

Kane & Abel

"The Possibility"

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[Chorus] 2x

You could get it, you would get it
Oh watch ya back 'fore ya wig get splitted

[Kane]

I start this shit off like a kick off
I'm the quarterback
Lookin' for me, you can find me where the ballers at
Where them dealer's at, when I'm most appealin' at
My weapons I'm concealin' that
Bitch I know you feelin' that
Beef with me, I give a fuck about your rap sheet
The only thing that matter is if I catch you 'fore you
catch me
Don't care how many heads you bust
How many years you was in the Pen'
I send bullets out my Mac-10, your brain wave gon' end
Don't know how much you like breathin'
But if you do then I'm creepin'
While you sleepin', have fun cuz this your last weekend
Don't wanna do you, it's me and you
What I'm 'posed to do instead of me you dead
Let your family mourn you
It's serious like that, malicious where I live at
Nobody got heart to forgive at
Peole mama gettin' kidnap'
Reality of the South is what I rap about
Shit made us famous, we all them hoes yap about

[Chorus] 4x

[Abel]

This a street enterprise, bitch close ya eyes
If anybody move, everybody dies
Put my life on the line if you singe-time my rhyme
Tryin' teach y'all hoes about the life of crime
Put ya money where the South is, bet on mine
Put change on ya brain if ya drop a dime
Niggas actin' like they hard when they walk in the street
Then they sing to the police, sweatin' like ??
The aftermath of the gun blast turn your corpse to ash
And I'm thinkin' one day that could be my ass

Hot steel from the Chopper, sing like a opera
The rich doctor that'll pop ya
I'm not ya, partna or fuckin' boy, look in my eyes
Analyze the size of my plastic toy
Peep down the barrel, see how peaceful that shit look
Then it erupt like a volcano and you bustas get cooked
I let the four spliffs split, 'till the four clips click
I'm out of hollow tips, 'till your clique forfeit
Okay I'm reloaded bullets ricochet off bricks
You niggas gettin' hit, wish you never said that shit

Niggas actin' like they want some
They don't really want none
Niggas yappin' like they want some
They don't really want none
Niggas rappin' like they got guns
They ain't never bust one
My clique bust one, so y'all niggas out done

[Kane & Abel talks my chorus plays]
Yeah, uhoh, Kane & Abel back up in this nigga
Whassup to all them thugs
World wide, North, East, West, dirty South
All my motherfuckin' niggas in ??
Australia, Japan
All the motherfuckin' places out there with this gangsta
shit
Whassup Atlanta, Mississippi, whassup Chicago
Kentucky, Omaha, Alabama, Indianapolis, Cincinnati,
New Orleans
Kansas, Lafayette, Colorado, L.A., Delaware, Phoenix
N.Y.C., Salt Lake City, Detroit, whassup St. Louis,
Connecticut
Whassup Dallas, whassup East Town, Milwaukee, fuck
that
Alaska, whassup Florida, Virginia, West Virginia,
whassup Arkansas
Carolinas, Utah, whassup Indiana, Jersey, Cleveland
Throw it up if you a soldier

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