

Kane & Abel, Yes Indeed

(Kane talking)

This what it's all about once again huh.
F**king and sucking once again you pissless trash.
You get on that block, you make my money.
You make my money good you pissless trash.

Chorus (Kane & Abel)

Only real niggas roll with me
Hit the block gun cocked, nigga pass the weed
Hustle we'll never knock, recognize the G
TRU playas indeed, TRU yes indeed

Verse 1 (Kane)

It's foolish how they be lovin that niggas shit like a bitch
Makin them cut off your light switch when that trigger finger itch
Nigga it's my life, it's fine like that black Spice Girl
Bitin they lip when they taste this dick, no trickin, diamonds and pearls
My niggas hard like sleepin on a steel mattress in the hole for thirty days
Police on the payroll cause they know that nothin pay the way crime pays
F**k you up like the little burn in Kool-Aid if you can't get paid
Get trapped in the one way, ready for the gun play,
bullets get sprayed with no delay

Chorus x2

Verse 2 (Abel)

Smokin that herb when I get disturbed, hit the streets like dice on the curb
These bitch ass niggas get served, it's no word, these haters got some nerve
A nigga named Master P told me hustle till I'm dead
Pitch black, catch a heart attack, like Fred I paint the whole town red
Hunt my foes till they casket close, spit on they grave, f**k they hoes
Ain't nothin no love like a black rose, might hit they mama with a four four
They call me Mr. Abel, my brother, Mr. Kane
Stay TRU to the game, bitch pray when the bullets rain, f**k the fame
Come on

Chorus x3

(Abel talking)

Mr. Abel, Mr. Kane.
American Meat, '99 nigga.
Any nigga that f**k with us, foolish as a motherf**ker.
Like we said on the last motherf**kin record.
You run up, you get more holes then a golf course bitch.