

Husalah "Allah Forbid"

Visit "[Allah Forbid](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The mob life, federal felonies
I can't believe the shit these people tellin' me
I coulda been a President instead of just sellin' D
My mother is a queen she gave birth to ya majesty
Federal felonies
I can't believe the shit these people tellin' me
My mother was a queen she gave birth to ya majesty
I coulda been President, instead of just sellin' D
(Husalah Husalah, Husalah)

[Verse 1:]

I be on the block late night twenty-four where the
savages be
I coulda been the President instead of sellin' D
My mother was a queen she gave birth to ya majesty
I'm fightin' for my life fightin' federal felonies
The life I live is treal, but the fact that I'm I'll
Keep me walkin', and keep me talkin' still
Niggas on my back, niggas rap niggas talkin' shit but
guns clap
Where's this at, nigga, that's the shit that the code that
we live by
Live, by the fuckin' code that we live by
Nigga we ride til our death take a last breath of a
gangsta and a hustler
Turn ya back and get clap by ya own brother
Or ratted out by a sucka
Nigga this life I live I can't get enough of
Even though I suffer I still survive I stay live
(Life is one big road, life is one big road)
(Bring it back like)

[BRIDGE:]

Coulda been the president instead of just sellin' D
My mother is a queen she gave birth to ya majesty
I really can't believe the shit these white people tellin'
me
Fightin' for my life fightin' these federal felonies

(Cheh, you know... for sure... you know)

[Beat cuts and Hus says various stuff until]

When the beat drop
I get to spittin' off the top of my dome, never written
I just recite my life
I do a thousand up the interstate
Feelin' lifeless, naturally niceness

[HOOK:]

Life is one big road wid a lot of signs, signs and more signs
Today ya livin' sweet tomorrow sorrow like lime
Life is one big road wid a lot of signs, life is one big road

[Verse 2:]

I, hit ya block, ride wid the choppah
Put it to ya face, niggas call coppers
Blow ya head off ya motherfuckin' shoulders
Back in the days I used to chop blow up
I got a little older, started havin' whole ones
Bitches jock, cause young niggas holdin'
Rollin' hard, rollin' tough wid my young niggas
Hit the block wid a chop gettin' dumb
Wid a motherfuckin' pack of white shit
To get, clockin' fat in the pockets
Clockin' G's wid a package of poison
The blacker ya boy is he think he tough
The black Mac'll make his black ass back up
Backflip when the black Mac hic-cup
What the fuck this is, H-U-S-L-A-H out the gate
Lettin' niggas know I'm mob for life this is my fate
nigga
(Life is one big road wid a lot of signs, life is one big road)
Mob for life this is my fate nigga

[HOOK:]

Life is one big road wid a lot of signs, signs and more signs
Today ya livin' sweet tomorrow sorrow like lime
Life is one big road wid a lot of signs
Life is one big road wid a lot of signs

Visit [Husalah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.