Bravehearted (Feat. Nas)

Bravehearts

[chorus]
Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave, BraveHeart (tell 'em)
Wiz, Wi, Wi, Wi, Wiz, BraveHeart
[repeat][Verse 1]
Yo' G,W,I,see, Won't y'all come fuck wit me
While I lay, get chased, catch, and cash tha check
Stomp niggas out take respect
Wit a sawed off shotgun, hand on tha pump
I sips on grey goose, smokin on tha blunt
I fucks wit this broad she do what I want
I fuck her real slow, she like when I pump
I be on my block done, I do what's I want
And an' nigga dat front, I do what's I want
I shoot and don't blink, I lay you out in tha street
I mean I'm fuckin wit dem niggas dats ?
and blaze when they ? shit, dats evident
leavin no evidence, who you messin wit
It's ill will and y'all niggas ?, I shoot to kill
They never saw me[chorus]
Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave, BraveHeart(tell 'em)
Wiz, Wi, Wi, Wi, Wiz, BraveHeart
[repeat][Verse 2]
You could put on dat vest, I'ma shoot ya in tha head
Won't aim for tha chest, Bet you won't survive
Ten hollow tips out my crome fo' five
I got to drop on you, element of surprise nigga
what you want to do, I really see dead people
I got the nine millimeter, I could make ya face see-through
Transparent, potholes in ya melon, damaged from tha ratchet
Happens if you tellin, Jungle'll live by the morals of tha street
Not like snitch CJ, or bitch Jay-z, and beef from niggas
only play defense, guns never spark in tha freight of my office
Two us now put they body in tha garbage
y'all niggas pussy we BraveHearted[chorus]
Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave, BraveHeart (tell 'em)
Wiz, Wi, Wi, Wi, Wiz, BraveHeart
[repeat][Verse 3]
My name is ?, I come from the past
Wit insects crawlin on me like I'm dead

I don't eat I just fast, I don't beef I just ?
Blood in my palm, I left tha cross only white nuns
soaked up tha offerin, black ? ones dressed up like bush
identical mass, I fuck 'em hard wit a sinister laugh
Then puff on a cigar, like Tony Matana
Me and Sony got problems, if I die they say I'm only a modist
To me I'm braver, do me a favor, put you on my ?
you could be paid, the label puts you in my place
I'm jewish, like Sammy Davis Jr
Holdin a louie suitcase wit ? and ? chopped in pieces
Now I'm locked up wit phsycos who eat they feces
Call the Hearts break me out and I'll reveal deep secrets
Bout the street shit dat y'all so obsessed by
I rep my niggas till tha death while tha rest slide
Or rest die,Brave[chorus]
Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave,Brave, BraveHeart (tell 'em)
Wiz, Wi, Wi, Wi, Wiz, BraveHeart
[repeat]

Songwriters
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