

Above The Law, Ballin'

[INTRO]

[KM.G]

Yo, what's happenin Cold 187

[Cold 187um]

Yo man, you know we just laid back in the studio

With the homie D.O.C. and Dr. Dre

[KM.G]

And we ballin with the homie Eazy-E

[Cold 187um]

Yeah, 'bout to put this piece together for Laylaw

See what he think about

[KM.G]

True, true

[Cold 187um]

So as the beat reaches a lower kind of level

We gon' put some mega shit together

Now we gon' drop it a little bit somethin like this

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

This song is Ballin', let me drop some dope lyrics

Make it high and fly, so all of y'all can hear it

It's time to build, so take this chill pill

If your cups are empty, go get a re-fill

Of whatever, cause ain't nothin changed but the weather

KM.G - 187 - yo, we got it together

And in the back - who is that? The men with the mack

Yo, I had to have the homies cause they got the sack

And on the tables - what? The two be cookin

When it comes to rockin, they wrote the book, and

If you don't believe me, hurry, come see our show

You'll see me - KM.G, Total K-oss and Go

What? Ballin while the freaks keep callin

Beggin KM.G to come bump the walls in

The house, but even if she has the spouse

(What's up?) She starts that fiendin (what happens?) she gets turned out

And at our concerts we always do work

For the fags, the hags, the rags and the jerks

Cause we ballin

(I'ma recite a little poetry for y'all

The name of this piece is called)

Ballin'

(And I wanna dedicate this piece to all your players)

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

See, I'm a baller, and I watch my back

And when I'm ballin, yo, I gotta be packed

If I ain't packed homeboy, you could say I'm slippin

But if you try to run up, I'ma say you trippin

Cause I'm a giant, and to you new jacks

Don't come up and start, because you're gonna get smacked

It's the hood, I thought it was understood

Just like Eazy-E said we mobbin Robin Good

We'll take yo shit, because you ain't legit

You got a fucked up style of rap and without the kick

It ain't nothin homie, you be frontin

Rollin down the 'Shaw and you think you be humpin

On laces? He look just like a lacehead

Before you hit my corner, somebody be dead

Cause I'm a baller, and I won't settle for less

Put Lorenzos on my Benzo, so I know it look fresh

A 500 with a convertable top

Just like the homie Amp we like our shit drop

Straight lowrider, yeah, we do a little ???

Smooth check your hoe, even if I don't know her
And as I enter the door, watch the freaks start callin
The simple fact is (what's up) that we ballin

(I'ma recite a little poetry for y'all
The name of this piece is called)
Ballin'
(And I wanna dedicate this piece to all your players
And all you ladies out there)

And you know we gotta break it down for who?
(The whole wide world)

[VERSE 3: Cold 187um & KM.G]
Since the breakdown was dope, you can't get enough rappin
I know that it's true, because I seen your hands clappin
Toes tappin, the freaks are jockin
All because the way 187 is rockin
All you busters on the scene
I keep my Locs on because I know you on fiend
Like a spectator, you jock what I'm doin
So sit back and learn, cause it's time for some schoolin
And rulin all the busters on the center
Get off my tip, cause I'm about to enter
This phase (what is it?) that I call the finale
I made it ride higher while I'm ballin through Cali
So listen, I'm finna start dissin
All you Eastside rappers, you had to start pissin
Me off, you're soft, you're finna get tossed
By two boss players who's your dope rhyme sayers
K-oss and Go Mack are the wack-deejay-slayers
You got a beep? We gotta go, cause money is callin
The simple fact is - yeah, that we ballin

And you know
It's like that in 90
And it's gon' stay like that
And once again we have to send it to who?
(The whole wide world)
Who's it dedicated to?
(The whole wide world)
To who?
(The whole wide world)
Dedicated to who?
(The whole wide world)
It's dedicated to
(The whole wide world)
Sendin it out to
(The whole wide world)
It's dedicated to
(The whole) (world) (wide)