

## Dose of the Mega Flex

Above the Law

Yo man, I heard you was havin' a couple of problems with your hoes

Well you know I got a little philosophy for shit like that  
It's like, you can pimp one hoe, you can pimp a thousand of them  
Yo, but I'mma let KM.G break it down for them like this

Yo, well let's ranch South Central  
Here's a toast to the motherfuckin' boogie  
Hoes with no clothes, get a woody  
From a G-sta, so hoes want it on thick  
You know a groupie's best friend is some hell of a dick  
Yo, so once upon a time called now  
As I give them a rhythm and I allow  
For you to linger, before I send you  
My trigger finger, ATL'll bring you stitches to your ass "Straight up"  
So break me off somethin' proper for the bad 'n the bold  
Much respect's committed to the hustlers beyond control  
Release my pole, see what I can catch  
A mega bitch with some ends or even a bare batch  
Of some P-I-C, see what I can tossy  
Asti Spumanti I pour onto her body  
The hype mega shit that straight drowns the public  
Penetentiary object, kinda lawful so that makes me a motherfuckin' subject  
I see you strain to gain, or wielding a knife  
Attempting to taste the Black Mafia life  
On the funk tip "Yeah"  
Every man has his price clip  
Loaded in my pocket so a fool can't stop it  
My nigga 187Um ask a pimp like me to drop it  
For South Central, Compton and Watts  
Fly skanks I'm willin' to gank, give me what you got  
It's a position where ranching is the mission  
A.T.L is direct  
A little Dose Of The Mega Flex...

You know Snow, bitches never cease to amaze me, man  
When I breaks one bitch I have to turn around and break another one, man  
I mean why? I buy her things, I keep them looking good  
But hey, no dough, man  
I mean, I keeps them broke, player  
Hey, cause I'm all about adding, not subtracting, you know  
"True, true"

Well let's sail, sail to a land  
Where a nigga is a king with a gun in his hand  
True niggaz get scandalous, then it turns to gankin'  
And your shit gets rowdy then you have to bank one "Ping"  
Breaking, I'm broken, here's a token to play with  
Flowing with attitude, so yo, check the difference again "yeah"  
A bit of info to the hoes and bitches  
KM.G'll serve motherfuckin' stitches  
But kickin' it with the G's there's things we must rehearse  
The one-time jacks, put my motherfuckin' gat in your purse  
Not tryin' to work you or leave you much to lean in  
Cause punk-Ass-Niggaz treat bitches the way they wanna be treated  
Yeah, you can see that you're a bitch if I ever seen one  
Modern day tramp, smooth will get dick hung

It's all kinds of hoes and skanks and tramps  
and hotties and skeezers "Yeah they all dick pleasers"  
Then when I say "What up" I don't wanna put a damper  
Hit a stupid-Ass-Bitch in the head with some Pampers  
Maybe then I'll get a single mother's attention  
Clothes on the counter, yo, I forgot to mention  
That we done tossed all the tramps in the welfare line  
So cash them checks cause it's pimpin' time  
So come on hoes, shoot your best shot  
Call me Elmer J. Fudd, I own a mansion and a yacht  
Or call me KM.G, I'm here to serve, on the wreck  
Fly the seat out through the window for a dose of the mega flex....

Yeah man!

Man, I ain't had no more trouble with them fucking woman, sayin' I'm ready f  
or fucking pimpin' any time, any goddamn day, you know  
Right now, right now, right now, you know

That's how you checks them, man  
It makes them give you respect, you know what I'm sayin'  
Yo, A.T.L the mega pimp clinic  
'91 and we outta here, see you

Yeah man, I gotta go out here and put this game down  
Like it supposed to be put down, you know  
You know, always remember that you run things  
And that's the way it is and that's how it's always gon' be  
You know, yo, we sold  
You know, I gotta go, we gotta breeze, player

That's spiritual man, see you man, you old time  
Keep going, don't stop  
Keep going, don't stop  
Oh yeah