

V.s.o.p.

Above the Law

You can try that herb sign "V.S.O.P."
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Very fine, yeah, V.S.O.P., V.S.O.P.
V.S.O.P., ohh come on
Very fine, yeah, V.S.O.P, V.S.O.P.
V.S.O.P., ohh come on

Alright, first off then let me introduce my self
I'm the C to the O-L-D, one eighty seven
Ooh, I heard that the player with the speech
'Cause it's me KMG, more flex then sex of the bitch

Ooh yes, my brother takes two to the tangle
And since we got them when we get them
We better use the right angle
So I'm push, push in the back of the bush

'Cause it's a wonderful for feelin'
Yeah, 'cause we got the good for y'all suckers in ninety deuce
The whole part of gaffle, the whole gallon of zeuce
So I'ma ease up on them, real quick watch me hit them

Brothers fall on the racial, what we hit them up for
'Cause when I'm on the bounce, I roll wit the set then comin' out
To take your car, your women, your whole damn house
So now I strapped with the quickness "Yeah"
I flex my ends into my Benz and let God be the witness

Ooh, I'm finna teach you how the body slam, let me show you
But steppin' to my ball I got somethin' dope for you
So hold zone, to my Willie
And don't be scared when we do the bug boogie

Yeah, it's like bam bam, bam bam, that's the sound of my heater
When the ill stuff jumps
I keep it strickly confidential, bulletproof is requested
Got the fits in my hand and I've already blessed it

So toast to the record G
'Cause I'm C-O-L-D, the beat is kinda helpin' and I'm tipsy
'Cause every thing is on the one, it's a natural high
When I get to the hook of the joint, you know why

Everything is fine
When you're rollin' with your homies and a little bit of V.S.O.P.
All the niggaz gettin' high
With a whole lot of chronic and a gallon of a V.S.O.P.

If you wanna feel fine
Free your mind to the mega shots of V.S.O.P.
Now you gotta get hype
And you turn into G with a little bit of V.S.O.P.

To G or not to G, which is the answer, out of control

Console your soul
Yeah, they're schemin' on the big hit and tryin' find a quick pick
Lookin' for a real shit

Hold up, but that's counterfeit
On the real the funk don't appeal
You think you got clout, but you really down and out
So hold on tight, as we take you down the running way
How many, how many times I got to tell you that I don't play?

Ooh and if you don't know, I have to change my barrel
'Cause I roll on my ride around the way to Sack
Ooh, yeah we did it like Venus
See it's been like 89 since the last time you've seen us

Tell me, my peoples did you miss me on the real
Who's never paper tramps like holly field
Yeah, vision this, that sucker tried to sky me
When I'm harder then Kuwait or California earthquake

'Cause I got the munchies for your love so come and kick it
But you better come prepared cause it gets kinda wicked
Yeah, 'cause you can walk a blank if you schemin' for my bank

Don't play me like a trick, yo my name ain't Marry
'Cause every thing is on the one, it's a natural high
When I get to the hook of the bullet, you know why

Everything is fine
When you're rollin' with your homies
And a little bit of V.S.O.P.
When I was at the mall the other day

I saw some homies and I offered them some V.S.O.P.
At the party was pumpin'
When the brother bailed in with a gang of V.S.O.P.
At the end of the jam
You should all run out and get a gallon of V.S.O.P.

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V.S.O.P., V.S.O.P., V.S.O.P., V.S.O.P.
V.S.O.P. Ohh, come on, V.S.O.P. Ohh, come on
Uh uh yeah, come on, V.S.O.P. Ohh, come on
Very fine, V.S.O.P., V.S.O.P.