

# Above The Law, X.O. Wit Me

(feat. Jayo Felony)

[Intro: Cold 187Um]

This is an escalation, merging every corner of your mind  
I'm with the twist of a rhyme, we outlast time  
We got Km.G in the house  
DJ K-Oss in the house  
Jayo Felony in the house  
I must spit

[Verse 1: Cold 187Um]

Welcome to the tilt that the trues built  
We on gold whips, with them killer lifts  
Look here, tre swinging rag-top  
Boy you didn't know we was some legends like Sasquatch?  
Dot your I's, cross your T's, when you see these G's  
We stand tall like them California palm trees  
And everything is fine, when I roll  
Cause I flips never slips sipping X.O...

[Verse 2: Km.G]

I X.O. before I sex-o, a pimp clinic ritual  
Chips for the stacking, hoes wanna know what's cracking  
I'm in, tell them they ain't coming through with that love potion  
Ask me what I'm quoting, wondering, what I'm smoking  
The bomb, more scarier than that shit hair on  
Sweat out your bitch due fresh out the salon  
I can't give it up, I love my leather and chrome  
And my 20 inch rims, grin nigga, I'm gone yeah.....

[Chorus: Cold 187Um and Km.G]

So now we got you hooked on X.O  
So high the homegirls can't let go  
See the homies still fading that X.O  
Worldwide, Above The Law getting faded on another level  
So now we got you hooked on X.O  
So high the homeboys can't let go  
See the homies still fading that X.O  
What "X.O." What "X.O."

[Verse 3: Jayo Felony]

Like I was born to be homicidal, so I let my Glock spit  
Motherfuckers don't wanna see this California shit  
Who you can't go the mile so you ganked my penitentiary style  
That I kicked since a juvenile  
Niggaz who be foul get touched  
Kicking this shit with Km.G and Hutch  
Then I roll through your hood and blast such and such  
More than your whole click with what I'm holding  
Patrolling the block I'm from  
If one gun aiming up, then 40 Glock'll come  
Rock your son then I pop you one  
Ugh, you done, kill a bitch in the sun  
I ain't the one mothafucker  
Like walking across a tiger, in a pork chop bikini nigga  
You gon' get ate up, so you don't wan' see me  
It'll be me and a chick so if I steps in a three piece  
It's D-O-G see and he'll see deceased  
I hold more alcohol than a liquor store  
For sure, clown these hoes at a show  
And for sure we X.O...

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Km.G]

Oh for sheezy nigga, I stay Eazy like E  
I got hoes making sounds like Master P &quot;Ugh&quot;  
I got homies with the bomb and we still on the run  
Yeah, hooker hit the grind and it's tossing time  
See I asked me homey Jayo what's the price on the yayo  
Yeah right, they next to Mexico, the homey from Diego  
Get the plug on the drop, hop  
Then my niggaz hit the club  
Bring five of them back to kick it in the hot-tub..

[Verse 5: Cold 187Um]

We got the hook up from here to Okinawe  
New and improved like the C-4 Volvo &quot;yeah, yeah&quot;  
And remember one thing when you in my zone  
Is that I still break a bitch conversating on a chipped phone  
Cause I'm amazing like the great Houdini &quot;ooohh weee&quot;  
And I be fly like that hit of ya Remi  
Who wanna be me  
I wanna see me when I'm on the grind  
Cause I be straight hitting corners, X.O.'ing in the sunshine...

[Chorus]

[Hook: x6]

Km.G: See I can't lose, with the shit that I use  
187Um: So everybody, X.O. Wit Me

[Outro: Street Dialogue]

goddizamn, who's that knock you down the blizock right that homies  
oh that's the homies K-Oss, Hutch, Km.G  
what's up my niggaz, what's up man  
what's up homey, trip, trip, trip [Car Parked]