

## **Didi & Abc Boys**

### **"Abortion"**

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#### Verse 1 (Abel)

Peep this 5'6" nigga with more game than Starter  
Been pimping these hoes since I was shooting dog  
water  
Call me plastic man cause I pack that plastic glock  
Slinging my rocks on my block to the sunrise to the sun  
drop  
I'm bout it than done some shit that God couldn't  
forgive  
Ever since I was that coke baby with two weeks to live  
Shit my life is complex think I got a voodoo hex  
Busters try to wet me, bitches step get shot up like  
Malcolm X  
You fucking motherfuckers got his pocket full of  
boulders  
You sick of being sober hit me on my motorola  
Drink Cavassi A straight out the bottle counting g's  
Why you counting on the lotto  
Fuck ya'll is my motto  
Hit the streets make my ends rocks hidden in my M &  
M's  
Bitch this ain't Whodini, ain't no motherfucking friends  
Niggas average while caine be deadly like miscarriage  
And if it come to it I'm gone put one in your cabbage  
I'd rather steal to get paid like Shaquille O'Neal  
Soon as I drop my draws all of ya'll old ladies gone  
kneel  
Getting deep getting funky like some rock star coochie  
I'm jiggling player haters just like pace makers for my  
loochie  
Partner my name is Kane got more game than the dope  
game  
Know less than 16 for every bird that I slang

#### (Chorus)

My mama wish she had a fucking abortion  
Cause I done so much shit so much gangsta shit  
>From every crime from drugs to extortion  
I know my mama wish she had a fucking abortion

Verse 2 (Kane)

I roll with No Limit cut throats trying to stack C-Notes  
Wearing green and white Nauticas and Mecca polos  
It all started my cousin got 'em got some heroin from  
Puerto Rico

We call it ?? and snorted by alot of people  
Going to the place where danger awaits me  
I never knew my moms but if I did she probably hate  
me

>From small time hustling to sticking up dope spots  
My grandma found a 100 grand stashed in a shoebox  
She kicked me out sent me down south where they be  
balling

Got a 100 got 200 on a trip to New Orleans  
They used to love that weed like its they only child  
Now they got the naza cocaine it got 'em wild  
This child was born a twin seven minutes from my  
brother

No visions of my dad wouldn't recognize my mother  
And now I'm so obsessed with this money I be earning  
I'm sicker than the fucking Germans  
All I see is green like Erick Sermon

(Chorus)

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