

# Cold Outside

Husalah

(Husalah speaking in Arabic: Bismillah Ar-Rahim...)

Yo, yo, seem like these suckas and these hoppers  
Start to hatin' over a hustlas  
'Cause they blind and they can't make it in the struggle  
So many real ones in the place where I left at  
Soon as I come back, I see less hustle  
When the realness stop, all this fake shit killin' the guap

I know you know what I'm here for  
I don't feel them chills, you'll see then flash then you feel them shine

Once again it's on, I swear to God I'm a mobsta  
Even to the neck, late night, I keep my choppa  
If they want funk then I'ma serve 'em propa  
Hit 'em wit' that choppa, 'cause once again that's on my life I'm a mobsta

Even when it's cold outside, I'm out here, out here  
Niggas want war, I'ma be right there, I'm right there, right there  
They say they want war, they keep hidin' and runnin'  
We no chat about that, oh yes we come through there

One thing about the Hus, yo I live for this shit  
You see that 30 clip bitch I'm givin' out gifts  
Yeah we come for the smother, my tears for yo motha  
This world so cold, gunshots for your brotha  
You shoulda really, really knew not to play wit' me

Blame ya self when ya head bust, don't put the blame on me  
Even when it's cold outside, I'm out chea, out chea  
This world so cold, we grew up poor, so we hustle  
It's like they beg me to say sorry, 'cause I'm in the worry  
I keep it solace, keep mobbin' like the ones before me  
Deep in that heart, I know they weak man I know they story  
Never speak on the street shit we eat wit'  
You can run for your life but your murder's no secret  
I look and now ya hidin' I know you're not one for dyin'  
But we no play fussy game dat where I'm from  
Cross the game say my name you delete wood  
Them searchin', what you gon' do now?  
They wanna hunt you, yes we out now  
We no confused, it's the MOB tho' shittin on you suckas is our first move  
Chalk the blue room, with the long thing I cruise  
On sight knock 'em out his shoes

I know you know what I'm here for, I feel them chills  
You see the flash, then you feel them shine

Once again it's on, I swear to God I'm a mobsta  
Even to the neck, late night, I keep my choppa  
If they want funk bruh I'ma serve 'em propa  
Hit 'em wit' that choppa, 'cause once again  
Oh yes it's the MOB bruh, MOB bruh, MOB bruh, MOB bruh