

## Talk It Out

Husalah

Yo I make music for killas that make music  
Show dem how to come I'll the art of the crack deal  
Is what I mastered in my young days of huslin mane  
Fucking bitches, stomping snitches, plotting riches  
Burning rubber, cooking work  
That was like Mob Figaz's drop I was in the 10th grade, dat was nice  
Not quite enough for me to stop mixing white  
So I kept moving, young Felix kept moving  
Next thing u know I was 17 holding units hella cream stacking stupid  
Hella bitches, oral sex dummy dickless  
Never fuck em jus get suck take them from they niggas  
On the tuck outta state baby dumping chickens  
Feel the bombshell drop of my life, dang she got murdered  
This is not the life man, I'm just a young nigga man

No need to talk it out (8x)

If ya life was like mine and u was slightly out ya mine  
Kept a cannon every time on the spot, dumb grind  
With so many 24's the classmates can't see you  
I'm sliced at the ball game classmates can't beat me  
Waist my whole young life, with the dopefeind people  
That crowned u king cus u had mix and u kept it lit  
Ain't seen the sun in weeks, I'm on my way home  
Moms on they way to work, bitches on they way to school  
Laughing at ya boy cus my outfit is filthy I'm stacking  
Sooner or later the same bitches will feel me what's happenin?  
Swangin 8's at lunch time zap go slapping  
Young nigga stacking sucka butts I'm clapping  
Run towards the magnum, naw nigga choppas  
Helicopters of life fly them just to revive them  
So he can think he that I'll and get killed  
Tryna touch a real deal schytso bout his scrill  
Crips won't make me feel bigga than life  
Yoking in the mob shot living the life  
I wish my nigga Dose a Dose survive them shots  
So he can be back with his cut me lil huggin the block  
We miss you

This verse is for the current time the bottom line is  
I had to pay for all them years I was shinning  
2003 they caught ya'll boy grinding federal case that's outta state 13th cas  
e  
Bestfriend turned snitch told the whole shit  
Had me on one, on the run ranging low  
I was tucked in the Rich and docked in the O  
I can't forget about my Hunter's Point era  
I was running from the feds in the hottest blcok in America man  
That's how I know I'm I'll my cousin Ray is real  
I love how ya kept ya cousin safe everyday I think about the future  
My lil seed and Lil Ray  
Young L, Big Rome I'm in the zone 15 months it's nothing, I'll be right back  
A real nigga stand silent, crawl in the traps  
The only pain still in my heart is for my nigga Freako  
One love to my brother Mike fighting the murder beef, nigga