

X.O. Wit Me

Above the Law

This is an escalation, merging every corner of your mind
I'm with the twist of a rhyme, we outlast time
We got KM.G in the house
DJ K-Oss in the house
Jayo Felony in the house
I must spit

Welcome to the tilt that the Tru's built
We on gold whips, with them killer lifts
Look here, tre swinging rag-top
Boy you didn't know we was some legends like Sasquatch?
Dot your I's, cross your T's, when you see these G's
We stand tall like them California palm trees
And everything is fine, when I roll
Cause I flips never slips sipping X.O...

I X.O. before I sex-o, a Pimp Clinic ritual
Chips for the stacking, hoes wanna know what's cracking
I'm in, tell them they ain't coming through with that love potion
Ask me what I'm quoting, wondering, what I'm smoking
The bomb, more scarier than that shit her-on
Sweat out your bitch 'do fresh from the salon
I can't give it up, I love my leather and chrome
And my 20 inch rims, grin nigga, I'm gone yeah.....
So now we got you hooked on X.O
So high the homegirls can't let go
See the homies still fading that X.O
Worldwide, Above The Law getting faded on another level
So now we got you hooked on X.O
So high the homeboys can't let go
See the homies still fading that X.O
What "X.O."
What "X.O."

Like I was born to be homicidal, so I let my black Glock spit
Motherf*ckers don't wanna see this California shit
Who you can't go the mile so you ganked my penitentiary style
That I kicked since a juvenile
Niggas who be foul get touched
Kicking this shit with Km.G and Hutch
Then I roll through your hood and blast such and such
More than your whole click with what I'm holding
Patrolling the block I'm from
If one gun aiming up, then 40 Glock'll come
Rock your son then I pop you one
Ugh, you done, kill a bitch in the sun

I ain't the one mothaf*cker
Like walking across a tiger, in a pork chop bikini nigga
You gon' get ate up, so you don't wan' see me
It'll be me in the chucks so if I steps in a three piece
It's D-O-G-C and he'll see deceased
I hold more alcohol than a liquor store
For sure, clown these hoes at a show
And for sure we X.O....

Oh for sheezy nigga, I stay Eazy like E

I got hoes making sounds like Master P "Ugh"
I got homies with the bomb and we still on the run
Yeah, hooker hit the grind and it's tossing time
See I asked me homey Jayo what's the price on the yayo
Yeah right, they next to Mexico, the homey from Diego
Get the plug on the drop, hop
Then my niggas hit the club
Bring five of them back to kick it in the hot-tub..

We got the hook up from here to Okinawe
New and improved like the C-4 Volvo "yeah, yeah"
And remember one thing when you in my zone
Is that I still break a bitch conversating on a chipped phone
Cause I'm amazing like the great Houdini "ooohh weee"
And I be fly like that hit of ya Remi
Who wanna be me
I wanna see me when I'm on the grind
Cause I be straight hitting corners, X.O.'ing in the sunshine...

Km.G: See I can't lose, with the shit that I use
187Um: So everybody, X.O. Wit Me

Goddizamn, who's that knockin down the blizock like that homies
Oh that's the homies K-Oss, Hutch, Km.G
What's up my niggas, what's up man
What's up homey, trip, trip, trip (*Car Parked*)
Damn I'm trying to come up on some weed for the party
Oh they got you down the street
Where at?
Lafayette, got some bomb
Lafayette down the street
Not the Lafayette that I got into it at the club last week?
They got that pure
Aight Imma holla at them and see whats up
Come back if you dont get right