

**Didi & Abc Boys****"For Realz"**

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(Kane & Abel talking)

Pussy ass motherfuckers. Take me to play with.

Okay, I'm bout to show these bitches.

Fuck, I'm already dead, so I need some fuckin  
company

you know what I'm saying.

Okay little motherfucker, I'm a show you.

you better protect yourself

Verse 1 (Kane)

Every time I wake

I thank the lord for my eyes opening

Cause I know some hoes

Hoping that they close

Niggas they want me deader

Wet up my Cucci sweater

Back back they better

>From the storm swarm of my berreta

Down south hustlin

T riding on daytons pouring like Gary Payton

Scoring

Haters they wanna catch me snoring

I mean sleeping

I seen them creeping

In the rear view of the beamer

Pull out the rueger

With the built in laser beamer

Committing felonies fuck misdemeanors

Laugh now dick sucker cry later

That AK 45 keep me live

That's my motherfucking regulator

Verse 2 (Abel)

That's my brother Mr. Kane

Mr. Abel

10 g's on the table

Bringin hoes ass niggas to they knees

To the coffin from the cradle

Lick the salt when I drink tequilla

Hit the lemon grab the nina  
Everyday I come out the house  
I at least committ a misdemeanor  
Po-po drop it  
Cause they can't stop it  
Hittin niggas for they profit  
Touchin on these gangsta topics  
Breakin niggas and checkin they pockets  
No limit tight like a fucking chain gang  
Kickin shit like Jackie Chan  
Front these bitches from rags to riches  
But its just a ghetto thang

Chorus x2

Thugs that why they feel us  
Hoes wanna get with us  
Cause we so for realz  
haters they wanna kill us

We turning busters into down south hustlers  
We turning busters into midwest hustlers  
We turning busters into west coast thugsters  
We turning busters into east coast hustlers

Verse 3 (Kane)

Niggas take they life like spillin a glass of milk  
Bests to take yo shit more serious  
Or you'll get killed  
Cause down south we bout drama  
Nigga we bout danger  
When you here my shit click click  
That send deadly missles in the chamber  
Ain't no studio in me  
G genuine  
My boy Lil Shawn to a slug in his spine  
That was mine  
If time could rewind  
I would've took it  
Death in my face I would've looked it  
I would've shooked it  
I'm from the hood so I pay my respect  
My nigga Clay took a fucking bullet in his neck  
We ain't found the killer yet  
But I bet  
We be ridin on some nigga set soon  
Sweepin up shit like a broom  
Ready to kill more niggaz than Platoon, it's DOOM

coming so for realz nigga

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