

## Devol

### "Yes Indeed"

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( Kane talking )

This what it's all about once again huh.  
Fucking and sucking once again you pissless trash.  
You get on that block, you make my money.  
You make my money good you pissless trash.

Chorus (Kane & Abel)

Only real niggas roll with me  
Hit the block gun cocked, nigga pass the weed  
Hustle we'll never knock, recognize the G  
TRU playas indeed, TRU yes indeed

Verse 1 (Kane)

It's foolish how they be lovin that niggas shit like a bitch  
Makin them cut off your light switch when that trigger  
finger itch  
Nigga it's my life, it's fine like that black Spice Girl  
Bitin they lip when they taste this dick, no trickin,  
diamonds and pearls  
My niggas hard like sleepin on a steel mattress in the  
hole for thirty days  
Police on the payroll cause they know that nothin pay  
the way crime pays  
Fuck you up like the little burn in Kool-Aid if you can't  
get paid  
Get trapped in the one way, ready for the gun play,  
bullets get sprayed with no delay

Chorus x2

Verse 2 (Abel)

Smokin that herb when I get disturbed, hit the streets  
like dice on the curb  
These bitch ass niggas get served, it's no word, these  
haters got some nerve  
A nigga named Master P told me hustle till I'm dead  
Pitch black, catch a heart attack, like Fred I paint the  
whole town red

Hunt my foes till they casket close, spit on they grave,  
fuck they hoes  
Ain't nothin no love like a black rose, might hit they  
mama with a four four  
They call me Mr. Abel, my brother, Mr. Kane  
Stay TRU to the game, bitch pray when the bullets rain,  
fuck the fame  
Come on

Chorus x3

(Abel talking)

Mr. Abel, Mr. Kane.  
American Meat, '99 nigga.  
Any nigga that fuck with us, foolish as a motherfucker.  
Like we said on the last motherfuckin record.  
You run up, you get more holes then a golf course  
bitch.

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