

Husalah "Bonus Track"

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[Verse 1:]

Nigga this is, dope shit for real niggas to mob to
Husalah Husalah if I, need to remind you
Thirty-six shots on my side dude
If it's really on suckas die when I slide through
Plus I got twenty-fours on the drop
Knockin' hoes on the spot off top
Nigga my gun go dumb blam mob shit dumb slap
Everytime the Husalah rap boppas get dumb ready
I fuck wid work not sluts they both come in heavy
White shit two times on my frouton
Either with ya wife or crack my face a coupon
That's low price Sally toss a crouton
Hold crack in ya butt bitch the Hus real
Plus I got a left cross that'll slap and leave a nigga stiff
Leave a nigga like a bootleg tape
When I rip a nigga wid this razor in his face grace his
face
Everytime I did the '73 Caprice they see the whip is way
older than me
Out listenin' to the stupid freaks
Slick Rick Freaky James in the trunk
When I dump on a punk nigga what it's young Hus

[HOOK:]

Ya say one thing and do another
Creepin' but the Husalah's ready for the smother
My niggas'll kill you, killllll youuuu

Ya say one thing and do another
Creepin' but the Husalah ready for the funk man
My niggas'll kill you we ready for the smother

[Verse 2:]

I write music in the dark off the beat of my heart on a
cold, block
Waitin' for the heat to spark
Itchin' for the sun to go down
Cause when my shiver start
If it's all to ya eyes keep fuckin' wid the Husalah
Cause from my stand point I'm seein' niggas self
destruct

It's not cool how my day to day life go
Big rims and rifles high guy where my knife'll go
It's the violation committed by alleged defendant
My DNA real mob I'm a royal defendant
A royal descendant of pure hustlin' Dominicans
Niggas oil and chickens
And padico coke for milk that niggas is sniffin'
Simply to make it simplistic, my building's terrific
I feel it, what niggas tryna do but lace me wid the mob
I'm resurrectin' the era of '94 just to make it pop
And when it's dumb ass back lit we stack chips
Whether we stack bricks or learn from this rap shit
I come through wid the fifty round and clack shit
Clack clack cla-clack like I hits dome called
Dome called dome called body shit

[HOOK]

[Verse 3:]

Every since I, was a young buck nigga
I ain't never in my life been a young punk nigga
Known for my knock outs and dumpin' on niggas
I ain't talkin' bout suckas ya had to be stone killas
And that's the way we got our stripes yo
I swear to God my whole life I sold coke white bro
Never had a chance to take a flick wid a prom date
Never seen the tenth grade let alone graduate
And that's sad for ya nig but I was lovin' it
Soakin' hella game from the OG's that was fuckin' wid
Nino G-Mac west on a late night hype
He caught a hot one took eight
Them pack of wolves tried to give him life
I was out there wid Ruler that night
He went down got back like nine zips of cooked crack
These fake rappers keep dreamin' man
Most my nights I cooked and sleep in the evenings man
But you could only feel it if you lived that life tho
This the type of shit I think about at night bro
Killing, drug dealing, and prostitution
Upholdin' the fifth amendment of the constitution
Homie said he's wid the shit but never got arrested
Wearing a stop snitchin' shirt, but you the one tellin'
Now ya only gettin' seen in remote towns
Pop up in the Bay and get yo bitch ass mowed down

[Talking:]

It's the Mob we the main event nigga
You know what I'm sayin'?
Boss gang my niggas but we gon' keep it lit tho nigga
You feel me?
Niggas talkin' bout killing

That's some funny shit

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