

## Kane & Abel "State's Evidence"

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F/ Ghinn, Skandalust, Boss Player, Tommy Two Face

\* send corrections to the typist

[Intro]

State your name for the court please (Ghinn)  
Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth  
And nothin but the truth, so help you God  
(Fa'sho fa'sho)

[Ghinn]

Hard times of makin niggaz brains thrust  
The way to make it now a days is have to trust  
And bust a motherfuckaz head, if he steps wrong  
hit'em  
A one man army, niggaz swarm me, I'm gonna get'em  
by my self  
I don't give a fuck if I live or die, I'm creepin  
Mac up off da shell scoapin, threw these evil eyes,  
suprize no moakin  
Nigga do or die, don't try I'm floatin  
On this genuwine verl potent, nigga you watch fun and  
gloatin  
Gonna take you down when I starta pokin  
See I don't fuck around niggaz, I ain't jokin is I'm  
smokin  
How many niggaz wanna test, when it comes to brakin  
motherfuckaz necks  
Now who's up next, you wanna try me my triggaz the  
flow  
Fuck around and die nigga proove a hoe, nigga throw

[Skandalust]

Nigga bring me da pain nigga, I still shine to  
You bitches block my path, from one angle I still came  
threw  
Appreciate da gal blocks bitch, you set up on me  
Cause every hour or three, decrease me kins by three  
I know you bitches feel me, so stay da fuck out my path  
Cuz you don't wanna feel da raft when my nerves done  
got bad  
I wanted more then all I ever had, she'd tears for it,

years for it  
So don't think ima bust ya fuckin chest for it, make you  
stress for it  
Crystalization so far you talk shit, now what you face'n  
Still adjacent, to my brother Jizz, who fucked dem  
niggaz who be hatin  
When I spit be like tornados, da last game of craps  
Most wanted keep a bitch strapped  
Ugh

[Boss playa]

I'm hell risin, thug livin, just look at my life  
Doin shit dat ain't right, get'n devious in the night,  
flight  
Servin fiends wit pipes, everything straight but not  
quite  
Tryin to get paid, bustin to make it to the light  
My life is full of crackheads  
Niggaz dat blade, niggaz dat dead, some of'em  
players  
Some locked up by da FED's, for bread  
I'm goin all out  
Most Wanted aim slugs in my mouth, real criminals  
ain't from down south  
What you bout, I bring, bullets sting  
They reign, when I come to bust your head, niggaz gon  
know it's a thing  
And they wonder, when will there ever be peace  
Never, drama increase  
Slugs released from boss playaz on the streets

[talking]

Your honour, the state would like to call their first  
witness to the stand  
Tommy Two face

[Tommy Two Face]

Murders the plot, attack is the plan, revenge is the  
motive  
No mercy cause they got loaded pistols, his head  
exploded  
Now how can I walk the block wit ease,  
When niggaz is ready to cock and squeeze, make you  
stop and freeze  
You watch and see through these streets are like a war  
zone  
So I speak in a raw tone  
No longer as a G.I. Joe, nigga we all grown  
So wont the fact that raps it bring riches,  
When my enemy pull it, hope that every bullet misses,  
this is the dark days

So now welcome to the dark age  
The place where the hearts rage and my strength the  
sparks blaze  
Raise my marks, worry everytime I leave and fear that  
I'm next to bleed  
Hope'n she ain't the next to greive  
God believe my intensions was good  
A thick crew, a vest a gun or two, is the best defence in  
the hood  
Now could it be a nigga straight thuggin and stay  
dunkin  
Triggers we stay huggin  
Agony stay commin, motherfuckaz  
If I'm goin down, I'm takin niggaz wit me  
Like Kane and Abel

[Kane and Abel]  
Watch me load my guns, a bit of sun, to the beat of the  
drum  
I was born bought off and wrote off since day one  
Con straight off da triple beam, wit this lyrical sceme  
Mind designed like AV-9 wit an infer-red beam  
I revail an unseen click and quick to serve them fiends  
The meanest niggaz besta stay quiet, when we droppin  
I wanna hear pin drops and rats pissin on cotton  
Writin niggaz is plottin, leave'em forever forgottin  
Most Wanted ain't stopin, to all the cuffs unlockin  
And my niggaz runnin out the pen, gun cockin and  
poppin

{\*gun shots\*

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