

For Realz

Kane & Abel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Kane & Abel talking]
Pussy ass motherfuckers. Take me to play with.
Okay, I'm bout to show these bitches.
Fuck, I'm already dead, so I need some fuckin company
you know what I'm saying.
Okay little motherfucker, I'm a show you.
you better protect yourself[Verse 1 (Kane)]Every time I wake
I thank the lord for my eyes opening
Cause I know some hoes
Hoping that they close
Niggas they want me deader
Wet up my Cucci sweater
Back back they better
From the storm swarm of my berreta
Down south hustlin
T riding on daytons pouring like Gary Payton
Scoring
Haters they wanna catch me snoring
I mean sleeping
I seen them creeping
In the rear view of the beamer
Pull out the rueger
With the built in laser beamer
Committing felonies fuck misdemeanors
Laugh now dick sucker cry later
That AK 45 keep me live
That's my motherfucking regulator[Verse 2 (Abel)]That's my brother Mr. Kane
Mr. Abel
10 g's on the table
Bringin hoes ass niggas to they knees
To the coffin from the cradle
Lick the salt when I drink tequilla

Hit the lemon grab the nina
Everyday I come out the house
I at least committ a misdemeanor
Po-po drop it
Cause they can't stop it
Hittin niggas for they profit
Touchin on these gangsta topics
Breakin niggas and checkin they pockets
No limit tight like a fucking chain gang
Kickin shit like Jackie Chan
Front these bitches from rags to riches
But its just a ghetto thang[Chorus x2]Thugs that why they feel us
Hoes wanna get with us
Cause we so for realz
haters they wanna kill usWe turning busters into down south hustlers
We turning busters into midwest hustlers
We turning busters into west coast thugsters
We turning busters into east coast hustlers[Verse 3 (Kane)]Niggas take they life like spillin a glass of milk
Bests to take yo shit more serious
Or you'll get killed
Cause down south we bout drama
Nigga we bout danger
When you here my shit click click
That send deadly missles in the chamber
Ain't no studio in me
G genuine
My boy Lil Shawn to a slug in his spine
That was mine
If time could rewind
I would've took it
Death in my face I would've looked it
I would've shooked it
I'm from the hood so I pay my respect
My nigga Clay took a fucking bullet in his neck
We ain't found the killer yet
But I bet
We be ridin on some nigga set soon
Sweepin up shit like a broom
Ready to kill more niggaz than Platoon, it's DOOMcoming so for realz nigga

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