

# Sawh Pahw Allah

Husalah

Lil Kelis and Lay gotta eat bro  
Let's do it, yeh, yo yo yo it's nothin'

Let's get this motherfuckin' money  
I thank Allah that I'm a sharp man  
But I live my life in the dark man  
And I swear I see life out the barrel when it spark  
I'm obsessed with the guns and the life of a mobsta  
I feel I can't be touched I simply just to much  
I'ma never die I thank Allah for my power  
I'm crowned as the king of the world every hour  
And every breath I take, every step I take  
A Tec I take protect my fate, protect my fate

When I was younger I developed the hunger that's how my hustle came  
Niggas hated Husalah so I stepped up my murder game  
First it was a slug or two for niggas  
Now it's fifty shots rippin' through ya roof nigga  
Do more than chip ya tooth nigga  
Vamos nigga you gone in a black Caddy wid a new suit on  
I'm dope I flow sick my mind is insane  
The hoes they gon' shook the choppah's gon' buck but I  
Live in the streets like bums do for the respect  
On my block niggas come through and rush duke  
Twenty-four seven on my spot niggas gunnin'  
The Husalah livin' his life never respectin' you suckas  
I'll be a hustler to my death  
Every fuckin' breath that I take every step that I take  
It be a Tec that I take not necessarily a Tec  
But a chop wid fifty shots that rip through ya chest

Another verse that I never wrote  
Lord, I hope this chop don't smoke tonight and leave a nigga smoked  
Twenty-four on my block niggas movin' coke  
Yo my life is changed from niggas movin' coke  
When I was just a young nigga yo my life changed  
I switched over from that right lane, to that left lane  
Same lane the death lane the last breath lane but I got a Tec man  
And I pop pop aim wid it hop blocks came wid it  
Cops sweatin' but we slang but we stay fitted  
Hoes jock how we rock but we stay wid it  
That's my hustle mami I'll never love you  
Tilt my scale weighin' yales makin' sales wid it  
A hundred girlfriends caught up in a whirlwind  
Stuck in the game in my backstreet life  
My backstreet life, my backsreet life

Good Lord ya shoulda seen him when him cry  
Good Lord ya shoulda seen him when him cry  
A boat coulda sail inna him eye water  
A boat coulda sail inna him eye water

This is the life of a gangsta and hustler  
And if you wanna live it then niggas come on and get it  
Where there's no such thing as pain  
No such thing as tears no such thing as years, (nigga chyeh)  
This is the life of a gangsta and hustler

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Where there's no such thing as pain  
No such thing as tears no such thing as years