

Kane & Able "3/2 Murder 1"

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(Chorus)

3 2 Murder 1 lyric at your door
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6 million ways to die so I chose
3 2 murder 1 lyric at your door

Verse 1 (Kane)

Lyrical buckshots to gangsta hip-hop got to stop
Fuck crooked cops got this glock so try to stop
Explicit I'm on some ill shit God is my witness
Watch a nigga get killed with the quickness
Kane & Abel will leave your ass hurting with this pump
Wrap you up in a shower curtain and dump you in the trunk
?? wanna cuff me like ??
The bank robber crew come thru drunker than a motherfucker
Caine run thru in your brain watch your body drain
Cut your legs off for half-stepping in the game
I'll snatch you, hurt you with this tech and this mac
Pumping on your chest won't let you take another breath
Bloody murder is the issue
Watch these hot missiles kiss you
Splattering your brain tissue
Its Kane with fire I pour gas on you and lit you
I'm getting paid off the services of AK's
I'm out here bad I know niggas who got grenades
That's how it is in New Orleans
Niggas don't go to school in the morning
You get popped without warning
Everybody and they mama in this fucking game
Little g's get fronted QB's from Ben Thomas
?? workers keep on coming up short get shot up
In the knees
my gradmama watching the news waiting to see my face
And if I catch case can cola
Cause she don't understand slanging quarters
cause I gots to be a baller

I smoke that cess smoke
the fire getting higher cut your fingers off
And biting bitches like a vampire
Living fantasies like Mariah

(Chorus)

Verse 2 (Abel)

You was the victim of a deadly plot you got shot

You fucking blood clot your face popped
Pick up the pieces
On Kane & Abel get blow deceases
The murder rate increases
Talking all that shit couldn't let that shit pass
Sewed up your lips put the hot curling iron up your ass
Bitch show some sense here respect
Fear of penatentiary ?? will put your clic in check
What's this, bucking hoes in my clothes
By my Cutlass, wanna be thugs is trying to buck this
You miss, you bests to be in before your curfew
I murder you sipping brew just like my St. Ides
commercial
My gangsta ass weed make your nose bleed
Smoke these damage your eyes you be standing like
Chinese
MC's take off running as I
Grab the mic sweating like Rambo machine gun
And I'm macking on your hoe macking on your little
sister
When I get stressed
send both them bitches to the ?? switchers
The SKS hit ya make ya bloody crime lab pictures
Breaking niggas apart like Kevin
on the ground when I come to town
Niggas better get the fuck from around

(Chorus)

Verse 3 (Kane)

At funeral shows dead niggas got the best hoes
They shows fearing us got they face froze
I smoke a Newport sniffing embalming fluid
?? myself up to do it
And when I did it you gone get it
Sitting, gripping on my tech and it don't sweat
I can feel the devil's hot breath on my neck
Buck buck to your ass get you numb like Teddy
Pendegrass

Fiening for quick cash, how long this shit gone last
Bucking to your chest like David Koresh
Make you stank like doo doo
And got hoes who know that voodoo
Kane & Abel is the name and now you know the pain
2 to the brain for being greedy to the fucking game

(Chorus)

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