

So Ill So Dope

Husalah

Husalah so ill, Husalah so dope
Nigga fuck a wife all my life I sold dope
The projects baby
Twenty-four stackin' dough pushin' coke ya-ye
Come on baby, ride wid the Husalah
Young cool game from the L-O be crazy
Ya shit head hoe we gon' get bread tho
And swang all day
Hustlers call me Hus hoes call me Husalah-a
No Iceberg or Coogi, we fresh in the Guess
Me and Mack came through sportin' Troops while we scoop
In a suit that'll make ya sweat, I'm stupid def
Jammin' on the west slammin' bullets in ya chest
We black wave niggas slam dancin' in the 'jects
I count my coke profits when I think about sex girl
I know ya coochie wet but I just wanna get sucked yo
We burnin' rubber right now, cause we out
Girl ya somethin' tight, ya wish I had one
But ya gotta sell more coke so you can have one
We out, have fun

All I wanna do, is hustle wid my crew
We can get this paper baby
We can live life lovely
Ah, ah-ahhh, Husalah-ahhh
We can make it lovely

I probably slide through without a necklace
I probably slide through without nothin' on my wrist
I'm a fresh kid I don't need none of that stuff
Cause I'm dope, I'm so dope
Explain it the best way I'm pure stupid silly
Hundred percent the kind that'll pop you wid the fully
Hundred percent the kind every queen love Husalah
Pullin' twenty-fours everyday
Hustler hog and playa P is what a nigga gotta be
Or get the fuck from round me, heh
Tell 'em again me hafta, tell 'em again
I'm Husalah Husalah, heh I'm fresh, I'm so fresh
She wanna be my girlfriend but I don't wanna kiss
I rather burn rubber in my shit and swing eights
That a boy it's roller boys we gon' be silly out the gate
Cause I'm so ill... cause I'm so dope

What is life to you?, they gonna take ya life from you
You should say your prayers man
Cause life for you ain't lovely
Ah, ah-ahhh, bullets flyyyy
But I'ma still live lovely

I cried one time I cried one time
Slug ripped and my cousin died
But not no more, tears from Hus cause my heart stone cold
I Got years to be rich I'm, young and pretty
Come on baby ya gotta give it to me
Look at me huh what the hell you mean
No chokin' no drinkin' just stackin' dumb cheese

I'm like, Mohammed Ali and I'm six three
And I box and knock suckas out swiftly
We stuck in this place
And all we ever could do is hustle in this place
But never go nowhere, stack a couple of G's
Flip lows get towed get sucked by the hoes
Buy clothes and dope kicks
My nigga died young
And all he ever could do was rep where he was from
His least breath was the one that blew the breeze through the hood
The money never stop nigga it's thousands in the 'jects
Nigga it's G's in the hood
I think I like the rain
Cause everytime the tears drop the rain'll wash it away
My heart is numb to pain I can't explain how I feel
Imagine seein' life the way it really is for real
It's different what you see

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