

# Above The Law, Process Of Elimination (Untouchable)

(feat. MC Ren)

[Intro: Coldum 187 Talking]

&quot;can I get a little time man, can I get some time&quot;  
no, no, time is expired mothafuckers [Gun Shots]  
Do you know motherfuckers need to get the fuck up off our back &quot;yeah&quot;  
Cause you know A.T.L ain't never going out like that &quot;Black Mafia Life&quot;  
I am the Cooooold 187  
Yo, and I'ma do a little somethin' like this

[Verse 1: Coldum 187]

Now see some try to label me a psychopath  
Cause I think the shit is funny when I'm bustin' on a fool's ass  
It don't matter, (shit's out the Glock)  
Cause ain't no names on a bullet in a shootout  
The way I think is kinda strange you would guess  
But nowadays it's like the motherfuckin' wild west  
One come up, put you six feet under  
And do it so fast I'll make everybody wonder  
Yo? Where he go, where he been, where he at  
They find you in the alley with a .38 slug in your back  
Cooold, waiting for the meat wagon  
I put two in your head to let you know it wouldn't lack  
Straight Mafia style is kinda crazy  
Nooooooh, the motherfucker didn't fade me  
Yo, so tell your homie, tell your clique, tell your gang  
Then we can go cap for cap, or we could throw them thangs  
But in a heated scrap when things are cookin'  
One of my homies might bust when you ain't lookin' [Gun shots]  
And now they saying that them niggaz be trippin  
But just like we say in the hood &quot;don't get caught slippin&quot;  
So I stay strapped, even though I rap  
When I step, see, the old punks and new jacks  
They still wanna get a rep  
But I'll be that motherfucker just like the Grim Reaper  
But a little bit cheaper  
So fool, you better get your shit together  
Cause if you fuck with 87 he will hunt you forever  
Yeah, and that's how you deal with them punk motherfuckers...

[Break: Coldum 187 Talking]

Ha ha ha, yo..yo KMG &quot;What's up my nigga&quot;  
What's up man?

[KM.G]

This is the process &quot;The process of what?&quot;  
Process of Elimination &quot;yeah&quot;  
Eliminatin' all fools that don't understand the  
Black Mafia sound &quot;hell yeah&quot;  
Let me let 'em have it

[Verse 2: KM.G]

You see, you could just label me the undertaker  
Cause I speed up your chance for you to meet your maker  
See, Judgement Day has come  
You're being tried by a black-Ass-Nigga that's pulled many triggas  
Shit, I'm the jury and I'm also the judge  
For this I'm around, I can't show much love  
Here's a vision: I'm a motherfuckin' assassin  
Fools I clip keeps me clockin' a grip  
So I lay low then I wait for a connection  
&quot;Surveillance ain't shit to us without police protection&quot;  
Cause when niggaz got a gun &quot;yeah&quot;  
Motherfuckers better run

Cause there's one more thing that's worse than a black man rappin'  
And that's another nigga cappin'  
Cause when brothers were slaves, if a nigga had a gat  
He woulda fucked all the hoes and took the white man's sack  
But this is the 90's and what's really going on?  
We jackin' marks for their title, they ends and they zones  
Give a pimp a little paper, he's a politician  
Anything's possible, call me Alouitious  
Shit, this is a potion to sip and don't hurl  
A Black Mafia bullet from the underworld  
So if you scared of the rhymes and you ain't really used to us  
You a black guillotine, the motherfuckin' executioners  
Yeah, Now let a real G from the real niggaz eliminate a few fools...

[Break: MC Ren]

yeah, MC Ren in here, you know what I'm sayin'?  
All about that Black Mafia Life  
With A.T.L you know I'm livin' like a hustler  
I'm the real nigga number 1  
Yo, we about to do somethin' right here so check this out  
It goes like this... check it.

[Verse 3: MC Ren]

The process of elimination  
The real nigga number one  
I'll get the motherfuckin' job done  
Because my voice is like a defensive line  
You beggin' for me to come with it because  
I'm attacking you with the rhyme  
Because MC Ren'll talk the days of wayback  
And how I had niggaz on they backs  
Getting fucked like a hoe in the back of a six-fo'  
And sucking dicks like tricks  
I only hang with G's, Cause they don't give a diznamn  
To make it clear, they don't give a damn  
I used to wear black but the shit got played  
From the biting-Ass-Niggaz that I slayed  
For trying to walk the path that I walk in  
And 90% of 'em try to talk how I be talkin'  
Yo, but they can't get that cause Ren ain't wit that  
And niggaz in L.A. you need to quit that  
So get your mouth off my family jewels  
Cause playin' with Ren, you ain't fuckin' wit rules  
It's every nigga for himself when I'm known to start to swing  
Cause it ain't nothing but a thing  
Or I can make it happen quick and put a bullet to your chest [Gunshot]  
So I can speed up the process...

[Outro: MC Ren Talking]

Hey yo, KM.G "What's up"  
why don't tell these niggaz what time it is in '91

[KM.G]

Yeah, there it is  
The straight gangster shit on the motherfuckin' hit  
The Black Mafia sound from the motherfuckin' underground  
Cussin' and bussin'  
Lettin the underground have it  
There it is!

[MC Ren]

And yo, this is MC Ren  
Real nigga number one  
Gettin' the job done, yo!  
And everybody out there, they know what time it is

Tell 'em what's up

[ColdUm 187]

Yo this is Cooooooooold 187

Yo, you know I'm doing the mad-Ass-Gangster shit always

That's how I gets paid

Yo, we gotta sign off and we outta here... yeah...

[Sample from 'New Jack City]

Now that's how you kill somebody my brother

You get right up on the motherfucker, and BOO-YAA!

Blow his brains all over the sidewalk in broad daylight...