

Livin' Like Hustlers

Above the Law

Let me start it off, 'cause I'm a player
Fade into part two, I'm the number-one ho layer
A mack, a player, and a pimp
Something much stronger than your average drink
Now correct me if I'm wrong, I'm like moonshine
Take a sip of my rhyme and I take over your mind
'Cause I don't think like the average thinker
Call me the nightstalker of your neighbourhood headshrinker
187 is like a megablast
I take too many names, I kick too much ass
K.M.G, the number-one mack daddy
Eatin' chicken like a motherfucker, rollin' in my Caddy
With my brim cold bent to the side
I bump and slide
Go mack in the back, 187 to the side
Street Pilgrims pioneering the land
Above the law status with a gat in my hand
A mind designed like Frank Nitty
Livin' large on the mike, doin' damage for the city
The city of toners which is known as L.A.
Where the hustlers hustle and the ballers play
We got the dope beats from the homeboy Dre
And it had to be done (How?) the Ruthless way
187, what's up?, what do we do at our show
We wear black on black with the locs and the romeos
Start stepping, unload my mike weapon
We say it's fittin', you think it's hittin'
K.M.G means knowledge most greatly
Some people love me, most people hate me
In other words, I kick my gift
Do you be sleeping, K.M.G?
Nah, I don't drift
I lounge or lay 'cause suckers take advantage
Yo, what do we do?
Yo, we doin' damage
'Cause we not punks, fools, sissies, or busters
And the way that we live is
Like hustlers

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I used to sell big lleyo on the block
Remember all the hardheads, getting all the hard knocks
I started with Gs and then I moved to keys
And at this point my life went with ease
In other words, my pockets was thick
I didn't worry about the Feds, I was checking the mic.
Pull a swoop to Farouk, got dressed to please
Got the crib pimped out so that the bitches flee'd
I bought a ride, a white Corvette
So I can do a ghost move when it's time to jet
When I was nineteen, I was on my own
Hooked up big connections on my mobile phone
At home, or maybe on my person
To clock big G's I'd be definitely certain
To live the lifestyle, the luxury, the freaks, the frills
Yo, you was livin' kinda large

On the real-deals was bein' made
Suckers was gettin' sprayed
In other words, we was gettin' paid
Like hustlers

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Let me proceed 'cause I got the green light
For the numero uno 87 it must be hype
For now, let me lay the cards on the table
So you can figure out who's worried or stable
I max and tax and relax and stack Gs
Stick that to the facts, that's why I crack them with ease
Please get off the convoy, I think you're confused
When you cross, I told you you'd get tossed and you lose
Now A-b-o-v-e-L-a-w to some people now that spells trouble
But we're not a group promoting violence
But when it comes to speakin' the real, I won't be silent
Speak all reality when I'm on the mike
So you don't have to run and have a stereotype
See, see 'cause stereotypes will make you dumb
So kick back and listen, yo, to the knowledge that's brung
See the law has provided me, the K.M.G
That's complex with the style but done easily
Pitch a picture if I have to, you know why
I'm undercover doin' dirt I'm a hell of a spy
Now me, 187, is a detonator
More deadly than a hand grenade
Much harder than a fool to fade
Not a forty, not a quart or six-pack
Me, K.M.G, Total K-OSS, and Go Mack
'Cause I unload my weapon with force
Yeah, I'm never detected, I get respected
As a baller, a player, or a pimp
Yo, pass me the forty, I commence to dent
A sissy soft sucker with no title
Unplug the machine 187 is vital
Like a Beretta with a megaclip
With a silencer on it with the hollow point tip
But that is our business, on that we won't dwell
We make records for you to look, listen, and tell
Tell your ma, tell a friend, tell a fool, or a jerk
Till them K.M.G people started to put it to work
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