

# Kane & Able, No Limit Niggas

[C-Murder]

Say twins you know how we go do a f\*\*king show  
Get that bitch rowdy how crazy they be acting out there  
Niggas can't control theirself be like uh

They call me C-Murder and I got TRU tagged on my motherf\*\*king back  
Ever since I started rapping all my real ass niggas come and follow my lead  
Got my balls and my word nigga ask Young Bleed  
We come do a show in your motherf\*\*king city  
They call me the baddest cause No Limit act shitty  
Beats By The Pound make them ignorant ass beats  
When a nigga like me bring the shit to the streets  
Because the ghetto is my home nigga I'm ghetto raised  
I'm unpredictable ask the nigga with the braids  
My motherf\*\*king music be jumping out of record stores  
Nigga where's your proof motherf\*\*ker check billboards  
To all my tank dogs that's bout it  
Then throw off your set and get this motherf\*\*ker rowdy

Chorus

We be No Limit niggas and we bout it  
We come to a club and get the motherf\*\*ker rowdy x2

[Kane & amp; Abel]

6 shots of henneseey I'm feeling right in this bitch  
Hit the dash flow off Mike start a fight in this bitch  
I got the crowd jumping gangstafied shit pumping  
Tell that bitch and that hoe I'm trying to do something  
I cracked the optimal open in the middle of the club  
Don't give a f\*\*k about the popos niggas smoke some bud  
Let's go half on a 40 sack show me some love  
I stucked a pistol in the club for them wannabe thugs  
TRU niggas smoke dank all the way to the bank  
All the hustlers picks the baddest so love to bank

Kane & amp; Abel kick butt knuckle up don't give a f\*\*k  
We bout it and I'm gon' get this motherf\*\*ker rowdy

Chorus x2

[Fiend]

I was dropped from the clouds above given a gat and some slugs  
Killing whatever bugs that ain't a soldier does  
For the love of drugs half of my paper go to bud  
Ebonic you speaking in the club uh nigga what  
Everytime I buzz the tank does when I it  
With the type of skills to knock a baller off his pivot  
I admit it I'm one of the baddest that ever lived  
You ain't seen nothing wait till I'm full of that shit  
Take a pull of that shit  
And you can meet the pieces

My ironic thesis first heard on a player's leases  
Lyrical adhesives making these niggas meet Jesus  
I guess we just got them to pieces like greases  
To my tweakers it's a piece of dope you was needing  
My vocals got wannabe slugs bleeding  
It's believing get you tore up by my shotty  
Fiendzotie forever bout it staying rowdy

Chorus x3

[C-Murder talking]

Yeah another example of that gangsta shit  
C-Murder in this bitch Kane & Abel the F. I. Fiend  
Shit just another motherf\*\*king day another dollar  
Get it right cause we bout it peace