

## Kane

### "Quick 2 Buss"

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[Verse 1]

We Most Wanted, strictly seasoned the premises  
Twenties this nemesis sent first to finish shit  
Been in this state of mind, since I was bout 8 or 9  
Baby you can do it, take ya time  
With pity mind you'll find ya future lookin' dim  
Red ants don't put in the work, we puttin' in  
I'm swishin' that trey eight to ya face, play with my cape  
I'm a half a day late and all ya people gotta vacate  
Or face the fury of a two nigga jury  
That's gon' handle ya hard and bury ya in a hurry  
Do you wanna see, ya must trust  
Cause you can't apologize enough to make ya sorry as  
ya gonna be  
Me, East Coast born but Down South raised  
A wild nigga that they just can't phase alright  
And I'ma go off all night  
Like a dope fiend, baby I'm crazy and all hype  
Ya made it a dog fight  
And fightin' a pit bull  
I lock on a nigga by the throat till I get full  
I wish a bitch would come at me crooked  
I slapped the pistol out the hand of this gun happy  
rookie

[Hook]

I'm quick to buss, speak a lil' louder, nigga what  
Shit like that can get cha' touched  
No mask on, it was us, we murderers

[Verse 2]

I'm bustin' the dope with my flashlight, it's gon' be  
alright  
Say ya gotta problem with me, we settle this beef  
tonight  
See this knife in my hand, no it's not for show  
And this playin where I'm stayin' gots to go  
You gots to know I ain't a ho  
And I'm down to prove it  
Even if I have to put cha' in the ground to do it  
Come around me stupid

I'm quick to get cho' fuckin' mind right  
When I'm firin' ain't no time for no hind sight  
Fuck a, fuck a, fuck a pussy bitch in this mother  
They beg when they suffer but tell that to the fish in the gutter  
Nigga, my mind is focused and my patience short  
I'll bust the locest nigga with chu' as I'm takin' his heart  
I'm facing the thought, it's hard to put ya finger on me  
But I'm ready for war so you can bring it on me  
See me only with my twin, walkin' with a suitcase  
Two head, four eyes, killin' niggas, tossin' dimes, two face

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Oh you's a dead man walkin' talkin' that shit to me  
What I hit chu' with gon' do more than split cha' teeth  
We disagree, then fuck, ya dig, it let's part ways  
Cause money has strange ways, I'm splittin' abruptly  
We don't take no off playas  
24-7 mashin' niggas what's happenin'  
I'm fixin' to go back and blast em'  
Takin' my action, in my own fuckin' hands  
Fuck playin with these children, I'm a grown fuckin'  
man  
Understand, we holdin' our weight around snakes  
Two small ass niggas with two big as plates  
It takes more than an army to stop me  
Cause I be bustin' busters gone till they knock the  
brains off me  
Stop these niggas, they do it cause they bitches  
And I do them with the quickness and they ain't witness  
Vicious, a slangin' every day rider that's on chrome  
And I don't compromise what mighty gone, our money  
on

[Hook x2]

[Kane & Abel ad-libs to fade]

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