

# The Last Song

## Above the Law

experience, so you know it's gonna be some mega shit, so who is that(KM.G)

KM.G will never be a trick

Step up to the mic like a baller then I pimp this gift

That only I possess

I illustrated that way to get the shit off my chest

I'm ghetto raise to amaze the crowd, it's quite simple

Km.G has degrees from Unity of South Central

I'm a graduate and it's all legit

From the pimping, the ballin' and all that good shit

I have the mega balls in which I speak in a slang

While I'm peeking it wit the G's from the Ruthless gang

Ain't nuttin change but the weather like I said before

'Cause I'm living like hustlers and I'm checking galore

Yo, I have to give it up to the D.O.C.

A Ruthless brother who's down wit the KM.G

So all hail to the niggas that's turning it out

And maybe then, I'll take the gun barrel out of your mouth Knowledge from one generation to another, perseve

and then transmitted, get it, done the Ruthless way,

You know what I'm saying, so what's up Dre(Dr. Dre)

Now I'm a swinger, I'm not a muthafuking singer

But I bringa melody that always seems to ring a

Bell as well, let's make it so you can tell

Yo, it's coming from Compton where the ballers dwell

'Cause I'm Dre, the muthafuking doctor causing propaganda

When I'm on the mic, I demand a

Little bit of time to express myself

From ?(cedian)? wax, kicking the facts and it's like that

A nigga wit a muthafuking attitude

You know the deal, kicking some real shit

And if a sucker ever thinks he can get some

Yo, step off, I'm kicking lyrics for the deaf and the dumb

But any occasion, getting the bitches wit the mega persuasion

Then my dick starts top make an invasion

But, yo, I can't go on

Because this is the end of my part on the last song Real G from the streets, villianous when he speaks

For all you busters who can't deal, give it up for real(MC Ren)

Now when you see me, you're ducking and slipping, yo, then you fell

down

You fucked up and finally figured who was the cell down

Pulling the pulls, crotching the bull  
The weak muthafuker was smelling like shit so I guess that they're full  
Of it, and I love it when I dress like a crook  
Wit a "I don't give a fuck" look  
The villain was something nuff like a hero  
Jacking all the niggas wit beef, off of relief, I mean the zeros  
The rest of the 100% was sent to do what I say  
NWA and ATL and we don't play  
The DOC is doing it, oh, so correctly  
See, I broke it down for the ones who try to check me  
But I can't be check 'cause I'm the checker  
When you see a nigga wreck believe that I'm the wrecker  
The right and for the fight and the left will attend  
We're doing wrong, MC Ren is on the last song  
From a genius to temporary insanity, the ganster's dream  
The bitches fanasty, Ruthless, so now we've come to the payoff(Eazy-E)  
One muthafuking two muthafuking three  
It's the hip-hop thugster Eazy-E  
So I grab the mic and then I clear my throat  
First nigga kicking lyrics in a straightcoat  
It's Eazy for me to come off like this  
So you can kiss my ass where the sun rays miss  
Or just give me the pussy and I'll be straight  
And if you don't, fuck it, I'll masterbate  
(We wanta fuck you Eazy) yea, you bitches scream  
Now bow down and praise the lord for the wing ding  
I got skill to deal and run game on bitches  
You can tell that I'm sick by the triple sixes  
I hear voices in my head for what reason  
But when the talking stops (pow) it's drive by season  
So back the fuck off and give me respect  
Now they're shipping me off 'cause Eazy played wit a half deck  
Criminal in his thoughts, murderous in his lyrics  
The notorious Cold(Cold 187um)  
187um, you know I gotta have it  
Now being above the law is an everyday habit  
If you think I drop some pimp shit, I ain't  
Perhaps I'll say a couple rhymes to make the bitches faint  
Now everybody wants to chill, ill  
And bill, now what the fuck is the deal  
You need a nigga like me to get the shit going  
187um has got the ultimate flowing  
Now it's time for me to go off like a maniac  
Run up for cover 'cause I'm on the ?(adidnac)?  
An untouchable player rolled up into one mind  
87 reasons why fools staying in line  
'Cause I ain't the average nigga behind the trigger

I lay and spray anything in my way  
'Cause I'm a balls player for the streets of South Central  
believe what you want but soon you'll eventually see  
That ATL is straight to mega  
Don't be surprise 'cause we played ya like Sega  
And these bodies keep dropping, you see me keep moving on  
Peace, I'm outta here 'cause this is the last songShout outs

Songwriters

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