoke So you can call them when you want to, baby Yah, right, because I've just told you homie the same two nights ago Or should I say four scores ago So bow wow, wow, wow, yippi yay, yippi yo, whore Because to play you is my

only wish Yo, so pass me the skin so I can rush it like
Emmitt Smith And then I have to come boil that ass, toil
that ass Bump that ass and straight funk that ass I
guess you motherfuckers get the clue "what up?" Soda
for the cut up, chuckies to hop to "yeah" I maybe in
your CoupÃ©, or Jeep or your Wagon I maybe makin'
dollars but I'm not braggin' I give my props to my
niggaz in the Penthouse, see For tryin' to come up
gettin' caught up in the system G It's like a game,
never fit to win So I'll see you when you get out if not
when I get in "Well, alright" Cause I'm not the Rodney
King Part Two So I'ma smoke one for me and smoke a
gang for you, yeah [Verse 2: Km.G] Then you're makin'
a nigga, aww shit, the whore gigolo flow Quick so..
what's the word? I've just set a verse to the whores with
the Deuce on the corner The green eyed hooker with
the juice and the totters The true black macadamian in
Funk pole Hit the whores, get quick to fade Al Capone
Let me take my hair off And peep my MC Donalds, six
Magazines freak All the nymphos I'm a pussy fiend
Ooh, Mister Mister, twister twister is what they call me
Then they bone me Whores on my Diznick, I'm livin' a
revelation I'm kickin' the real shit, fuck the nigga's
reputation "fuck it" Go out to through dome, what up?,
I'll straight fuck you Or told my nigga shit, .45 to buck
you Or I'ma trip and bring chaos at it Or my nigga Mack
fuckin' Re-up to Pimp Clinic So, I'ma ask you a question
"what up Loc'?" Do you wanna die for me? "yeah" Or do
you wanna die for my Kokane at 17-5 a key? [Verse 3:
Dirty Red] Awww yeah, I said leanin' on my toners when
I'm bailin' Through the crooked streets deep in Cali'
where I'm dwellin' Sellin' mobile dopes cause I gotta
make a dollar Finna drop the top of my Rag-Top-Trey
Impala I'm jerkin' a local nigga out the do it and sharin'
dirt Got two whores on the corner and they finna put in
work Now the pimps, though I ships my pimp And on
the down low, too many whores'll get a nigga in some
trouble And so I'm.. bumped the three wheel motion Hit
the corner quick, fiendin' like the Chronic stick And get
higher than a motherfucker -----> Eazy-E I got a beap
on the sky pager, trick ass bitch Put the trick on time so
it's off to the next day Yeah, picked up my mobile
phone, to make a booty call Creepin' down Crenshaw,
watchin' out for the law "yeah, the motherfuckers"
Cause the police quick to put the nigga on the side of
the curb And take a choke of burb G And lease a nigga
like showy But I ain't want them up, I got the dope from
the street motherfuckers [Hook: Cold 187Um] Aww
yeah, The Aftermath Journey through this Aftermath
Kokane is here Here goes 'Kane, check this out [Verse
4: Kokane] Now I'm comin' around.. comin' around.

Comin' around the fuckin' mountain Wettin' niggaz up
like a fuckin' fountain So don't call me, don't get
attached Cause some of you niggas' ass more faker
than Wrazzaler Match Add the preservatives on official
flavors Bakin' video sope, said I say a fuckin' savior
Give your R&B, house Music, I'll say hell no Beatin'
Donnie Simpson where I be funkin' on the show Who
gives the funk shit like that? you know it's We Cause G
shit came from the concrete So take a seat in the back
jack, known I gots to strap No longer will be a white
motherfuckin' dictatin' hard as real rap You're a
motherfuckin' hypocrites Bring your ass as used to
promote that every metal shit To the K to the O to the K
to the A, to that's N-E we flowwww My name is Kokane,
never askin' the reason I ball So Bon Voyage I gots the
stack And I'm out swords, nigga, but I'll be back Funkin'
you

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