

Didi & Abc Boys**"Yes Indeed"**

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(Kane talking)

This what it's all about once again huh.

Fucking and sucking once again you pissless trash.

You get on that block, you make my money.

You make my money good you pissless trash.

Chorus (Kane & Abel)

Only real niggas roll with me

Hit the block gun cocked, nigga pass the weed

Hustle we'll never knock, recognize the G

TRU playas indeed, TRU yes indeed

Verse 1 (Kane)

It's foolish how they be lovin that niggas shit like a bitch

Makin them cut off your light switch when that trigger
finger itch

Nigga it's my life, it's fine like that black Spice Girl

Bitin they lip when they taste this dick, no trickin,
diamonds and pearls

My niggas hard like sleepin on a steel mattress in the
hole for thirty days

Police on the payroll cause they know that nothin pay
the way crime pays

Fuck you up like the little burn in Kool-Aid if you can't
get paid

Get trapped in the one way, ready for the gun play,
bullets get sprayed with no delay

Chorus x2

Verse 2 (Abel)

Smokin that herb when I get disturbed, hit the streets
like dice on the curb

These bitch ass niggas get served, it's no word, these
haters got some nerve

A nigga named Master P told me hustle till I'm dead
Pitch black, catch a heart attack, like Fred I paint the
whole town red

Hunt my foes till they casket close, spit on they grave,
fuck they hoes
Ain't nothin no love like a black rose, might hit they
mama with a four four
They call me Mr. Abel, my brother, Mr. Kane
Stay TRU to the game, bitch pray when the bullets rain,
fuck the fame
Come on

Chorus x3

(Abel talking)

Mr. Abel, Mr. Kane.
American Meat, '99 nigga.
Any nigga that fuck with us, foolish as a motherfucker.
Like we said on the last motherfuckin record.
You run up, you get more holes then a golf course
bitch.

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