

Why I'm a Gangsta

Husalah

I was born a gangsta
Grown to a husalah
Rock out the blocks
With these snitches on my bumpa
High speed chases racing from death every step
It's a little closer
I hold my queen in my arms
10 racks clean and sitting clean on my own
Please squeeze on these boys that's eating cheese on your boy
Solid screams Ohh nigga broke please we destroyed
Every nigga that is not about talk'n bout the Husalah
It's young Husalah the king is Husalah
Rock out your block with a chop for your sukkas
You brain gets open while I'm still Yok'n
And the big block with my mock open
Scope'n
These bitches sees rats nigga the cop
Bitches and bats
I've been the fuk'n block with a backpack
Full of...
... The black Mac that make your back flip nigga
Chah
Yah

Lyrics submitted by damian.

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