

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 convertible 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)