

Dose of the Mega Flex

Above the Law

Yo man, I heard you was havin' a couple of problems with your hoes

Well you know I got a little philosophy for shit like that
It's like, you can pimp one hoe, you can pimp a thousand of them
Yo, but I'mma let KM.G break it down for them like this

Yo, well let's ranch South Central
Here's a toast to the motherfuckin' boogie
Hoes with no clothes, get a woody
From a G-sta, so hoes want it on thick
You know a groupie's best friend is some hell of a dick
Yo, so once upon a time called now
As I give them a rhythm and I allow
For you to linger, before I send you
My trigger finger, ATL'll bring you stitches to your ass "Straight up"
So break me off somethin' proper for the bad 'n the bold
Much respect's committed to the hustlers beyond control
Release my pole, see what I can catch
A mega bitch with some ends or even a bare batch
Of some P-I-C, see what I can tossy
Asti Spumanti I pour onto her body
The hype mega shit that straight drowns the public
Penetentiary object, kinda lawful so that makes me a motherfuckin' subject
I see you strain to gain, or wielding a knife
Attempting to taste the Black Mafia life
On the funk tip "Yeah"
Every man has his price clip
Loaded in my pocket so a fool can't stop it
My nigga 187Um ask a pimp like me to drop it
For South Central, Compton and Watts
Fly skanks I'm willin' to gank, give me what you got
It's a position where ranching is the mission
A.T.L is direct
A little Dose Of The Mega Flex...

You know Snow, bitches never cease to amaze me, man
When I breaks one bitch I have to turn around and break another one, man
I mean why? I buy her things, I keep them looking good
But hey, no dough, man
I mean, I keeps them broke, player
Hey, cause I'm all about adding, not subtracting, you know
"True, true"

Well let's sail, sail to a land
Where a nigga is a king with a gun in his hand
True niggaz get scandalous, then it turns to gankin'
And your shit gets rowdy then you have to bank one "Ping"
Breaking, I'm broken, here's a token to play with
Flowing with attitude, so yo, check the difference again "yeah"
A bit of info to the hoes and bitches
KM.G'll serve motherfuckin' stitches
But kickin' it with the G's there's things we must rehearse
The one-time jacks, put my motherfuckin' gat in your purse
Not tryin to work you or leave you much to lean in
Cause punk-Ass-Niggaz treat bitches the way they wanna be treated
Yeah, you can see that you're a bitch if I ever seen one
Modern day tramp, smooth will get dick hung

It's all kinds of hoes and skanks and tramps
and hotties and skeezers "Yeah they all dick pleasers"
Then when I say "What up" I don't wanna put a damper
Hit a stupid-Ass-Bitch in the head with some Pampers
Maybe then I'll get a single mother's attention
Clothes on the counter, yo, I forgot to mention
That we done tossed all the tramps in the welfare line
So cash them checks cause it's pimpin' time
So come on hoes, shoot your best shot
Call me Elmer J. Fudd, I own a mansion and a yacht
Or call me KM.G, I'm here to serve, on the wreck
Fly the seat out through the window for a dose of the mega flex....

Yeah man!

Man, I ain't had no more trouble with them fucking woman, sayin' I'm ready f
or fucking pimpin' any time, any goddamn day, you know
Right now, right now, right now, you know

That's how you checks them, man
It makes them give you respect, you know what I'm sayin'
Yo, A.T.L the mega pimp clinic
'91 and we outta here, see you

Yeah man, I gotta go out here and put this game down
Like it supposed to be put down, you know
You know, always remember that you run things
And that's the way it is and that's how it's always gon' be
You know, yo, we sold
You know, I gotta go, we gotta breeze, player

That's spiritual man, see you man, you old time
Keep going, don't stop
Keep going, don't stop
Oh yeah