

Kane, Nigga
On the blade
I think, I think niggas forgot who you know who gave who gave these niggas t
his flow you know what I'm saying?
Baby Scarface

I first taste cocaine in 10th grade (Yah)
Homie at the table chopping Rick James
Sent the package off from Texas it's been six days
Keep sweating like a pig until that bitch came
Nigga had to keep a job living off in my momma's spot
Fuck it I'm a bust a fucking jugg I'm a juggernaut
Choppers on chop it off in that water we was cooking in (Yah)
Loud packs and molly powder all these niggas pushing out
Feds looking because I peddled pain to these poor folks
The realest nigga that I know ain't never sold dope (Yah)
The hardest nigga that I know ain't never served time
Soon as I got me thirty thousand I hit the burner (Woo)
And I brought that dog back to the set nigga you know me for that
Shout out to my niggas from D.C. with them scorpion backs
Keep this strictly business you can't mix up your homie with that
One day you might have to clap a nigga no glory in that
Feel like I'm outgrowing all my friends, niggas thinking small (Yah)
Gon' have to write them all a check, just to get shit was all (Yah)
Turn right back around and write them another one when they trick it off (Ya
h)
Get successful and watch how quickly niggas get in their feelings dog (Bitch
)
Get successful and watch how you immediately become their competition
Niggas worse than a side bitch, they can't quite stay in a position
Don't know what niggas crave more, money or a-fuckin-ttention
And these the niggas I'm cool with
My enemies I have yet to mention Fuck 'em

I got cake bitch can't everyday be my birthday (Yah)
You can't take me off first place on my worst day (Yah)
Streets dry niggas thirsty
So I pray that when they come and take me that this mini draco make the eart
h shake
Have a nigga on some underneath-the-earth shit
My nigga Shermie caught a murder on his first lick
These animalistic instincts that we was born with
Felt so pimpish when Alexys put me in the foreign whip (Woo)
Black as hell but rap got me thinking I need a foreign bitch (Woo)
Take my black queens for granted got me ignoring them

Names I be calling her nigga I know you be dogging her
What kind of man is you that your hood, niece and yo daughter nem. (Yah)
I'm posted at the stove with that yola, that soda lockin' in (Woo)
Ving Rhames guns, butter niggas get margarine (Yah)
Pussy niggas can't play they part we dearly departed them
Crip like OJ Simpson you Bart, Homer, and Marge and 'em
I rap but I keep weight
And I know the streets take
Niggas out the game my baby momma told me be safe (Why)
Turned around and said fuck safe I stay dangerous (Yah)
In the set with Sodi no chopper my chain dangling (Word Up)

In the set with deuce I be blood and we gang ganging 'em
My nigga Corleone and Diego they smash craniums (Yah)
Living life on high speed nigga that's just the lane we in
About to cop a Porsche from that the packet that Freddie Kane gettin'

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