

The 'G' In Me

Above the Law

I put the G in the gangsta
I took the G from gigolo
So when I roll down my window
I make sure I get at that ho

Zoe and ho, these guys, yo, they can't chill
This is how they groove as hell, yeah
You can't be titanium
Oooh God, are you glad?

The definition of my status; I'm a G
Cause some of you wanna see me
And some of you wanna be me
You couldn't even break my sweat
Hollerin' 187 but they ain't killed shit yet
Yo, but I'm a player to the T
Oh yes, and I can take you back just like a kodak memory
I got stripes, Oh yes I got many stripes
From checkin' a gang of niggas and laying a gang of pipe
Hoes know I do it good, those know I do it good
See, they don't try to test and I wish they would
Cause I ain't saying am a gangster from the past
Cause i'll do another gangbang, I'm still quick to blast
So f*ck a drive-by, I step out and step up
And if we got beef - boom - you're f*cked
I got skills to pay my grandchildren's bills

How you're livin', player?

Yo player, by bein' real
Cuz am
Time and time and time again
I'll find myself inbetween to big
Gorgeous ass thighs, goin' for a long long ride Aow
And it's like babba-dabba darr ba bat ba dar-bam-bam-battattam
She said "Oooh, wait a minute"
But I was full of that gin and juice
So I'm all in
Ridin' that ass like a horse
Cause boom-boom-boom me a bad boy
Ugh, I wake them up and I make them smell the coffee
And when I finish up, umm, they want another cup
Cause it's umm, good to the last drop
So, baby get on your knees and do me like you did last summer

Ugh, I think I lost my memory
Now was it you - or was it Cherise?
Was it your cousin Pam? Or was it your cousin Fifi??
Don't be surprised cause I played you like that
Aw, cause I'm a straight up mack

Yeah, I'm kind of weak when it comes to the chicks, your dimples
Let me hit and pull your Shirley Temple's umm
I'm kind of on the Smith & Wesson side of the industry
Is you fearin' me?
Claimin' straight pimp gang, blast when I wanna
Hit you on the backside, bounce on my 'tonas

Straight through your hood, I be on my way
With some indo and a fifth of Alizé

Cause ain't no sunshine

Yeah, it's kind of cloudy
Ask me why I brought my nine, cause your hood is kind of rowdy
I'm out here sexin' on drunk
Plus, I got two and ounce chickens in my truck
Hold up, the nigga's paging

Nigga, where are my shit at?

But I'm out here flexin' and it just don't quit
See, I'm kind of large and when it comes to my Johnson
I'm flossin', I'm sexin', I'm stabbin', perfection
Mega freaks, mega bomb ass freaks
Hittin' them doggystyle, while they yellin' V.S.O.P
Saggin' as I leave their crib
Called the niggas in the Clinic, tell them just what I did

Yeah, {Spanish word}
These guys, yo, they can't chill
This is how they groove as hell, yeah
You can't be titanium
Oooh God, are you glad?

I get at that ho

I put the G in the gangsta
I took the G from gigolo