

# Livin' Like Hustlers

## Above the Law

Let me start it off, 'cause I'm a player  
Fade into part two, I'm the number-one ho layer  
A mack, a player, and a pimp  
Something much stronger than your average drink  
Now correct me if I'm wrong, I'm like moonshine  
Take a sip of my rhyme and I take over your mind  
'Cause I don't think like the average thinker  
Call me the nightstalker of your neighbourhood headshrinker  
187 is like a megablast  
I take too many names, I kick too much ass  
K.M.G, the number-one mack daddy  
Eatin' chicken like a motherfucker, rollin' in my Caddy  
With my brim cold bent to the side  
I bump and slide  
Go mack in the back, 187 to the side  
Street Pilgrims pioneering the land  
Above the law status with a gat in my hand  
A mind designed like Frank Nitty  
Livin' large on the mike, doin' damage for the city  
The city of toners which is known as L.A.  
Where the hustlers hustle and the ballers play  
We got the dope beats from the homeboy Dre  
And it had to be done (How?) the Ruthless way  
187, what's up?, what do we do at our show  
We wear black on black with the locs and the romeos  
Start stepping, unload my mike weapon  
We say it's fittin', you think it's hittin'  
K.M.G means knowledge most greatly  
Some people love me, most people hate me  
In other words, I kick my gift  
Do you be sleeping, K.M.G?  
Nah, I don't drift  
I lounge or lay 'cause suckers take advantage  
Yo, what do we do?  
Yo, we doin' damage  
'Cause we not punks, fools, sissies, or busters  
And the way that we live is  
Like hustlers

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I used to sell big lleyo on the block  
Remember all the hardheads, getting all the hard knocks  
I started with Gs and then I moved to keys  
And at this point my life went with ease  
In other words, my pockets was thick  
I didn't worry about the Feds, I was checking the mic.  
Pull a swoop to Farouk, got dressed to please  
Got the crib pimped out so that the bitches flee'd  
I bought a ride, a white Corvette  
So I can do a ghost move when it's time to jet  
When I was nineteen, I was on my own  
Hooked up big connections on my mobile phone  
At home, or maybe on my person  
To clock big G's I'd be definitely certain  
To live the lifestyle, the luxury, the freaks, the frills  
Yo, you was livin' kinda large

On the real-deals was bein' made  
Suckers was gettin' sprayed  
In other words, we was gettin' paid  
Like hustlers

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Let me proceed 'cause I got the green light  
For the numero uno 87 it must be hype  
For now, let me lay the cards on the table  
So you can figure out who's worried or stable  
I max and tax and relax and stack Gs  
Stick that to the facts, that's why I crack them with ease  
Please get off the convoy, I think you're confused  
When you cross, I told you you'd get tossed and you lose  
Now A-b-o-v-e-L-a-w to some people now that spells trouble  
But we're not a group promoting violence  
But when it comes to speakin' the real, I won't be silent  
Speak all reality when I'm on the mike  
So you don't have to run and have a stereotype  
See, see 'cause stereotypes will make you dumb  
So kick back and listen, yo, to the knowledge that's brung  
See the law has provided me, the K.M.G  
That's complex with the style but done easily  
Pitch a picture if I have to, you know why  
I'm undercover doin' dirt I'm a hell of a spy  
Now me, 187, is a detonator  
More deadly than a hand grenade  
Much harder than a fool to fade  
Not a forty, not a quart or six-pack  
Me, K.M.G, Total K-OSS, and Go Mack  
'Cause I unload my weapon with force  
Yeah, I'm never detected, I get respected  
As a baller, a player, or a pimp  
Yo, pass me the forty, I commence to dent  
A sissy soft sucker with no title  
Unplug the machine 187 is vital  
Like a Beretta with a megaclip  
With a silencer on it with the hollow point tip  
But that is our business, on that we won't dwell  
We make records for you to look, listen, and tell  
Tell your ma, tell a friend, tell a fool, or a jerk  
Till them K.M.G people started to put it to work  
Like Hustlers

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