

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