

Above The Law, Call It What You Want

(feat. 2Pac, Money B)

You've now entered the quest to, the black triangle
Now you know the reason for the Black Mafia theory, hahaha
Yes it has many meanings, but no matter how you define it
it still comes out black
See it's just a hair trim
So you can call it what you want

[2Pac]

Now I clown around, when I hang around, with the Underground
but when I'm with the Mafia we DROPPIN YA
And if you're a hoe then I'll be knockin ya, baby why not
You shouldn't jock me cause I'm popular
The group with the glock, I love to pop the gun
Coppers get shot, they shouldn't try to stop the Mafia
2Pac'll pack a person, pump the trunk
I'm bumpin G-Funk, but you can call it what you want
How many times I gotta tell ya, don't ignore me
Either be my hoe or hit the do', you're nothin for me (see ya!)
That's why I love to go on tour G
Scores of whores behind the door, a nigga's naughty
Now, I'm sippin on a forty
So you can call it what you want just pass the blunt and kick it Money

[Money B]

Well, I am the danger, THE DANGER, similar to a killer
I rhyme for rounds of conflicts chomp and stomp em while y'all chillin
in Tokyo, check it as I choke a slow poke rapper
Capped his ass faster, than a half of pound of crepes'll go on Mother's Day
First and fifteenth, another way of sayin it
I got new clips so trip but it's OK to get your crew
Cause ooh I'll send your team to the showers
They true and do and rippin and got the Wonder Twin powers
I devour much venom, lunch breaks I shit em, I just stink
Whaddya think, this is a threat? Just forget about it
Come back, you're done black, see Cutty was the stopper
But you'll call me the indo when I chop ya with the shopper
Sting ya with the stinger, flex the trigger finger
I blow you to bits and I be gettin a kick out of grabbin the mic and flingin
lyrics with the maximum security
I smoke a spliff but I'm not Jamaican, so won't you let a
Yankee Doodle Doo what he hasta, raise my hand and cast a
hellafied spell you can't tell you better ask a
weatherman he'll sigh and reply, "You shoulda stayed in the house"
Cause Mon is gonna rain on their parades

[Cold 187um]

Nowwww, clear the smoke, and grab a fool by his throat
And don't let him go til he holla holla billygoat
Now Money Money Money B, once said to me
"187 why you wanna be a G?" Welllll..
I like to clock big G's, and hang out all night
And never worry bout a bitch, cause she can't tell me shit
Plus, money money is a pimp thang (what?)
Cause see if you was in my shoes, you'd be doin the same
So don't ever ever fuck with, I'm a G-er playa
Cause when I'm bustin on a punk, I could never be a customer
Now peep this, cause when I'm goin deep
the only customers gettin served in the housssse, is the pussy I freak
They wanna pop that ying-yang
I tell em, "Sit down, shut up bitch, and let me kick game" (y'know)
Cause hoes always be sayin they got it goin on but if they wanna
get with a nigga like me they gotta pay a fee, I am not

the No Mack Nigga, from the planet called Silk
I'm from the planet Black Mafia Life, that freaks pimps
Yo, come take a sip of the psycho-mega-
pimpsome-hoesta-must-be-a-playa
Now hold up, wait a second
Nah, I fucked you bitches on the last record, yo
It's like I'm high on a raggamuffin spliff
Me the dope sound what a man, the myth (come)
Mon they wanna see me fade shit, like I did last year
So I POST on em, then I COAST on em
No I never never never had a murder rap
And if you snitch you say I did it you're bound to get your neck snapped
So there it is, and how it's gonna be
So I pass the joint, to my man KM.G

[KM.G]

Well you can call it what you want but if you don't
I'm still a nigga with a pimp strut, ooh, a macadamia nut
Ah-say what you want, I'm workin for a cha-ohh
Well alright, you little silly ass hoe
Now when you want to rhyme to boo and get tramped (get tramped)
Give a call to the clinic, ATL's the pimp camp
and see which playa, is up for the downstroke
(Cause you skeez-in, cause you broke)
So toast them hoes like I said before
I fuck four bitches a day, and I'm lookin for more
Cause cords of scores of hoes be leavin my house
like, BAM, and I'm like, DAMN
Now my niggaz done labelled me the dangerous neighborhood nastyman
Cause they know I can
When you wake up in the morning I only give ya five pushes
I'll be out by your garage, awaitin behind the bushes
drinkin coffee, smooove waitin to talk see
like a true hoe gigolo should be
See I'm a giant and the rest of them are fakers
Especially when it comes to the bitches and they moneymakers
A simp nigga hesitate to dish a tramp but I don't
So ease back Mafioso on the corner, what you, wan