## Above The Law, Dose Of The Mega Flex

(feat. Snow)

[Intro: Cold 187Um Talking]

Yo man, I heard you was havin' a couple of problems with your hoes

[Snow:]

Well you know I got a little philosophy for shit like that

It's like, you can pimp one hoe, you can pimp a thousand of them

Yo, but I'mma let KM.G break it down for them like this

[Verse 1: KM.G]

Yo, well let's ranch South Central

Here's a toast to the motherfuckin' boogie

Hoes with no clothes, get a woody

From a G-sta, so hoes want it on thick

You know a groupie's best friend is some hell of a dick

Yo, so once upon a time called now

As I give them a rhythm and I allow

For you to linger, before I send you

My trigger finger, ATL'll bring you stitches to your ass "Straight up"

So break me off somethin' proper for the bad 'n the bold

Much respect's committed to the hustlers beyond control

Release my pole, see what I can catch

A mega bitch with some ends or even a bare batch

Of some P-I-C, see what I can tossy

Asti Spumanti I pour onto her body

The hype mega shit that straight drowns the public

Penetentiary object, kinda lawful so that makes me a motherfuckin' subject

I see you strain to gain, or wielding a knife

Attempting to taste the Black Mafia life

On the funk tip "Yeah"

Every man has his price clip

Loaded in my pocket so a fool can't stop it

My nigga 187Úm ask a pimp like me to drop it

For South Central, Compton and Watts

Fly skanks I'm willin' to gank, give me what you got

It's a position where ranching is the mission

A.T.L is direct

A little Dose Of The Mega Flex...

[Break: Cold 187Um]

You know Snow, bitches never cease to amaze me, man

When I breaks one bitch I have to turn around and break another one, man

I mean why? I buy her things, I keep them looking good

But hey, no dough, man

I mean, I keeps them broke, player

Hey, cause I'm all about adding, not subtracting, you know

"True, true"

[Verse 2: KM.G]

Well let's sail, sail to a land

Where a nigga is a king with a gun in his hand

True niggaz get scandalous, then it turns to gankin'

And your shit gets rowdy then you have to bank one " Ping"

Breaking, I'm broken, here's a token to play with

Flowing with attitude, so yo, check the difference again " yeah"

A bit of info to the hoes and bitches

KM.G'll serve motherfuckin' stitches

But kickin' it with the G's there's things we must rehearse

The one-time jacks, put my motherfuckin' gat in your purse

Not tryin to work you or leave you much to lean in

Cause punk-Ass-Niggaz treat bitches the way they wanna be treated

Yeah, you can see that you're a bitch if I ever seen one

Modern day tramp, smooth will get dick hung

It's all kinds of hoes and skanks and tramps and hotties and skeezers " Yeah they all dick pleasers" Then when I say " What up" I don't wanna put a damper Hit a stupid-Ass-Bitch in the head with some Pampers Maybe then I'll get a single mother's attention Clothes on the counter, yo, I forgot to mention That we done tossed all the tramps in the welfare line So cash them checks cause it's pimpin' time So come on hoes, shoot your best shot Call me Elmer J. Fudd, I own a mansion and a yacht Or call me KM.G, I'm here to serve, on the wreck Fly the seat out through the window for a dose of the mega flex....

[Outro: Snow] Yeah man!

Man, I ain't had no more trouble with them fucking woman, sayin' [Ping] I'm ready for fucking pimpin' any time, any goddamn day, you know Right now, right now, right now, you know

[Cold 187Um:]

That's how you checks them, man
It makes them give you respect, you know what I'm sayin'
Yo, A.T.L the mega pimp clinic
'91 and we outta here, see you

[KM.G:]

Yeah man, I gotta go out here and put this game down Like it supposed to be put down, you know You know, always remember that you run things And that's the way it is and that's how it's always gon' be You know, yo, we sold You know, I gotta go, we gotta breeze, player

[Snow:]

That's spiritual man, see you man, you old time Keep going, don't stop Keep going, don't stop Oh yeah