Zone Out

Bravehearts; Nas

Braveheart for life
So y'all wit me? Yea
What? Yea
Why don't y'all blast on these niggas, man?
Tuck in your chain put your watch in your pocket
Here come the Braveheart straight out the projects
We live the life where the blood spills
Same thing that get you cats nigga, get you killed
Warnin', jungle always keep a gun on him
Pull out, four head gone 'n' sloppy, droppin' you birds
Close range so my bullets don't swerve, curve
No bullshit, back in ya hand, find me
Call Earl, death is the ways of the world
Y'all made criminals
Tryin' to wild out there so crack
Bust guns at Bow Wow's age
Fightin' in jail, lookin' for heaven, livin' in hell
Fuckin' 'em hos, born to cope since I was 12
Way too foul walk around all the time
With a Gray Mack 10 and a pocket full o' dimes
Braveheart to the graveyard, let's go niggas
Scared straight, but fuck them hos
Keep it, dead serious
Believe it don't believe us, until you see me creepin'
Now you sleep with them fishes
G-W-I-Z, so delicious
To all them ghetto and sober bitches in 'Burban districts
I'm movin' on passin' chumps
And very thoroughly promoted by god's son
And this is the military turn it up
My moves erase a ton, your son less thump nah
Heat talk, feet walk you run uh
Rat ta-tat, hear them shots come
Drop son, pull out
You better send 'em back son or feel that casket
The peeps be like one
I'm movin' on passin' chumps
And very thoroughly promoted by God's son
G-O-D S-O-N S-O-O-T-H-E a female's estrogen

With my testosterone, male hormone
Enough for a giant's body, science S-C-I-E-N-C-E
Don't tempt me, EMS against you, me I'm just invincible
Like Mike Jack said, for me and Al Sharpton won't be broke in Harlem
That's that, who made this style, solo or X
Are you Tfo's Doctor or Mobb Deep?
Whoever, I freaked it yes, so meet ya death
I never wear Esco, I got a new line comin' like cinemas
Remember the, original, y'all still tryin' a show niggas are rich
Town house niggas
I'm six cribs deep, six bank accounts in six countries
Na I'm lyin', who gives a fuck that's so tired
While pictures of Bravehearts just livin' it up
A million of us, each nigga inchin' a bus
You got a house in Virginia the only way you sicker than us
Gettin' bagged with 22's now you's a ridiculous fuck
No need for the gun play, it's okay, 'cause you dyin' anyway
Yo, this is for them High School drop outs
Niggas who copped out
If you prefer shots over knockouts
Sniffin' coke, smokin' weed, sellin' crack, sellin' smack
You thuggin' it, you ain't turn it back
Braveheart's gettin' money ruthless 'till the world end
Gettin' high with my enemy's girlfriend
I used to have a bike on a bench, now I got a jeep on this trip
Coke in the pot, heat on my head
Nigga dont stop blazin' cuz ya target's movin'
Shoot 'till the gun's empty stupid, Queens
Niggas so ruthless, really excuses is
Useless to these swift executioners
And thats Queensbridge nigga, all day
Pump packs o' crack, smoke purple haze
Runnin' from D's quickly knockout rookies
G wiz you know what I'm all about
To all my real niggas

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/