

Encore

Above the Law

[Chorus:]

People came in by the load
Encore, encore
Ooh, love is strong
People came in by the load
Encore, encore

[Verse 1: KM.G]

Yeah y'all, I felt the need, I had to let you all know
How Above The Law flow, we keep it funky gangster ratio
Yeah, we taking our time, cause patience is a virtue
Plus we ain't in a hurry to motherfuckin' hurt you
peep, we checked in date of 1989
Intertwined with some chips to sign
On the little dotted line
It was lovely and the DeNiro was clean
Different from the crack money, but green was green
Fresh on the scene, niggaz didn't know the time, we enterprising
But never realising how the criming and the rhyiming would twist
And make a hell of a mix
Had the neighbourhood fiending like some junkies before a fix
Halfa Cali' came to get with the source
They did after we down, players could have they own choice
Either rap singing, or even street singing
It didn't make a difference, long as the funk you're bringing
Everybody's down with the Pimp Clinic
But all they wanted was a piece, piece of the streets
And we be all up in that ass with the quickness
The thickness, yeah
Funkin the set from here to the east
This is a player thing, this ain't no fucking bullshit
Because we pull shit
My name is KM.G, I'm from the Clinic and the Park
You either get glocked in the dark, or get sparked
Yeah, I had to change my wives, change my ways
Straight cut the strays and live for better days
Low ride, slide through the street, a real nigga ready to eat
Rolling tough with the glock on my seat.....

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2: Cold 187Um]

Yeah, now I done travelled round the world and said a million rhymes
Like with N.W.A. back in '89
I put the C in the controversy in the industry
Like Eazy-E and Ice-T
yo, I did thousands of shows, I dissed many faces
I deal with new jacks on a way out basis
I put it down with the true crew
We leaving player haters mesmerised when we trip through
KM.G: "How many suckers you know?"
Well, I know a whole truck full

I'm trying to stay two steps ahead of any bullshit they tryin to pull
Motherfuckers claim they hard
And put in half the work, and did half the dirt
Ain't even from the dirt
What I would do if I was you is shut your fuckin' mouth
cause we be moving keys while you're playin house
I'm the original rap murderer
See, I can beat your ass, rock the Mic
Or fuck your girl on a good night
cause from Pomona to S.C. I represent the real niggaz
daddy, who ride with me
Yo, on the real I got skills like a fifth degree black belt
Plus I'm ten times more explicit than the Scult
Niggaz making schemes and gimmicks to sell LP's
Instead of being real and stacking G's
Yo, uh, I'm like a fool at a house party
If I'm heated, I fuck it up for e'rybody
KM.G: "What's your name, nigga?"
Oh you don't know, yo
It's Mr.One Eighty Seven with my dick all in you hoe
Yeah, if she wanna encore
yeah, She won't know, it won't more.....

[Chorus: till fade]

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