

# Through The Night

Husalah

I ain't never been under a nigga always been my own man  
In my own dope spot wid my own coke  
My own tree my own tech wid breathin' holes  
Cash out my O.G. nig I need three of those  
And when I come back I'm a need seven baby  
Coke white posse slide mobile reppin' crazy  
Tappin' my gas cause my life consist of this  
Cars and dope big rifles wid pistol grips  
Forty stocks wid mo' shots than Koby B  
We kinda cool but you don't really know me B  
I been movin' on the late night on my own  
Wid the angels and the demons flyin' round my dome  
It's a destructive environment, but this is home  
People say the only retirement is wid two to the dome  
And it's a sad sight, but we don't feel this pain  
Cause last month we seen him do a nigga the same

Lord just let me make it through the night  
I'm pacin' this block wid lots of shit stuffed in my sock  
I'm watchin' the cars with the lights on top  
The four door vans wid tinted windows on my block  
There's hot ones in my crib pants sweatin' on my grip  
Residue on my palms I'm bustin' down a whole zip  
And when it's time to rock the semi-auto gon' kick  
And if they don't live I think they shoulda asked you this  
They shoulda asked you this

There's pain on my heart I'm insane in my brain  
Last night I pulled a line I had to refrain from sniffin' caine  
Now I'm smokin' bomb, wid the hop in it  
Young nigga on the spot dumb block livin'  
Slappin' bitches, jackin' suckas  
Ridin' thick blocks up the block hustlin'  
Late night on my block, it's all black  
The demons and the dope fiends pace just to buy the crack  
And I'm a serve 'em hand to hand  
Even if I got ten kicks in my van I'm still on the block  
The young nigga doin' it the young nigga movin' it  
Niggas on my block ain't smooth we like fluid  
So when you come through nigga ya better do it  
Cause niggas gon' do it, run right through it  
At ya motherfuckin' chest if you not vested  
The four-five leave ya chest molested, niggas ain't protected  
Cause out here it's all bad  
Seen a nigga get his brains cooked man it was sad  
The nigga was still in his teens, the nigga still had dreams  
Another young nigga lose his life tryna serve fiends  
Yo

Lord just let 'em make it through the night  
Fuck dat!  
Niggas gon' die nigga  
Straight the fuck up nigga, yeh  
Know wha I'm sayin'?, feel me?  
Yo, yo

Yo the song was over but I was forced to come back

Like some cooked coke in a Pyrex bring it back  
Bring it back let the Husalah rap  
Cause if he don't rap you know a nigga gon' jack  
And if he don't jack you know the nigga sellin' crack  
And when I sell crack I regulate by leavin' niggas dome flat  
Wid the flip-flop Mac, nigga comin' through thirty shots nigga beat that  
That little small pea shooter ya holdin'  
Ain't fuckin' wid this motherfuckin' chop I'm rollin' wid  
I'm in this motherfuckin' Chevy Caprice  
Top down coke white wid rims older than me  
Cause that's the life I live nigga the life I received  
The life I was born with the blood that I bleed  
Consist of the gangsta shit, mobsta shit, gangsta shit  
Slap the shit out a punk bitch  
Slap the shit out a nigga tryna move bricks  
On my neighborhood niggas can't serve nigs  
Matter fact, a nigga can't do shit  
Nigga try to do shit get his fuckin' face split  
Now this is real life, real shit  
Understand nigga this is animal I'm sick  
My brain is gone I'm insane  
I'm up the block doin' the same thing nigga when servin' caine  
At thirteen servin' fiends, fourteen servin' fiends  
Fifteen movin' cream, seventeen hoop dreams  
Got defeated, cause niggas had a hundred Gs in the safe nigga and I need it  
So when I see these niggas I'm gon' heat it, up  
Like a oven it's snuff then I'm hustlin'  
Niggas brains is puffin', like a broke down Cadillac  
When I put the Mac to the side of his face  
Nigga taddle that