

## 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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