Cash Flow

Bravehearts

First a studio, then a video, then we do a show
Count my cash flow
Then I fuck a hoe, roll up a smoke, jump in the Range Rove
Brand new clothes, I got all the hoes, on tha east coast
To the west coast, you all know how we go
First a studio, then a video, then we do a show
Count my cash flow
I say we got them big guns dat tear yo ass up
How we do things, you'll get yo' ass gut
Styrofoam in your casket, you lying in tha dust
Yo' pistol packin' years wasn't nuttin', see how we hit them
To tha body, and the streets so strong
Telling my bitches and my niggas hold on
I know I'm getting high, I fuck a bitch she cry
She hold me so tight never want me to be gone
Now I'm wrong, this gee wiz this is three
Now you it's him it's me
I'm flossin' wit my other half jungle you all see
So when we step up we waste no time
We flut up your fans, and take them, they mine
I throw a nigga, stomp a nigga Braveheart style
No set can come close to us, fool, they clowns
The battle of my K.A go round and round
I turn a stupid ass smile upside down
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Yo' you poppin' off wit them Bravehearts
Gettin' money son it's all about that paper
Yea, them bitches want me on top of them
They see them diamonds, they always sparklin'
I be illegal wit that Desert Eagle
I hit you all up in your head in front of your people
Nigga, I empty out on your bitch ass
You'll be dead so fast shit push back

'Cause life ain't shit but bitches end millions
Good investments like acres and buildings
Little Shorty's in tha hood raisin' them children
Baby dad locked up or somebody killed them
Fa real yo, it's crazy yo', drama everyday yo
My niggas in prison wanna hear me on tha radio
'Cause where I'm from yo, life ain't a game yo
Jungle's my name yo, blow wit a fo' fo'
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Yo' the cash must be made
Organized crime, cook up a kilo break it down
To dimes, spread it out in packages 'cause I'm in here buff
Fuck them handcuffs the cops can't touch us
A fourty-five, they got accurate aim
If you ain't in my game take a bullet to tha brain
Shit, nobody cares, life ain't fair
I feel like I was born in an electric chair
Yo' where's the Jungle, gon' be here for years
Just a stopper through the game like the Numba man
In the hood, man you got damn Braveheart slam
Step up on tha side my man you don't understand
I'm from tha QB side of things, things is things but
You know my niggas,yo they let them things ring
And we right, straight right through you all niggas
Snatchin' the paper and you know
He snatchin' couple of bitches too
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