

Kane & Abel

"Quick 2 Buss"

Visit "[Quick 2 Buss](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[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]

Visit [Kane & Abel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.