

# Ballin'

Above the Law

Yo, what's happenin Cold 187  
Yo man, you know we just laid back in the studio  
With the homie D.O.C. and Dr. Dre  
And we ballin with the homie Eazy-E  
Yeah, 'bout to put this piece together for Laylaw  
See what he think about  
True, true  
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

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)

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)

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)