Above The Law, Killaz In The Park

(feat. MC Ren)

[Helicopter propeller turning]

[Intro: Crime Scene investigation] "Okey what we have here?" we have a 187 black male, fictim of possibly 18 years of age... gun shot wound to the head...... look like he is been dead of possibility 2 hours "uha" when we received a phone call quite sometime ago.... but you know how it's when people have to come down into the Park and don't nobody wanna come down here... "yeah, were any witnesses step forward?" Shit, witnesses down in this motherfucker? who's the fuck is gonna come forward down here... "Okey, well let's get this area tipped off let's move these fuckin people back outta the way, behind the tape let's get those cars outta here and get that car down here and pick up this motherfuckin dead body"

and pick up this motherfuckin dead body"
I want all y'all motherfuckers get the move in this shit
everybody get back, everybody get back
hey you.. you.. yeah
take the yeah take the take overthere would you please

take the, yeah, take the tape overthere, would you please Okey, man, it's always a killing in the park.

[Hellicopter propeller turning]

[Chorus: some girls] it's all like everyday, if you want some tray if you want some gun play straight killas in the park... straight killas in the park... if it ain't that right time of the day I think you better walk around the other way straight killas in the park... straight killas in the park...

[Verse 1: K.M.G] watch young brother now watchin me get game well let me tell you about this little spot where we check by the block mate, yeah it's servin' straight claimin killas in the park put some out for my dead homies and my niggaz stuck to the rock if you look up in the ride you'll see this Regals, colorists, foes, trays and big fat black Doodle light posted hundred smokes for my folks, and case of Hennessy a couple of pounds of this stinky trees a few rats with mobile phone to keep calling the shit let's know when it's on even rollin chick inside worse and worst got beef dwellin, while we still drug sellin' but y'all don't heard that shit from me...Oooh baby please what y'all know about killas in the park that's the drums sound 40 felons holdin ground and I aid across you by the little B.G.'s-> Ghetto Boys cause y'all couldn't see this, they will known me enemies straight provin to help us with that chicken movin nine times outta ten we tell 'em meet us at the park at the dark to see where your nuts at 20 niggaz with straps, 20 more with they packs, fully automatic

my people stalk to see me, smelling like a gang with me

leavin niggaz start killings in the park...

[MC Ren:] " Niggaz in the Park"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: MC Ren] nigga who in the fuck you think you're talking to nigga you won't remember shit when come through, out your coma it's compton and pomona killas in the park from Cali' to Arizona you can't walk through the park, niggaz crazy of the dark keep your hand on the gun or nigga you'll be on the run niggaz camoflauged in the night packin Desert Eagles and 22's nigga fuck the fight and fuck them police that be thinkin they slick with they headlights on, tryin to creep, they can suck a fat dick take your pig in the pimp clinic stay your ass out the park cause this crazy niggaz be off in it but I see you niggaz there selling 'lley hitting switches with your bitches every motherfuckin day so beware of the killas in the park and get your ass on before it get dark, uhh niggaz...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Cold187Um] you got to watch your back for the po-po's, creepin up out suburb-os come on up the creep, for your works and your heap deepest think then can get.. I gets the fuck about the one time it's just another player heater tryin' to take mine yo, we regulate the buck them dawn to dusk so if the one time one, stash your gauge, you'll shut the fuck up cause they be comin with that black killing black you better watch your back because the streets full of pack think it to myself yeah I'ma dump motherfucker got me y'all off ??? tryin to act like ain't did nothin' but 'til the minute I slipped yo, they'll all up in my mamma house trippin this shit it's like my homies used to say if it gets that deep you got to put the motherfuckers to sleep and make the park once more won't safer cause dumb shit comin between we and my paper he that be in the park gettin rolled up? it be that nigga Short stopper sellin' cut up yo, he ain't the homie, so we can't check it ain't personal nigga it's respect yo, if I ain't part on swings, I'm in the basketball court I'm in the T-shirt, chuck T's and cut off Khaki short junkies come and call me lil' boot camp I'm goin and see now, I'ma screamin New child yeah, big ball going off like the mugg man, it's 9-1-1 man stash the gold, take by the wrong man I just served then I ain't this trick uhh, now we gettin restart quick I turned around and said fool you're a snitch I shot him in his junky-Ass-Bitch I'ma killa from the park...

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