

# Game Wreck-Oniz-Iz Game

## Above the Law

Alright, this shit is fly  
I know Dre didn't do the motherfucker, but you know what? !  
This shit ain't right unless I'm rappin' on this motherfucker

You got somethin' for it nigga, what's up?

You goddamn right, I got somethin' for it  
Matter fact, I got the motherfucker right here in my pocket  
Give me a motherfuckin' beat

Alright, let's do this shit

Batter up, and let me hit you with some crazy-ass shit  
Welcome to the E's bottomless pit  
Where I play the mothafuckin' executioner  
Thinkin' the devious things of a murderer  
Yes, the menace of all menaces back in the Guinness  
Book of Records for smokin' motherfuckers, you see  
Cause there's only one E-A-Z-Y-E  
And I'm kickin' the Chronic on this ATL LP  
So one motherfuckin, two motherfuckin, three  
All you punk bitches better respect me as a G  
Cause I got the dope sack, without a motherfuckin' doubt  
And when the shit hits the fan, it's outta my mouth  
Kickin' that gangster shit, boy, it pays  
And if you got the Buddah, then motherfucker blaze  
And hit it for the city of Compton  
Shouts goes out to those who remain foes  
Cause I like to be the motherfuckin' underdog  
And if we got beef leap like a frog  
I used to be the quicker picker upper bitch  
But I took recess and it's time to rip shop  
By the way I gotta earn my dap  
And it's always on if a nigga wanna scrap  
And you don't stop

Well alright

Yeah yeah, that was cool E  
Yo, we gotta let Kokane get in here and do somethin', man  
Before he step off  
You know what I'm sayin  
Yeah, kick it

Ah... dibby-dibby soundbwoy, dibby-dibby soundbwoy  
Ready to catch you dibby-dibby-dibby sound-  
It's like heary, heary, come one, come all  
Kokane is servin' suckers at the players balls  
If you come up , you will get blasted  
A tisket a tasket, we dump your body in a basket  
Or bury you in a casket, dependin' on how you fit  
We can go raggamuffin' or get into some G shit  
We'll take the gun or we kick the flavor  
Cause when I flow, when I flow you'll catch the vapor  
And now I'm rollin' on twisters hittin' them switches  
I make a quick stop to collect from my many bitches  
After bitches, they do my every deed

It's like some sell pussy, some sell coke, some sell weed  
What you need, what you want I can supply  
I got the new improved shit that's guaranteed to get you high  
Yo, there's no same to my game, my name is Kokane  
I'm pimpin' bitches in the church, preachin' God's work  
But I'm the smartest thing to quit around  
So put your money in a basket and pass the motherfucker down  
Sayin' what King James wrote  
And I'm a give you the Holy Ghost for a motherfuckin' c-note  
Ride around town in a all-black Ferrari  
I said, 'Hallelujah, oh the Lord gave it to me'  
Knowin' that a nigga is motherfuckin wrong  
I go the choir singin' that sad song

Yeah, that's why I'm a Nickel Slick Nigga

Yeah, but it's time for ATL to get in this motherfucker

Black Mafia, Pimp Clinic on a level  
Also nigga, must remain Above The Law

Nigga, Cali' comes to Harlem, or maybe Brooklyn or the Bronx  
(Or was it way out west where we be breakin' up jumbs for punks)  
I paid 13.5 for some weight up in Queens  
But you know, the nigga had to run it, if you know what I mean  
Cause I'm Jack, the motherfuckin' Tripper  
And if you slip while I'm trippin', I'm a have to pull a clip-per  
And hit a corner, buy a bird in Miami  
Come back on consignment for my homeboy Sammy  
Now Sammy down in Tampa for himself comin' up  
A few birds in the street, now his ego is pumped  
I pull a heater on a nigga if the shit gets deep  
That's on my homie, all my homies, may they rest in peace  
Too all the G's and Mackaronies  
From the City of Angels jackin' phonies  
Elect me two weeks, smoke Buddha for breakfast  
White folks in pintos and niggas get Lexus  
Check this, the hoe-tamin, macadamian  
Much, much gamin, works and the fame and  
Too much dicks for one hoe, sometimes a nigga gotta sling it  
So the rich bitches gangbangin'  
The Mafia pimps is back funkin the section  
Twistin' on them twisters with the hump connection  
Ain't nothin' changed from the time I began  
Except a nigga got a little more ends

Since I'm the last nigga, I'm the soul survivor  
I got the illy illy style for the Jeeps and the Lowriders  
I made a promise to myself that when you hear me  
Kick the gangsta shit though hear what makes a sucker fear me  
As for the bitches, well I don't have time  
Cause I'm a young black hustler comin' up on a rhyme  
So skip to the lool, my baby, more bounce to the ounce  
Cause I don't wanna be the one with a bitch that try to take my bank account  
Oh what the hell, oh what the hell, they all think I'm a simp  
But they all fall in love when they find out I'm a pimp  
Cause temptation probably killed some of my homies  
Livin' in a world of backstabbers and phonies  
If I was Tony the Tiger I would say the world was 'great'  
If I was Mike Tyson I would be in jail for rape  
But I'm sorry this approached you cause I'm not the average Joe  
That can flow, cause I believe that I'm worth much more  
So I kick it like a homo nigga

They wanna be on mine cause I live much bigger  
Why don't you say what you did when you said what you did to me?  
Bitch, yeah, you all on my dick tryin' to gank me and my homies  
But you know you never gets none  
Because if gankin's bein' done I be the motherfuckin' one  
From the East Coast, the West Coast  
Now tell me who's the best coast? !  
Who's the innovators and who's the perpetrators  
Who comes first, yo, and who comes later  
Cause I always got my bulletproof vest, y'all  
Whether I'm chillin' in the east or the west, y'all  
You know I have to give my props to the best, y'all  
And there's the suckers out there to the rest, y'all  
Yeah, cause I'm a nigga that's hailed from the west  
And I'm smokin' motherfuckers like Elliot Ness  
Yeah, and you don't stop