

Talk It Out

Husalah

Yo I make music for killas that make music
Show dem how to come I'll the art of the crack deal
Is what I mastered in my young days of huslin mane
Fucking bitches, stomping snitches, plotting riches
Burning rubber, cooking work
That was like Mob Figaz's drop I was in the 10th grade, dat was nice
Not quite enough for me to stop mixing white
So I kept moving, young Felix kept moving
Next thing u know I was 17 holding units hella cream stacking stupid
Hella bitches, oral sex dummy dickless
Never fuck em jus get suck take them from they niggas
On the tuck outta state baby dumping chickens
Feel the bombshell drop of my life, dang she got murdered
This is not the life man, I'm just a young nigga man

No need to talk it out (8x)

If ya life was like mine and u was slightly out ya mine
Kept a cannon every time on the spot, dumb grind
With so many 24's the classmates can't see you
I'm sliced at the ball game classmates can't beat me
Waist my whole young life, with the dopefeind people
That crowned u king cus u had mix and u kept it lit
Ain't seen the sun in weeks, I'm on my way home
Moms on they way to work, bitches on they way to school
Laughing at ya boy cus my outfit is filthy I'm stacking
Sooner or later the same bitches will feel me what's happenin?
Swangin 8's at lunch time zap go slapping
Young nigga stacking sucka butts I'm clapping
Run towards the magnum, naw nigga choppas
Helicopters of life fly them just to revive them
So he can think he that I'll and get killed
Tryna touch a real deal schytso bout his scrill
Crips won't make me feel bigga than life
Yoking in the mob shot living the life
I wish my nigga Dose a Dose survive them shots
So he can be back with his cut me lil huggin the block
We miss you

This verse is for the current time the bottom line is
I had to pay for all them years I was shinning
2003 they caught ya'll boy grinding federal case that's outta state 13th cas
e
Bestfriend turned snitch told the whole shit
Had me on one, on the run ranging low
I was tucked in the Rich and docked in the O
I can't forget about my Hunter's Point era
I was running from the feds in the hottest blcok in America man
That's how I know I'm I'll my cousin Ray is real
I love how ya kept ya cousin safe everyday I think about the future
My lil seed and Lil Ray
Young L, Big Rome I'm in the zone 15 months it's nothing, I'll be right back
A real nigga stand silent, crawl in the traps
The only pain still in my heart is for my nigga Freako
One love to my brother Mike fighting the murder beef, nigga