

## Husalah "Murder On My Mind"

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[Husalah:]

Dippin, mind on my riches  
36 shots in my clip and this shit rippin  
Listen, you can hear death reppin  
Riddin in his 72 caprice with his weapon  
And his name is husalah  
Manifested bringing death to suckas  
Classic, the words of a psycho  
Hand on my rifle, tucked by the lightpole  
Itching to take blood  
Waiting to take life from haters with slanderous  
tongues  
I like fights but it's fun to handle a gun  
Niggas been rich, been on the run, been on one  
My satanic cannon is tragic  
Everytime I grab it brraaap and it's tragic  
Young smiling riding in my drop  
Over a hundred thow wow shuttin down parking lots  
nigga

[Jacka:]

They didn't believe me  
When I told them I was crazy, crazy  
Ridin in my hundred thousand dollar car  
Mind on my murder  
All I think about is murder lately, lately

You wanna get fly like a gangsta  
Push pies like a gangsta  
But u scared to die like a gangsta  
And when it's really going down  
You niggas ain't around  
Mac 9 11 that [ ? ] go 60 rounds  
Know I can spit like wrap it round or slow it down  
Pop em off with that slow flow that I'll show  
I pull up on fo's up in the ols boat  
Bitches on my dick but all I give a shit about is coke  
I'm in the mothafucking kitchen whippin  
Doin things with this heroin that's not to mention  
Cross country shippin, money is flippin  
Loadin up these clips for these niggas that's snitching  
Bitch, my shit rip like a chimney that don't fit

I told ya'll niggas that's it's husalah  
Ridin in my shit tryna murder motha fuckas  
Ridin round town tryna murder motha fuckas

Murder isn't easy  
But when you do it once, you can do it a million times  
Take a million lives  
Sellin dope is easy  
But when you get caught, ask yourself can you do your  
time  
Or snitch and die, this is why

I don't sleep  
Keep a long thing that's at least 3 feet  
People die everyday cause they instinct weak  
When you do fail to think then you're playing for defeat  
This is real life  
And the things people do is real trife  
More often than not the results is your life  
I'm on my way to the federal correctional  
Climb in my SL 5 every late night  
Thinkin how my life is miraculous  
Ex kingpin getting rich from this rap shit  
In 94 sold my soul for that crack shit  
In 99 found out that was black shit  
Graduated to bricks wrote a plan and a tactic  
Got rich, but the end was a classic  
Young dope dealer duckin feds in the traffic  
Young dope dealer duckin feds in the traffic  
Got convicted so now I can rap it  
Most of these rappers never did it so they actin  
They was never even seen on the set  
All of they time was gangbanging on the internet  
But the SL 500 is real  
The 2.76's will take of yo grill  
By the time this comes out I'm a be locked up  
But the mob still got shit blocked up  
You gonna get tired of hiding, try to come outside  
That's the night your bitch ass gonna get popped up

Now you belive me cause you realize that you're scared  
to die  
From a homicide, homicide  
I'm ridin in a hundred thousand dollar car  
Going crazy  
All I think about is murder lately, lately

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