

Quick To Back Down (Feat. Nas & Lil' Jon)

Bravehearts

feat. Nas, Lil Jon

[Lil Jon]

Yeah!

Bravehearts!

Yeah!

That boy Nas!

Yeah!

Me I'm your boy Lil Jon

Yeah!

Right now we going to talk about these niggas!

Yeah!

That's got a lot of mouth, what!

Yeah!

But when It's time to do some shit

Yeah!

They folding, these niggas is folding and shit

Know What I'm talking bout, like paper

Yeah! [Chorus: Nas + Lil Jon]

[N] I know your type I know your kind ya

[L] Quick to back down

[N] You be leaving when there's drama

[L] Quick to back down

[N] Fucking fake ass nigga

[L] Quick to back down

[N] Soft and cornflake nigga ya

[L] Quick to back down

[N] You ya whole crew ya

[L] Quick to back down

[N] Ya'll don't want none of this ya

[L] Quick to back down

[N] And I hate ya'll niggas ya

[L] Quick to back down

[N] Soft and cornflake nigga ya [Nas]

First of all this is Nas I'ma Braveheart veteran

And why'all already know who I'm better than

why'all know the beef in the hood it'll never end

Never hit the club unless I get's my berretta in

The letter N, short for Nasir

More drama than the President with North Korea

Gettin Krunk wit Lil Jon, he da livest in the south
Fuck around and you get wires in your mouth
Cowards I despise and my power keeps on risin
Niggas try to hate me but they keep recognizin
Who's the next label I'ma bury
CEO's, rappers and A&R's go to the rap cemetery
And ya all got guns but ya scared to use 'em
Six million ways to die, nigga choose one
I'm a Braveheart I'll be right here
why'all talk shit but I smell fear, motherfucker! [Chorus]

[Jungle]

Ay yo, all these niggas they afraid of the Bravehearts
I'll take a razor open your face up
I tried to tell these niggas we don't play
I run up on you broad day with a A-K
Cornball I can make your heart beat stop
Pop pop your body drop from a couple shots
When you see me in the street, we can handle the beef
If you see me in jail you know you dead meat
I be fighting and stabbin, shooting and laughing
My ratchet blast on top of you bastards
Committing sins in Cincinnati
We'll drive by in all black caddy's
A 21 gun salute
Your last words be, please Jungle don't shoot
Pussy, I'll put a slug between your eyes
And stand there and watch your punk ass die [Wiz]
I'm fuckin' wit them, Bravehearts
My niggas is coming we just don't stop
why'all niggas is running I'm just goin pop
I twist up my gun up and slap your mouth
With Lil John down south
My religion is green motherfucker too late
Since birth, I'm cursed, the worst motherfucka in da state
Time and time again you niggas back down, laugh now
Fuck ya numbers nigga ya'll all fake
The hunt is on, fuck if I'm wrong, test my dead arm
Robbery, heavily armed, might leave him gone
Bang him duff him, actin like he don't know what's going on
Hang em' rush em' get his clown ass his teammates wrong
And oh he got a 22, give him the gauge the brave way
God ain't going to save his bitch ass today
Wait I'ma Braveheart I'll be right here
why'all talk shit but I smell fear, mothafuckas! [Chorus]

Songwriters

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