

# Kane & Able, Time After Time

We gonna ball till we fall  
Were real soldiers gonna be there when the homies call x2

Chorus:  
If you're lost and you look then you will find me  
Time after time (only time will tell)  
If you fall I will catch you I'll be waiting  
Time after time

Kane:  
The ghetto's tryin to kill me  
That's why I stay faded and stoned  
Cause when I leave the house I never know if I'm comin home  
Bullets got no name it's the dirty game  
Wannabe thugs drive by for some ghetto fame  
The homie got popped six times needs surgery  
Hit my cigar holdin tears cause its hurtin me  
I write my cousin in the pen to see if he okay  
He's locked up on his little girl's first birthday  
To this day love my homies dearly down to die wit em'  
I ball and they ball you hear me ima ride wit em'  
You fall then we fall I be there when you need me  
Its easy all you gotta do is beep me

Chorus x3

(Rapping while chorus is still going)

Master P:  
We gonna ball till we fall  
We're real soldiers we'll be there when the homies call

Master P:  
This Ghetto Got Me trapped  
And homies I feel your pain  
See these streets is like a living hell  
and the devil be the dope man  
And everybody wanna fix from heron to even powder  
My little nephew's a crack baby  
When he hollas momma put dinner in his baby bottle  
These streets got me doin' shit that I really don't want to  
But niggas gotta be strapped  
with bulletproof vest or homies will ride  
Through and just blast on you  
And the game got me trippin  
But you know I'm never slippin  
And every bitch wit a pretty face and a big butt  
U can't just jump in a pool skinny-dippin  
Cause you know what life ain't the same nigga  
And I mean times can change keep your eyes on your enemy  
If you a hustler get what you got to get and get out man

Cause ah see these streets they don't pay to be dumb  
And real homies stick together like Kane and Able, P and down to ride  
When the time come

Chorus x2

(Rapping while chorus still going)

Master P:  
We gonna ball till we fall  
We're real soldiers we'll be there when the homies call x2

Abel:

I watched my nieces and nephews grow  
Before my very eyes  
I pray that they could make somethin' out of their lives  
You could lose your breath at the speed of light  
What if I'm deaf chasin' dream's in the heat of the night  
You might could lose your sight  
In these streets ain't no peace  
What your eyes see the last man standing off his feet  
But times have changed neva love material thangs  
If I could promise anythang you gonna leave the way you came  
Check my homie Sean Digs doin' life plus one  
(So) when he called me collect to accept I press one  
My Benz is your Benz, my house is your home  
If you eva need a friend then call Abel on the phone

Chorus x3

(Yo)  
(This is for the real ballers and players out there)  
(Time after time)  
(Haha)  
(Gonna ball till' we fall  
but we gotta be there when the homies call)  
(We bout it bout it)  
(For real send a few dollars to your boy  
in the penitentiary keep your boy on the streets)  
(You know what real homies stick together  
they don't turn on each other remember that)  
(No Limit family baby)  
(Master P, Kane, and Abel)  
(To the world)  
(Haha)  
(We're here when all our homies need us  
though you heard me ain't nothing changed)  
(Just gotta live with changin through  
'cause it still the same though it still the same)  
(Down for whateva)  
(No Limit For Life Baby)