

Murder On My Mind

Husalah

Dippin, mind on my riches
36 shots in my clip and this shit rippin
Listen, you can hear death reppin
Riddin in his 72 caprice with his weapon
And his name is husalah
Manifested bringing death to suckas
Classic, the words of a psycho
Hand on my rifle, tucked by the lightpole
Itching to take blood
Waiting to take life from haters with slanderous tongues
I like fights but it's fun to handle a gun
Niggas been rich, been on the run, been on one
My satanic cannon is tragic
Everytime I grab it brraaap and it's tragic
Young smiling riding in my drop
Over a hundred thow wow shuttin down parking lots nigga

They didn't believe me
When I told them I was crazy, crazy
Ridin in my hundred thousand dollar car
Mind on my murder
All I think about is murder lately, lately

You wanna get fly like a gangsta
Push pies like a gangsta
But u scared to die like a gangsta
And when it's really going down
You niggas ain't around
Mac 9 11 that go 60 rounds
Know I can spit like wrap it round or slow it down
Pop em off with that slow flow that I'll show
I pull up on fo's up in the ols boat
Bitches on my dick but all I give a shit about is coke
I'm in the mothafucking kitchen whippin
Doin things with this heroin that's not to mention
Cross country shippin, money is flippin
Loadin up these clips for these niggas that's snitching
Bitch, my shit rip like a chimney that don't fit
I told ya'll niggas that's it's husalah
Ridin in my shit tryna murder motha fuckas
Ridin round town tryna murder motha fuckas

Murder isn't easy
But when you do it once, you can do it a million times
Take a million lives
Sellin dope is easy
But when you get caught, ask yourself can you do your time
Or snitch and die, this is why

I don't sleep
Keep a long thing that's at least 3 feet
People die everyday cause they instinct weak
When you do fail to think then you're playing for defeat
This is real life
And the things people do is real trife
More often than not the results is your life
I'm on my way to the federal correctional

Climb in my SL 5 every late night
Thinkin how my life is miraculous
Ex kingpin getting rich from this rap shit
In 94 sold my soul for that crack shit
In 99 found out that was black shit
Graduated to bricks wrote a plan and a tactic
Got rich, but the end was a classic
Young dope dealer duckin feds in the traffic
Young dope dealer duckin feds in the traffic
Got convicted so now I can rap it
Most of these rappers never did it so they actin
They was never even seen on the set
All of they time was gangbanging on the internet
But the SL 500 is real
The 2.76's will take of yo grill
By the time this comes out I'm a be locked up
But the mob still got shit blocked up
You gonna get tired of hiding, try to come outside
That's the night your bitch ass gonna get popped up

Now you belive me cause you realize that you're scared to die
From a homicide, homicide
I'm ridin in a hundred thousand dollar car
Going crazy
All I think about is murder lately, lately