

I Want To Be A Husalah

Husalah

I want to be a husalah (husalaahh) yea yea biotch yea oh shit d
is 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 pl
ayin hella slap in my candy painted drop I used to love vougues
now I foes mollywops '73 caprice drop cause wite guns don't kn
ock 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 d
a 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 nigg
az served so get your nerves blew the bak out yo face (bitch) g
et the fukk out my face nigga klap out the gate

I now you wondering when the mob gon stop they see they main gi
rls 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 cho
p I come around the corner in my '73 drop it's coat wite top an
d 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 g
et 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 nig
ga 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 y0u
ng 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 an
d bone I tellin em bitch I kept talkin shit cause I really thin
k the piece of shit bitch is ugly trust me the bass is bumpin y
o face is bumpin bitch don't say nothin

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

Yea I'm from the mob figaz I believe you know me gangsta and hu
salahs we neva get no sleep twenty f0ur all the time when I mak
e 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 quart
ers bitch niggas and police neva seem to notice but they seem t
o 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 insi
de your house yo kids will neva grow up I'm smoking real shit n

igga 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 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 hellaly

I count a hundred thousand in my backroom I show niggas how my gat boom these niggaz hate me cause beautiful but I keep two guns as usual that's why I do stick up in my mofukkin drop you fuck 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 d one 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 f one I hope dat ain't yo girlfriend we be selling her homes ya feel me it's true booyy