

# Above The Law, Encore

[Chorus:]

People came in by the load  
Encore, encore  
Ooh, love is strong  
People came in by the load  
Encore, encore

[Verse 1: KM.G]

Yeah y'all, I felt the need, I had to let you all know  
How Above The Law flow, we keep it funky gangster ratio  
Yeah, we taking our time, cause patience is a virtue  
Plus we ain't in a hurry to motherfuckin' hurt you  
peep, we checked in date of 1989  
Intertwined with some chips to sign  
On the little dotted line  
It was lovely and the DeNiro was clean  
Different from the crack money, but green was green  
Fresh on the scene, niggaz didn't know the time, we enterprising  
But never realising how the criming and the rhyming would twist  
And make a hell of a mix  
Had the neighbourhood fiending like some junkies before a fix  
Halfa Cali' came to get with the source  
They did after we down, players could have they own choice  
Either rap singing, or even street singing  
It didn't make a difference, long as the funk you're bringing  
Everybody's down with the Pimp Clinic  
But all they wanted was a piece, piece of the streets  
And we be all up in that ass with the quickness  
The thickness, yeah  
Funkin the set from here to the east  
This is a player thing, this ain't no fucking bullshit  
Because we pull shit  
My name is KM.G, I'm from the Clinic and the Park  
You either get glocked in the dark, or get sparked  
Yeah, I had to change my wives, change my ways  
Straight cut the strays and live for better days  
Low ride, slide through the street, a real nigga ready to eat  
Rolling tough with the glock on my seat.....

[Chorus:]

People came ??  
Encore, encore  
Ooh, love is strong  
People came in by the load  
Encore, encore

[Verse 2: Cold 187Um]

Yeah, now I done travelled round the world and said a million rhymes  
Like with N.W.A. back in '89  
I put the C in the controversy in the industry  
Like Eazy-E and Ice-T  
yo, I did thousands of shows, I dissed many faces  
I deal with new jacks on a way out basis  
I put it down with the true crew  
We leaving player haters mesmerised when we trip through  
KM.G: "How many suckers you know?"  
Well, I know a whole truck full  
I'm trying to stay two steps ahead of any bullshit they tryin to pull  
Motherfuckers claim they hard  
And put in half the work, and did half the dirt  
Ain't even from the dirt  
What I would do if I was you is shut your fuckin' mouth  
cause we be moving keys while you're playin house  
I'm the original rap murderer

See, I can beat your ass, rock the Mic  
Or fuck your girl on a good night  
cause from Pomona to S.C. I represent the real niggaz  
daddy, who ride with me  
Yo, on the real I got skills like a fifth degree black belt  
Plus I'm ten times more explicit than the Scult  
Niggaz making schemes and gimmicks to sell LP's  
Instead of being real and stacking G's  
Yo, uh, I'm like a fool at a house party  
If I'm heated, I fuck it up for e'rybody  
K.M.G: "What's your name, nigga?"  
Oh you don't know, yo  
It's Mr. One Eighty Seven with my dick all in you hoe  
Yeah, if she wanna encore  
yeah, She won't know, it won't more.....

[Chorus: till fade]  
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