

Husalah

"I Want To Be A Husalah"

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I want to be a husalah (husalaahh) yea yea biotch yea
oh shit dis shit slap cuddy I ain't gon lie dis shit knock
dis shit g0

Yo yoo ever since I was a y0ung nigga I want to be a
husalah playin hella slap in my candy painted drop I
used to love vougues now I foes mollywops '73 caprice
drop cause wite guns don't knock nigga (bitch) when I
shot up da block I see the hoe choose niggaz get mad
and smirk cause they know these niggaz gon get da
blues when they tw0 tw0 threes or to get spitting out of
the (tw0 tw0 three's) k make way for the H-U-S A-L-A-H
out da gate dey got nerve nigga I'm like mcdonalds
over twelve million niggaz served so get your nerves
blew the bak out yo face (bitch) get the fukk out my
face nigga klap out the gate

I now you wondering when the mob gon stop they see
they main girls on the side of my drop I told her don't
talk to bitch talk to my cock and if yo nigga got
problems tell him talk to my chop I come around the
corner in my '73 drop it's coat wite top and you know
it's dumm knock yo girl and she ridin in my drop if you
got a problem with me nigga juss talk to my chop talk
to my chop nigga have a conversation when dem tw0
tw0 three's they get to seperatin the left side of yo
chest from the right side I'm a catch a nigga with a left
from the blind side sleeping nigga run through his
pockets helping my 350 rockets and drop the top and
just rock it I don't give a fuck (bitch) nigga it's y0ung
husalah husalah gettin stupid dumm retarded and I
give some sucks I'm a beast so husalah a true life
nigga not an internet thug I get tupac nigga then I flip
on da f0 den I flip bakk the eight then I flip bakk the
twenty and a nigga livin great even tho I got the five
piece fed time I don't give a fuck em count money on
my bed time talkin on my mobile against my skin tone
while yo bitch tellin me she all alone she want me come
home and bone I tellin em bitch I kept talkin shit cause I
really think the piece of shit bitch is ugly trust me the
bass is bumpin yo face is bumpin bitch don't say nothin

I don't like rap so I just make knocks my pockets all green like yo girlfriends twat I'm ridin my drop (drop drop) I love my car (I love my car)

Yea I'm from the mob figaz I believe you know me gangsta and husalahs we neva get no sleep twenty f0ur all the time when I make my money bakk I'm a need anotha nine yea a nine piece for the girls orders the whole hood orders ho-ing have thangs in quarters bitch niggas and police neva seem to notice but they seem to know us fukk niggaz stand near but dey all below us hopin one day you'll be here but you stilla owe us a hundred browns inside your house yo kids will neva grow up I'm smoking real shit nigga that'll make you throw up choke; up chuk yo wife getting butt fuck by a wolf that's horny as hell you let the meth talk now we on ya forreal

When ya'll here nigga forreal tho ain't even gon lie yo yo jack and hus ya'll lil posse they my cuddy's they put me on the beat and the hook we get money and girl like hus say ya face is far from lovely I ain't even gon lie cause yo face is hella ugly

I count a hundred th0usand in my backroom I show niggas how my gat boom these niggaz hate me cause beautiful but I keep tw0 guns as usual that's why I do stick up in my mofukkin drop you fukk niggas wondering when the mob gon stop but I'm off top I got coke I got hop my strap don't block and it's One in da ho ya done in da cold see da stain comin off ya dome I come off da dome I come off like I'm stoned made 60 thousand of a single clone spend 30 leave 30 alone we connects face to face no cellular fone I hope dat ain't yo girlfriend we be selling her homes ya feel me it's true booyy

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