

## **Kane & Abel**

# **"No Turnin Back"**

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Listen to me young soldiers, salaros the laws of the street  
You know the law enemies stand side by side  
You can either kill em now or wait for them to return and kill you  
Remember this city's like gold you sell it at yo price when your ready  
But the most important thing neva take sides with anyone  
Nunka against the family

[Kane]

Agh! it's been a long time we shouldn't of left you  
Still in the ghetto with some metal with some metal to wet you  
No Limit killers dealers warriors mo niggas to step you  
You bitches I disrespect fuck you and forget you  
I play the game I with go we take them ho's to that other level  
Down south niggas still we known fo chopping ki's  
In grams bagging quarters in bundles, niggas mumble and rumble  
Soldiers strap fo G's fo combat in the jungle  
That's my brother Mr. Abel I'm Mr. Co-Kane thug  
Life in the rain, tank still on my chain( ya heard me)  
Cock together if you bout that ain't no time to explain  
Ain't no talkin I'm mustin, take no shit I'm bustin  
Knockin niggas out make some motherfuckin Robutussin  
Somebody pray for me 1 ney 7 2 11 ain't the way for me  
For several street thugs strip me fo murder tactics  
Hit the gold ranga practice(nigga) the plastic get drastic  
Bout the casket don't hesitate to pull a trigger and waste  
My lawyer worry bout the motherfuckin murder case  
And how you gone make moves with out killers behind, find out  
You fucked up I'm gone leave you fucked up where I find you  
Fear for my own life want hesitate to do you

Cause hesitation makes a niggas worse fear come true

[Chorus x2]

Cause ain't no turnin back, somebody pray for me  
Cause penitentiary ain't no place fo me  
Cause ain't no turnin back some body pray for me 187,  
211  
Ain't the way fo me (no turnin back, no turnin back)

[Abel]

Get killed in the dope game God forbid  
Chasing money and street fame God forgive  
Slang heroin and cocaine in hands of kids  
Why niggas die young in this life we live  
Just a young nigga hustle on the block fo cake  
Bring yo crew and you kiss yo mama at the wake  
Duct tape, death kiss on yo ankles and wrist  
Don't give em no shit they came fo the bricks  
On the project steps got nothin but time  
Tryin to phase the world with a vest and a nine  
Give me mine this crime a fast forward yo life  
Never press rewind cause these niggas ain't right  
On a paper chase, caught a lil' case  
Po Po hit me with the phonebook in my face  
Mama crying real tears cause her son disappeared  
Didn't budge when the judge said 50 years

[chorus]

[Kane & Abel]

Niggas ten years old already they killers  
Ski mask tech nine gangstafied the realest  
Real niggas gone feel me, fake niggas gone fear me  
A hundred No Limit Soldiers make it hard to get near  
me  
So watch what you say nigga O.K. nigga  
I then fired down the pen on the motherfuckin A.K.  
nigga  
Fully automatic when I grab it  
Want static I have to pull yo pistol ain't no time to panic  
Fo green or geed killers dive by gats  
Out the window with speed, somebody pray fo me

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