

## **Didi & Abc Boys**

### **"The Possibility"**

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[Chorus] 2x

You could get it, you would get it  
Oh watch ya back 'fore ya wig get splitted

[Kane]

I start this shit off like a kick off  
I'm the quarterback  
Lookin' for me, you can find me where the ballers at  
Where them dealer's at, when I'm most appealin' at  
My weapons I'm concealin' that  
Bitch I know you feelin' that  
Beef with me, I give a fuck about your rap sheet  
The only thing that matter is if I catch you 'fore you  
catch me  
Don't care how many heads you bust  
How many years you was in the Pen'  
I send bullets out my Mac-10, your brain wave gon' end  
Don't know how much you like breathin'  
But if you do then I'm creepin'  
While you sleepin', have fun cuz this your last weekend  
Don't wanna do you, it's me and you  
What I'm 'posed to do instead of me you dead  
Let your family mourn you  
It's serious like that, malicious where I live at  
Nobody got heart to forgive at  
Peole mama gettin' kidnap'  
Reality of the South is what I rap about  
Shit made us famous, we all them hoes yap about

[Chorus] 4x

[Abel]

This a street enterprise, bitch close ya eyes  
If anybody move, everybody dies  
Put my life on the line if you singe-time my rhyme  
Tryin' teach y'all hoes about the life of crime  
Put ya money where the South is, bet on mine  
Put change on ya brain if ya drop a dime  
Niggas actin' like they hard when they walk in the street  
Then they sing to the police, sweatin' like ?Â?  
The aftermath of the gun blast turn your corpse to ash

And I'm thinkin' one day that could be my ass  
Hot steel from the Chopper, sing like a opera  
The rich doctor that'll pop ya  
I'm not ya, partna or fuckin' boy, look in my eyes  
Analyze the size of my plastic toy  
Peep down the barrel, see how peaceful that shit look  
Then it erupt like a volcano and you bustas get cooked  
I let the four spliffs split, 'till the four clips click  
I'm out of hollow tips, 'till your clique forfeit  
Okay I'm reloaded bullets ricochet off bricks  
You niggas gettin' hit, wish you never said that shit

Niggas actin' like they want some  
They don't really want none  
Niggas yappin' like they want some  
They don't really want none  
Niggas rappin' like they got guns  
They ain't never bust one  
My clique bust one, so y'all niggas out done

[Kane & Abel talks my chorus plays]  
Yeah, uhoh, Kane & Abel back up in this nigga  
Whassup to all them thugs  
World wide, North, East, West, dirty South  
All my motherfuckin' niggas in ?Â¿?  
Australia, Japan  
All the motherfuckin' places out there with this gangsta  
shit  
Whassup Atlanta, Mississippi, whassup Chicago  
Kentucky, Omaha, Alabama, Indianapolis, Cincinatti,  
New Orleans  
Kansas, Lafayette, Colorado, L.A., Delaware, Phoenix  
N.Y.C., Salt Lake City, Detroit, whassup St. Louis,  
Connecticut  
Whassup Dallas, whassup East Town, Milwaulke, fuck  
that  
Alaska, whassup Florida, Virginia, West Virginia,  
whassup Arkansas  
Carolinas, Utah, whassup Indiana, Jersey, Cleveland  
Throw it up if you a soldier

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