

## **Kane & Abel**

### **"God & Gunz"**

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Featuring Mac

Got my nigga Mr Kane aka Stephen King  
Black rain putting niggas in a bodysling  
My nigga Mac the camouflage assassin  
Putting niggas in the motherfucking uhn  
You want some motherfucking gangsta shit nigga

Verse 1 (Kane)

Fuck Batman niggas in my hood be robbing  
Clips and techs stole my soul like the Angel of  
Deathdrama left my  
Mama sobbing  
Fucking with Kane catch embalming fluid in the veins  
Better off having a ?? on cocaine cutting your fucking  
brain

Anger, and keep a round live in the chamber

Its clear and present danger

Who the bitch made nigga banger

Living United States of America bullets break the sound  
barrier

Shook niggas down to dick licking when I bury ya

Verse 2 (Mac)

If it's my fast life, then hit breaks and slow me down  
God

Cause uptown many dead bodies was found God

On this island that runs along the Mississippi River

When ain't no need in looking in debt cause he deliver

Fuck strangers, I know niggas who kill family members

Your life is unimportant as Christmas is to December

And heroin has got niggas on some of them demand  
shit

Some loaded mack 11 in the hand shit

[Chorus]

Nigga, have you ever seen the face of death

Nigga, have you ever heard the word of God

These hollow tip bullets be hot like the sun

Don't trust no one but your God and your gun

Verse 3 (Abel)

Bitch listen to the words of the south poor righteous  
teacher

I'm a die with hate in my eyes

Smoking some reefer with the grim reaper

Cause niggas on my block is ignorant like Sasquatch

I cook rhymes and beats like baking soda with rocks  
Its hysteria when I left your whole block red like ketchup  
Still running from the popos, but them hoes still can't  
catch up

Don't give a fuck, smoke that sticky til my soul get high  
My spirit already dead, waiting for this body to die  
Cause I'm a thug, who the fuck you second guessing  
Niggas gone learn they fucking lesson  
When my smith and wesson change they facial  
expression

Niggas I'm blessing check God's creation  
Mind deep like revelation, murder, hustling my  
occupation

Verse 4 (Mac)

Affiliation from my nation got niggas pacing from here  
to Russia

Stone crusher, I keep crew under pressure  
Never settle for lesser the have nots running from crab  
cops

Slanging slab rocks to pay the mad locs  
And lay me down to sleep with my heat  
Plus some sneakers on my feet just in case my window  
locks are weak

Peace is cool but there'll never be  
My mack 11 got you holding more glocks down than  
Heather B

[Chorus x2]

Verse 5 (Abel)

I'm going out for the paper til it's time to meet my  
maker

Straight soldier from the cradle to the hands of the  
undertaker

Son I came to glock battle with kerosene oil  
So the shit don't jam and murder plans don't spoil  
Spirits that read the bible pray to black jesus  
Necessary for survival so you niggas can't see us

Verse 6 (Mac)

When the sun sets I'm at rest  
They got bullets to penetrate through your proof vest  
I stress holding peace, slipping let dying my nigga El  
puffing a L

Crack sales create clientele in hell  
Street life what we were giving it  
Living it ain't no positive in it  
Forever ignorant, let us pray Lord

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