

Kane & Abel, No Turnin Back

Listen to me young soldiers, salaros the laws of the street
you know the law enemies stand side by side
You can either kill em now or wait for them to return and kill you
Remember this city's like gold you sell it at yo price when your ready
but the most important thing neva take sides with anyone
nunka against the family

[Kane]

Agh! Its been a long time we shouldn't of left you
Still in the ghetto with some metal with some metal to wet you
No Limit killers dealers warriors mo niggas to step you
You bitches I disrespect fuck you and forget you
I play the game I with go we take them ho's to that other level
Down south niggas still we known fo chopping ki's
in grams bagging quarters in bundles, niggas mumble and rumble
Soldiers strap fo G's fo combat in the jungle
That's my brother Mr. Abel I'm Mr. Co-Kane thug
Life in the rain, tank still on my chain(ya heard me)
Cock together if you bout that ain't no time to explain
Ain't no talkin I'm mustin, take no shit I'm bustin
knockin niggas out make some motherfuckin Robutussin
Somebody pray for me 1 ney 7 2 11 ain't the way for me
For several street thugs strip me fo murder tactics
Hit the gold ranga practice(nigga) the plastic get drastic
Bout the casket don't hesitate to pull a trigger and waste
my lawyer worry bout the motherfuckin murder case
And how you gone make moves with out killers behind, find out
you fucked up I'm gone leave you fucked up where I find you
Fear for my own life want hesitate to do you
Cause hesitation makes a niggas worse fear come true

[Chorus x2]

Cause ain't no turnin back, somebody pray for me
Cause penitentiary ain't no place fo me
Cause ain't no turnin back some body pray for me 187, 211
ain't the way fo me (no turnin back, no turnin back)

[Abel]

Get killed in the dope game God forbid
Chasing money and street fame God forgive
Slang heroin and cocaine in hands of kids
Why niggas die young in this life we live
Just a young nigga hustle on the block fo cake
Bring yo crew and you kiss yo mama at the wake
Duct tape, death kiss on yo ankles and wrist
Don't give em no shit they came fo the bricks
On the project steps got nothin but time
Tryin to phase the world with a vest and a nine
Give me mine this crime a fast forward yo life
Never press rewind cause these niggas ain't right
On a paper chase, caught a lil' case
Po Po hit me with the phonebook in my face
Mama crying real tears cause her son disappeared
Didn't budge when the judge said 50 years

[chorus]

[Kane & Abel]

Niggas ten years old already they killers
Ski mask tech nine gangstafied the realest
Real niggas gone feel me, fake niggas gone fear me
A hundred No Limit Soldiers make it hard to get near me
So watch what you say nigga O.K. nigga
I then fired down the pen on the motherfuckin A.K. nigga

Fully automatic when I grab it
Want static I have to pull yo pistol ain't no time to panic
Fo green or geed killers dive by gats
out the window with speed, somebody pray fo me

crbt2('Kane & Abel', 'No Turnin Back')

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