

# Kane & Abel, God & Gunz

(feat. Mac)

-Got my nigga Mr Kane aka Stephen King,  
black rain putting niggas in a bodysling  
-My nigga Mac the camouflage assassin  
putting niggas in the motherfucking uhn  
-You want some motherfucking gangsta shit nigga

[Verse 1: Kane]

Fuck Batman niggas in my hood be robbing  
Clips and techs stole my soul like the Angel of Death, drama left my  
mama sobbing  
Fucking with Kane catch embalming fluid in the veins  
Better off having a ?? on cocaine cutting your fucking brain  
Anger, and keep a round live in the chamber  
Its clear and present danger  
Who the bitch made nigga banger  
Living United States of America bullets break the sound barrier  
Shook niggas down to dick licking when I bury ya

[Verse 2: Mac]

If its my fast life, then hit breaks and slow me down God  
Cause uptown many dead bodies was found God  
On this island that runs along the Mississippi River  
When ain't no need in looking in debt cause he deliver  
Fuck strangers, I know niggas who kill family members  
Your life is unimportant as Christmas is to December  
And heroin has got niggas on some of them demand shit  
Some loaded mack 11 in the hand shit

[Chorus]

Nigga, have you ever seen the face of death  
Nigga, have you ever heard the word of God  
These hollow tip bullets be hot like the sun  
Don't trust no one but your God and your gun

[Verse 3: Abel]

Bitch listen to the words of the south poor righteous teacher  
I'm a die with hate in my eyes  
Smoking some reefer with the grim reaper  
Cause niggas on my block is ignorant like Sasquatch  
I cook rhymes and beats like baking soda with rocks  
Its hysteria when I left your whole block red like ketchup  
Still running from the popos, but them hoes still can't catch up  
Don't give a fuck, smoke that sticky til my soul get high  
My spirit already dead, waiting for this body to die  
Cause I'm a thug, who the fuck you second guessing  
Niggas gone learn they fucking lesson  
When my smith and wesson change they facial expression  
Niggas I'm blessing check God's creation  
Mind deep like revelation, murder, hustling my occupation

[Verse 4: Mac]

Affiliation from my nation got niggas pacing from here to Russia  
Stone crusher, I keep crew under pressure  
Never settle for lesser the have nots running from crab cops  
Slanging slab rocks to pay the mad locs  
And lay me down to sleep with my heat  
Plus some sneakers on my feet just in case my window locks are weak  
Peace is cool but there'll never be

My mack 11 got you holding more glocks down than Heather B

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 5: Abel]

I'm going out for the paper til its time to meet my maker  
Straight soldier from the cradle to the hands of the undertaker  
Son I came to glock battle with kerosene oil  
So the shit don't jam and murder plans don't spoil  
Spirits that read the bible pray to black jesus  
Necessary for survival so you niggas can't see us

[Verse 6: Mac]

When the sun sets I'm at rest  
They got bullets to penetrate through your proof vest  
I stress holding peace, slipping let dying my nigga El puffing a L  
Crack sales create clientele in hell  
Street life what we were giving it  
Living it ain't no positive in it  
Forever ignorant, let us pray Lord

crbt2('Kane & Abel','God & Gunz')

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