

Freedom of Speech

Above the Law

Yo, what's happenin', man?

Yo, they tryin' to come down on the ATL

When we speak, they say we on a negative tip

What's up? Now, I'ma kick a way out style that's smoother than usual

It's from Above The Law, so see, it's crucial

Hype beats are kickin' and rippin', yo, with a funky touch

It's done the ruthless way, some say, it's too much Dope, please don't misdefine it

That's the way that I live and that's the style of my rhyme

That's on time, just like your watch keeps tickin'

(KMG)

On my side, so that my knowledge keeps stickin' Now, what's really known as a radio cut?

When you can say and you can't say

(Shit, fuck)

I really think you wanna hear it

But the radio stations, you see, they still gonna fear it Yo, I thought this country was based upon freedom of
speech

Freedom of press, freedom of your own religion

To make your own decision, now that's baloney

'Cause if I gotta play by your rules, I'm being phony Yo, I got to cater to this person or that person

I got to rhyme for the white or the black person?

Why can't it all be equal?

Music is a universal language for all people I better get off the rebellious tip

Before somebody out there say, I'm startin' to slip

I ain't trippin', I'm steadily flowin' and throwin'

Givin' you a dope style, keepin' me on top of the pile 'Cause ATL'll soon take over the nation

And if you don't wanna hear us, well, change the station

Boo! I sneak in your mind your mind

Sink in your mind, creep from behind So fast that you won't have time to deny a brother

That's from the streets tryin' to teach, hopin' to reach

Yo, 187's not one that's known to preach

But I wish for each to have freedom of speech Congress shall make no law

Respecting an establishment of religion

Or prohibiting the free exercise thereof

Or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press They'll milk you to make it understood

They make it good, so that it taste real good

To you, so see, you fall right in it

Your minds are small, they feed you like infants Like children they'll bring you along

They say we're wrong for makin' a rap song

But ATL'll hit you straight up jam after jam

Long as we say what we want, make our stamps, we don't give a damn
Those that wanna sell out need to get the
fuck out the business
'Cause they ain't doin' nothin' but bluffin'
Me, I get wild every rhyme I release
Whether I talk about violence or talk about peace
'Cause violence is somethin' that happens in society
When people are livin' low and don't know where they can go
But peace, I think we all want peace, but it's too much to face
And it's too far to reach whether I say my rhymes fast, slow
Sloppy or neat, see, I wish when I'm doin' to have freedom of speech
Congress shall make no law
Respecting an establishment of religion
Or prohibiting the free exercise thereof
Or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press
Now if they ban me, I don't give a fuck
Chalk it up as experience
(Yeah, bad luck)
Because I'm ballin' with Laylaw's clout
And if he say that it stays, the shit comes out
'Cause in the early days when rap first began
Some fool jumped up and said it soon would end
But nowadays I hear song after song
And it proved to me that the fool was wrong
So yo, cut the bullshit, all set aside
It's time for the people to realize
About the things that happen in the ghetto which those try to hide
When they know we just strive to survive
(The homie said, He'd have a job, if you'd give him a break)
But when he gets it
(He goes by the other man's ways)
Now see, there's just one more thing I have to talk about
'bout how they say rap music is turnin' kids out
You got to give your child credit for what he can do
Plus the way that they're raised is really up to you
Rap music, a form of literature, words and verbs and adjectives
Painted up like a picture, yo, it's gonna hitcha
Yo, it's gonna getcha and when I'm all finished up, it's gonna fitcha
(Hittin' the nation)
Station to station
(Heavy rotation)
So strong that it's keepin' the pace, and
We will speak out on any situation
But while we're doin'
Yo, we gotta have freedom of speech
Yeah, see that's how we had to do that
Yo, I gotta give it up to all my homeboys
That got freedom of speech
Yo, Cold 187, Ice Cube, MC Ren, the deadly Dr. Dre
Eazy-E, the Go Mack
Total Koss housin' thangs
Ruthless in the muthafuckin' house
Yo, to my homie D.O.C
And Laylaw with the clout and we out

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