

Kane And Able F/ C-Murder, Fiend "Murder, Fiend - No Limit Niggas"

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[C-Murder]

Say twins you know how we go do a fucking show
Get that bitch rowdy how crazy they be acting out there
Niggas can't control theirself be like uh

They call me C-Murder and I got TRU tagged on my
motherfucking back
Ever since I started rapping all my real ass niggas
come and follow my lead
Got my balls and my word nigga ask Young Bleed
We come do a show in your motherfucking city
They call me the baddest cause No Limit act shitty
Beats By The Pound make them ignorant ass beats
When a nigga like me bring the shit to the streets
Because the ghetto is my home nigga I'm ghetto raised
I'm unpredictable ask the nigga with the braids
My motherfucking music be jumping out of record
stores
Nigga where's your proof motherfucker check
billboards
To all my tank dogs that's bout it
Then throw off your set and get this motherfucker
rowdy

Chorus

We be No Limit niggas and we bout it
We come to a club and get the motherfucker rowdy x2

[Kane & Abel]

6 shots of henneseey I'm feeling right in this bitch
Hit the dash flow off Mike start a fight in this bitch
I got the crowd jumping gangstafied shit pumping
Tell that bitch and that hoe I'm trying to do something
I cracked the optimal open in the middle of the club
Don't give a fuck about the popos niggas smoke some
bud
Let's go half on a 40 sack show me some love
I stucked a pistol in the club for them wannabe thugs
TRU niggas smoke dank all the way to the bank
All the hustlers picks the baddest so love to bank
Kane & Abel kick butt knuckle up don't give a fuck

We bout it and I'm gon' get this motherfucker rowdy

Chorus x2

[Fiend]

I was dropped from the clouds above given a gat and
some slugs

Killing whatever bugs that ain't a soldier does

For the love of drugs half of my paper go to bud

Ebonic you speaking in the club uh nigga what

Everytime I buzz the tank does when I it

With the type of skills to knock a baller off his pivot

I admit it I'm one of the baddest that ever lived

You ain't seen nothing wait till I'm full of that shit

Take a pull of that shit

And you can meet the pieces

My ironic thesis first heard on a player's leases

Lyrical adhesives making these niggas meet Jesus

I guess we just got them to pieces like greases

To my tweakers it's a piece of dope you was needing

My vocals got wannabe slugs bleeding

It's believing get you tore up by my shotty

Fiendzotie forever bout it staying rowdy

Chorus x3

[C-Murder talking]

Yeah another example of that gangsta shit

C-Murder in this bitch Kane & Abel the F. I. Fiend

Shit just another motherfucking day another dollar

Get it right cause we bout it peace

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