

For Realz (Explicit)

Kane & Abel

[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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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