

Kane & Abel, It's A Riot

Somebody let me outta here they're goin to fuckin kill each other
Nigga this Kane and Abel
And you're listenin' to the motherfuckin no limit soldiers compilation
All the cowards better get the fuck to the back
because bout to go down in this bitch

[Chorus x2]

It's a motherfuckin' riot (riot)
All you bitch ass niggaz be quiet (riot)
It's a motherfuckin' riot (riot)
All you bitch ass bitches be quiet (riot)

[Kane]

Tequila on my breath
Who next to step in depth
Check if you got heart
I'll bill out your chest
Stop a lyrical light speed
Blunts rolled tight like weed
Medieval teens in my jeans
Eat'em bust like private beans
triple beamer cumulated
Hey, they can't fade it
Sick, pull out my dick
And show them hoes I'm x-rated
I stay ready
Bitches doin' pushups in the jail house
Gettin' ready, cuz niggaz know birds fly south
Well protected by them killers
Wit the goal in they mouth
Friends my trigger finger itch
And boom, tear that ass out
Live from the battlefield
Blue still never kill kill
Shit gettin' real better
God you grill

[Chorus x2]

[Abel]

I got the ice cold grill
Chillin' wit two killers
One shot one killed
Gangster five gorillas
In the club me mug
Smoke some bud
If you fuckin' wit thugs
Play catch wit slugs
Nigga cut that shit, uh
Throw that shit
If you roll less shit
Then we can blow that shit
In the back of the whip
Just like your rest
That your bitch in assit
Gettin' a dick taste test
I'm mister Abel, that nigga,
Mister Kane
(Stay cool to the game)
Son shine the rain
(At the million dollar game)
Mister Master P
(My daddy's place I can hold)
Chasin' after me

Can we please get into some gangster shit
(Take it back to 96)
Flippin' bricks for chips, bitch

[Chorus x4]

crbt2('Kane & Abel', 'Its a Riot')

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