

## Husalah

### "Bonus Track #1"

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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, killlll 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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