

Kane & Abel, No Limit Niggas

[C-Murder]

Say twins you know how we go do a f**king show
Get that bitch rowdy how crazy they be acting out there
Niggas can't control theirself be like uh

They call me C-Murder and I got TRU tagged on my motherf**king back
Ever since I started rapping all my real ass niggas come and follow my lead
Got my balls and my word nigga ask Young Bleed
We come do a show in your motherf**king city
They call me the baddest cause No Limit act shitty
Beats By The Pound make them ignorant ass beats
When a nigga like me bring the shit to the streets
Because the ghetto is my home nigga I'm ghetto raised
I'm unpredictable ask the nigga with the braids
My motherf**king music be jumping out of record stores
Nigga where's your proof motherf**ker check billboards
To all my tank dogs that's bout it
Then throw off your set and get this motherf**ker rowdy

Chorus

We be No Limit niggas and we bout it
We come to a club and get the motherf**ker rowdy x2

[Kane & Abel]

6 shots of henneseey I'm feeling right in this bitch
Hit the dash flow off Mike start a fight in this bitch
I got the crowd jumping gangstafied shit pumping
Tell that bitch and that hoe I'm trying to do something
I cracked the optimal open in the middle of the club
Don't give a f**k about the popos niggas smoke some bud
Let's go half on a 40 sack show me some love
I stucked a pistol in the club for them wannabe thugs
TRU niggas smoke dank all the way to the bank
All the hustlers picks the baddest so love to bank

Kane & Abel kick butt knuckle up don't give a f**k
We bout it and I'm gon' get this motherf**ker rowdy

Chorus x2

[Fiend]

I was dropped from the clouds above given a gat and some slugs
Killing whatever bugs that ain't a soldier does
For the love of drugs half of my paper go to bud
Ebonic you speaking in the club uh nigga what
Everytime I buzz the tank does when I it
With the type of skills to knock a baller off his pivot
I admit it I'm one of the baddest that ever lived
You ain't seen nothing wait till I'm full of that shit
Take a pull of that shit
And you can meet the pieces

My ironic thesis first heard on a player's leases
Lyrical adhesives making these niggas meet Jesus
I guess we just got them to pieces like greases
To my tweakers it's a piece of dope you was needing
My vocals got wannabe slugs bleeding
It's believing get you tore up by my shotty
Fiendzotie forever bout it staying rowdy

Chorus x3

[C-Murder talking]

Yeah another example of that gangsta shit
C-Murder in this bitch Kane & Abel the F. I. Fiend
Shit just another motherf**king day another dollar
Get it right cause we bout it peace