

Above The Law, Flow On

[Dr. Dre]

Hey yo, check this out, y'all
Since we almost at the last song
Won't y'all kick some of that fly-ass gangsta shit?

[KM.G]

Alright

Once again, a black nigga named KM.G
And now it's time to drop some real pimpin shit
Knowledge it, cause we livin like hustlers
Comin from U.S.C.

For those that don't know

That's the University of South Central

So bless the 40oz.

Cautse his is somethin to jump on

Why, you can drink whatever

Like I said before, ain't nothin changed but the weather

'bout to take you to a higher plateau of hustlers

Hustlers beyond control

Homies ranchin, rollin nationally, clockin hoes

We was there when the pimpin shit was put down

Yo, 187

(What's up, man?)

Yo, this shit is flowin

(Muthafuckin right, it is)

Yeah, let's take our time and do it the way a player would

(Alright)

Okay!

[VERSE 1: Cold 187um & KM.G]

Here we go, flowin on and on

What's this we're doin so well? That's the name of the song

Let's break it down, we're rollin nationally, clockin hoes

Well, just to turn em into freaks, but if they turn to foes

We don't need em, we know too many backstabbers now

In our face they say they're with it, behind they back they put us down

And try to clown a player like me, 187 from 'Mona

And my homie the rancher from the city of Toners

I hit a corner, cause they ballers in L.A.

We give our props to the homies that be clockin on the Trey

They sayin, "What's up, gees, tell me what's happenin

I heard you're clockin dollars, but you're still out there rappin"

You should know, it's my cash flow, now I'm just hangin

With these beats called dope and these rhymes that I'm slingin

That are so fly, we can't deny, we must reply

If we twist it in two zags, we can all get high

Off this shit, it's so legit, label it Chronic

Cause if our rhymes was a robot, they'd all be Bionic

Get up and get with it, if not, we feel we're owin

Throw your hands in the air while we keep on flowin

[Cold 187um]

Yo KM.G, I think we got em locked on

See, flowin is a art from the heart of a player

So we gon' do the next one like this, man

[VERSE 2: Cold 187um & KM.G]

People say we have such strange vocabulary

To find these words you need a underground dictionary

Plus trey lifetimes of the inner city knowledge

And to get this, boy, you see, you can't go to college

Now see, you gotta be around when the shit goes down

Not only spectating, man, you gotta throw down

Yeah, and check em in a bottle like if you were at Ceasar's

Or maybe over somethin like money and skeezers

That's why we got this rule: first come, first served

And if you don't know the meaning, just listen to the words

I'm sayin, I don't be playin when I'm housin the scene

I keep my Locs on, because I know you on fiend
But I take them off, it's just because I'm scrappin
But I put em back on as I commence to rappin
Well, we do a show, rock the house and get paid
Take a bitch to the mote, then get laid
Send her home with a smile, cause it's worth her while
She's to the homies how she did it and she went the mile
I'm talkin whole nine yards, if you can understand
Cause I'm a playin muthafucka and I'm in demand
So flow on
[KM.G]
See
Untouchable players in effect
Makin all the big pay-offs
Callin all the shots
Ballin
Punishin punk muthafuckas on the 12-gauges
I call on K-oss
Knowledge Over Sucker-Spinners
Dopeness jumpin off
Gots to be platinum-bound
O.G. G-O, a mack, a arson, a chiller and a killer
A double-dose of the mega-flex
Like all you gees that think you're niggas with attitudes
You ain't got it like that
Cause Ruthless done fixed that
(Hey yo, what happened to peace?)
Fuck peace
I'm outta here