

# Kane & Abel, Tryin' 2 Have Sumthin'

( Master P)

Check this out twin, wanna hit me on a beeper  
when ya'll ready for that nigga, I got.

Huh nigga what? (You be coughing this shit up)  
I'm just a nigga in the dope game  
Tryin' to move cocaine  
Herion and Weed  
And a young nigga tryin' to have thangs

(Chorus)

Tell.....Me  
Huh nigga what?  
I'm just a nigga in the dope game  
Tryin' to move cocaine  
Herion and weed  
And a young nigga tryin' to have thangs

(Fiend)

Who was the first of the brothers  
who said no bottle, because a  
They crossed a bird  
Had to get his hustle on with rocks and herbs  
From the curb, I observe  
Making tunes, I would be getting Benz and Jewels  
You niggas give me room  
Before I bring a lots of doom  
I be soon to wearing time  
17 and getting heavy  
Seven fingers like off to find the relly  
Oh my felly, my belly  
Full of fast food  
'cause I know that cash rules my life  
To like as twice as the nights  
I'm living, Try my life  
Fully rusted, Is a chance to get a cop busted  
But I stick em' and break it off  
So the rest won't test me  
Luckily, Never sticking my business  
Til' these hoes, And I give my friends living tears  
Like my department store, C'mon  
(Uhhhhhh)

(Chorus- 2x)

( Kane and Abel )

Picture me and Fiend chopping up a half a key  
Twenty-Bitches you asked for them, 2-52 for me  
I'm bout to get into thuggin', muggin'  
Yeah this O.P. chuggin'  
You can find me in the hood  
Tryin' to slang something  
I serve a million Fiends  
For million dollar dreams  
B.B.S. stretch Lex, Bitch I'm bout my cream  
Thunder Weed and Sex  
More crack than cracker jack  
Silkk, 100-dollar, Tens  
Please tell my friend he be right back

They say we hold it down  
Like we paralyzed from the neck down  
Slang from sun down to sun down  
Smoking A Pound

(Chorus-2x)

(M.P.- Uhhh Nigga this a muthaf\*\*kin' 211  
don't make it into a 1-80-7 you heard)

( Kane and Abel )

This a kidnapp, Don't make it a killing  
Put a game til' the game's over  
Soldier, Ready and willing, I be letting dissing  
To get paid with a gyps of AK's  
If you looking for revenge, Better dig two graves  
Playa, time to drop some game with the ballers  
20 A grams, OZ's, To A balls to quaves  
My hustle never stop, uh  
Block to Block, Like a nigga sittin' on three keys  
Till a rock to rock C'mon

(Chorus-4x)

( Master P )

Kane and Abel, Fiend, Master P  
It ain't no limit nigga  
Clean your dirty money out to good money  
You heard, Tryin' to have a thang  
From the motherf\*\*king streets to the world  
Real niggas take heat, Bout it, Bout it, Rowdy, Rowdy  
Uhhhhh