

# 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 refill 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  
She starts that fiendin', 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 you 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 lace head  
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 low rider, yeah, we do a little [Incomprehensible]

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 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 you players  
And all you ladies out thereAnd you know we gotta break it down for who?  
(The whole wide world)  
(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 that I call the finale  
I made it ride higher while I'm ballin' through CaliSo listen, I'm finna start dissin'  
All you East side 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 sayersK-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)

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