

Kane & Abel, 'Bout That Combat

f/ Full Blooded, Soulja Slim

[Kane & Abel]

Throw yo weapons, grab yo gats
Killin this time for combat
Knockin gnats off niggas head
Deliverin these murder raps
Play who wants to play?
I don't play, I'm a soldier game over
P hold ya doja, hot bullet scold
That 4 5 holder, put that ass in the coma like ebola
A sneakin sow killings
High blood count, capital contract blood spillin's
Maniacs egnite like dynamite packs
Click, clack, 30 minute gun fights, with gats
Haters run like track
Intimidated to bust back
They would bow down, we throwin down, thats how we react
Get thank, gonna stop the tank
Kane & Abel bout that combat
Muthafucka thank we ain't!

Chorus:

[Soulja Slim]

We bout that combat, bout that combat, bout that combat
We bout that combat, bout that combat, bout that combat
We bout that combat, bout that combat, bout that combat

[Full Blooded]

Da Hound from Gert Town, you niggas act like they don't know me
No claimin, nigga done shit back in '94 with P
Down South Hustla, muthafucka
Murda, murda, murda, pass me my murder weapon
Shit gets scary, when the lights turned out
All these li'l muthafuckin rounds cryin
Murda muthafucka, get wiped out
Hit the flo', get low, which y'all know how to go
Left, left, left, when the impact
When to this muthafuckin cho'
Respect my mind, is all the fuck I ask
Fuck the down south be a Island
Rest of the world be a blood bath
I'm to fatal, I'm givin facial
Give a fuck about a nigga
Givin your life for my paper
I was born for this type of shit
All I gotta do is tips
With two glocks and 4 clips
I'm full blooded, when I first met him I shoulda wet him
Did got a side of a soldier
So your playin like a hoe bra?

Chorus

[Soulja Slim]

Nigga, nigga.
Nigga get face down on the ground, don't move a muscle
Oh I bust, and flacktal you, I's tucked you, I shows no remorse
I got this Mag 9 and takin all body parts
Fatal thoughts got me jumpin to conclusions
In that war, keep fuckin up my mind and shit, havin me confusin
I don't know what my do's and don'ts
What the fuck you want, a couple of shots, or get dumped

In the trunk nigga, get a li'l somethin to sink you ass down
Donk you in the realver, after you give us
50 G's, a couple of key's it's all good
You understand, say you understood
I'll be representin, betta hold that noise
Fuckin right, I'm bout that combat, I'm a soldier boy
Nigga, lay it down on the ground that's what I said
Muthafucka don't talk, we just want the bread
Nigga

Chorus