

Die 3 Tiroler

"Count Your Ones"

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[Boss Playa]

Uh, bounce uh uh

Bounce uh uh uh

Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce

[Hook 1: Boss Playa]

Still live but I want shit liva

Things hot but I want things hotter

I gets high but I like to gets higher

Forever hustlin' don't ever wanna retire

[Hook 2: Kane & Abel & (Fiend)]

All my killers (Bust ya guns, bust ya guns)

All my dealers (Count ya ones, count ya ones)

All my bitches (Catch that cum, catch that cum)

And all my niggas say (We ain't leavin' till we get some)

[Verse 1: Abel]

Bitches say my niggas be lowdown

In the game where niggas get broke down

Smellin' like a pine, police put me on the ground

Mama tellin' me to slow down

They wanna put me in the jailhouse

Hoes wanna give me that good mouth

Gettin' so high, leanin' to the side, me and my homies
smoked out

We real like Ewing, 25 years, 6 months and 7 days

First day we get out, got rocks in our mouth

Cause nothin' pays like crime pays

It's no excuse, keep rappers real loose

And I'm slangin' both they sisters

Took his wife and ran up in her, even took they mama
out to dinner

In the limo with that babbage, smokin' on some of that
good shit

Haters all out to try me, I be packin' that thang with two
clips

That's deuce sick, I like em' thick, brown, yellow, or
redbone

If you ever need some dick call Abel on the phone

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]

[Verse 2: Kane]

Niggas wanna start that bullshit, well go ahead with
that fool clip
The way we floss, the way we shine got chu' niggas
lookin' stupid
We ruthless, no talkin' bitch let's do this
My left and right fists bust lips and you get em' off
nigga to this
Gettin' paid like we Jewish, gettin' laid like we do flips
Police raids like we move bricks but we too legit and too
quick
This D.A. lookin' foolish
We next in line to shine bitch, bogardin' with that iron
shit
My nine'll leave you spineless, get back or leave you
mindless
It's Mr. Kane the scientist, next time I do you tryin' this
Cause my flow is relentless, that's why I drive
expensive
On these haters like suspension but try to go against
this
You can't win or beat in
I'm goin' for that neck like a pit in a dog fight
The battle's not a hype and ya shit sounds alright
I'm not a killer I'm a dealer, get cha' fuckin' mind right

[Hook 2]

[Hook 1]

[Verse 3: Abel]

It's a shame my niggas be shiesty, in a game where
niggas step lightly
Hoes don't like me, niggas wanna fight me, gettin my
dick sucked nightly
Po-po wanna know where the dope at, I wanna know
where the smoke at
In the car at the store, lookin' for the Trojans
Tryin' to fuck some hoodrat
Judge say "Son why you do that", now ya gotta go and
do five flat
Next time I catch you slangin' crack, I'ma have to send
you right back
It's like that but it's like this, life in the fast lane die
quick
No matter where you from, bust ya guns, when niggas
bout that real shit

[Hook 2]

[Hook 1]

[Hook 2]

[Hook 1]

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