

# Kane & Able, Jealous Again

(Master P talking)

-haha Mr MR Rogers of the neighborhood  
-should I say that nigga that's uuuuggghhhh bout it bout it  
-I'm rowdy rowdy I'm rowdy nigga  
-The mothaf\*\*king Ice Cream Man in this bitch  
-Master P in here with my girl Mia X  
-We bout to lay down some shit once again for ya'll motherf\*\*kers  
-We bout to lay down some rules  
-And we got these 2 little niggas that don't give a f\*\*k about none of ya  
-Ready to blast on ya bitches  
-With this gangsta shit  
-watch your back nigga, my little niggas Kane & Abel  
-some of ya'll know them as double vision  
-but ya better realize once again its on  
-TRU niggas in this bitch, we ain't taking no shit for the 9 scrilla  
-Its all about smoking blunts, blowing on that swishy sweet  
-Notice I said swishy sweet nigga  
-When I do these f\*\*king 187's, murder  
-Down south in the mothaf\*\*king swamp, we down there hustling bitch  
-Rolling on triple gold  
-But niggas don't give a f\*\*k about none of ya niggas  
-That ain't real, that ain't true to the motherf\*\*king gizzame  
-But ya niggas that's bout it bout it and all ya real niggas out there  
-Ya'll gone feel this shit cause it don't get no realer than this  
-Once again its on nigga

(Kane & Abel)

Introducing the mafioso of New Orleans Kane & Abel balling  
My gangsta shit sell like Air Jordan  
Ain't that a bitch, straight out the parrish whipping ass like Tyson  
Gun fighting slanging ice and f\*\*king hoes like Peabo Bryson  
Latinos counting cinos I murder Al Pacino  
What these bitches boosting up shut them down like casinos  
Getting murderous like the Menendez brothers  
Dumb mothaf\*\*kas banging these hoes without no rubbers  
And busters hate me like some bump weed  
Cause babies dropping out they old ladies looking like me  
Sporting Tommy's and Polos weed blows out my nose  
Never sweating in my good clothes behind these f\*\*king hoes  
Who run this Master P, KLC slanging birds  
So stop stunting dog bitch calm your nerves  
Born a crack baby grew up to be a g  
Whip that ass like I had a badge from NOPD  
Like a second line gangsta niggas with 9's follow me  
MC approaches I bury those cockroaches  
Buck buck I got you f\*\*ked up like angel dust  
In gacks we trust cause niggas bleed just like us

(Chorus)

Its time to get the gack again

Cause pussy ass niggas getting jealous again, again  
Its time to get strapped again  
Because them nappy head hoes getting jealous again, again

(Mia X)

I got that f\*\*king regulator busting lyrical rhymes at all you playa haters  
Fade ya made ya bow down to this slayer  
Lady alligator still wetting up your earhole  
With harmonizing gun blows still stomping out the NO

Hoes talk that shit but clear the way  
Because they know I'm getting richer and bagging chips so call me Ms Fri-O-Lay  
Mia X gots to flex and leave them hanging diamond rocks  
?? be banging my name is reighning  
I'm slanging this with No Limit  
So you can talk that shit you raunchy bitch but just remember  
Who finish, me running with these look alike niggas  
The bad girl behind the trigger getting wreck its the 9 sister

(Kane)

Rolling 4 deep strapped in the black Montero  
Shorting bright like Alfonso Ribiero but bitch I'm ghetto  
Give me no heroin baby roll blunt after blunt  
F\*\*k around and roll a thousand swishes in one month  
You buster ass niggas I ain't scared of death  
Had a dream I got stressed and blew up your whole project  
Ask Mia X got bookoo checks  
I'm like them got to get them papers like them crackers in them skyscrapers  
Hitting switches avoiding bitches and them playa haters  
And its time to get strapped again  
Kane & Abel got the gack and we back again

(Chorus)

(Abel)

Take away them chains and pain  
What remains ?? the king keep a 9 in his grave  
I seen so many soldiers I swore it was Beirut  
Them gang signs salute, clack clack they shoot  
The south coast you bleed if you wanna succeed  
And I can have your f\*\*king head in my lap for 10 g's  
And you can ask the governor's name its nigga please  
And even out in Cali Sam Sneed recognize me  
Take it to the streets cause that's where I'm from  
And niggas with gold teeth no I ain't the one  
Niggas give me what you got I ain't got a f\*\*king thing  
And back in 91 I jack bitches for medallion earrings  
So crappy headed nappy headed hoes get back  
Cause its a 10 to 1 chance that you might get smacked  
Bitch