Above The Law, L.A. Vibe

[Verse 1: KM.G] If it ain't about the chips, I ain't 'bout the stress That's why I stay dipped behind limousine tint With a fly hooker, and a fly hookup 'Bout to bend the corner where K-oss cook up, yeah Four tight-Ass-Chevys, linked at the spot Pancaked and hot Chariots await, for the homies call That'll twist 'n grip, K Mr U-Haul and fuck the fifty boys you see Plus they ain't thinkin' 'bout the P.C.G Trouble man like Marvin Come humble with the bumble Legs on stumble, lay the Glock on the table, now Nigga, is you able to be my price Or nigga, is you able to roll them dice? Nah, but I see your ass trickin' tonight at the club Bitches hittin' your ass for dubs Yeah, I got beef with Bumpy, beef with the Grimmys Two little bitches, careers all finished I'm laughing at that ass with my homie Tow-Truck Kurt Just put in work on your turf, nigga G for it, and I'm ready for that rap shit To capture all the scrill record deal could bring to me Hennessy, diamond link, too many freaks Asshole naked at the chateau on the beach It's a hold up, with a L.A. flavour You get rolled up with your bitch ass behaviour That's the L.A. vibe...

[Verse 2: Cold 187um]
I'm like the grill on a '64 Chevy, I'm classic
Have your bitch sayin' " Hutch, we kinda tight, "
Push a SE 400 with the ??
Niggaz get scared when I bring the pain
I'm a legend, you could check the scrapbook
Snitches and player-hating bitches, gettin' shook
Got to lay law, when I say it's time to lay
Got to pay up, when I say it's time to pay
Because you don't really wanna see me and my kinfolk
Hanging out the window, with the toolie " pow"
We comes deep like the waters in heavy soup
We got it sewed up every block, every avenue
Uh, that's the L.A. vibe...

[Chorus x4: KM.G] It's the L.A. vibe

[Outro x2: KM.G] See I mash up the block, I love my turf And players can hate for what it's worth I twist what I can just to stay alive cause that's the L.A. vibe [Echoes]