

**Didi & Abc Boys****"3/2 Murder 1"**

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(Chorus)

3 2 Murder 1 lyric at your door  
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6 million ways to die so I chose  
3 2 murder 1 lyric at your door

Verse 1 (Kane)

Lyrical buckshots to gangsta hip-hop got to stop  
Fuck crooked cops got this glock so try to stop  
Explicit I'm on some ill shit God is my witness  
Watch a nigga get killed with the quickness  
Kane & Abel will leave your ass hurting with this pump  
Wrap you up in a shower curtain and dump you in the trunk  
?? wanna cuff me like ??  
The bank robber crew come thru drunker than a motherfucker  
Caine run thru in your brain watch your body drain  
Cut your legs off for half-stepping in the game  
I'll snatch you, hurt you with this tech and this mac  
Pumping on your chest won't let you take another breath  
Bloody murder is the issue  
Watch these hot missiles kiss you  
Splattering your brain tissue  
It's Kane with fire I pour gas on you and lit you  
I'm getting paid off the services of AK's  
I'm out here bad I know niggas who got grenades  
That's how it is in New Orleans  
Niggas don't go to school in the morning  
You get popped without warning  
Everybody and they mama in this fucking game  
Little g's get fronted QB's from Ben Thomas  
?? workers keep on coming up short get shot up  
In the knees  
my gradmama watching the news waiting to see my face  
And if I catch case can cola  
Cause she don't understand slanging quarters

cause I gots to be a baller  
I smoke that cess smoke  
the fire getting higher cut your fingers off  
And biting bitches like a vampire  
Living fantasies like Mariah

(Chorus)

Verse 2 (Abel)

You was the victim of a deadly plot you got shot  
You fucking blood clot your face popped  
Pick up the pieces  
On Kane & Abel get blow deceases  
The murder rate increases  
Talking all that shit couldn't let that shit pass  
Sewed up your lips put the hot curling iron up your ass  
Bitch show some sense here respect  
Fear of penatentiary ?? will put your clic in check  
What's this, bucking hoes in my clothes  
By my Cutlass, wanna be thugs is trying to buck this  
You miss, you bests to be in before your curfew  
I murder you sipping brew just like my St. Ides  
commercial  
My gangsta ass weed make your nose bleed  
Smoke these damage your eyes you be standing like  
Chinese  
MC's take off running as I  
Grab the mic sweating like Rambo machine gun  
And I'm macking on your hoe macking on your little  
sister  
When I get stressed  
send both them bitches to the ?? switchers  
The SKS hit ya make ya bloody crime lab pictures  
Breaking niggas apart like Kevin  
on the ground when I come to town  
Niggas better get the fuck from around

(Chorus)

Verse 3 (Kane)

At funeral shows dead niggas got the best hoes  
They shows fearing us got they face froze  
I smoke a Newport sniffing embalming fluid  
?? myself up to do it  
And when I did it you gone get it  
Sitting, gripping on my tech and it don't sweat  
I can feel the devil's hot breath on my neck  
Buck buck to your ass get you numb like Teddy  
Pendegrass

Fiening for quick cash, how long this shit gone last  
Bucking to your chest like David Koresh  
Make you stank like doo doo  
And got hoes who know that voodoo  
Kane & Abel is the name and now you know the pain  
2 to the brain for being greedy to the fucking game

(Chorus)

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