

# Bravehearted

## Bravehearts; Nas

Brave, Brave, Brave, Brave, Brave, Bravehearts  
Jungle, Wiz, Wi, Wi, Wiz, Wiz, Braveheart  
G W I Z, wont y'all come fuck with me  
While I lay game chase, catch and cash the check  
Stomp niggas out take respect  
With a sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump  
I sips on Grey Goose, smokin' on the blunt  
I fucks with this broad, she do what I want  
I fucks her real slow, she likes when I pump  
I be on my block dun, I do what's I want  
And nar nigga to front, I do what's I want  
I shoot and don't blink, I lay you out in the street  
I mean I'm fuckin' wit them niggas that's beastin'  
And blaze when they in shit, that's evident  
Leavin' no evidence, who you messin' wit  
It's Ill Will and y'all niggas bore me  
I shoot to kill, they never saw me  
Brave, Brave, Brave, Brave, Brave, Bravehearts  
Jungle, Wiz, Wi, Wi, Wiz, Wiz, Braveheart  
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You could put on that vest  
Im'a shoot you in the head, won't aim for the chest  
Betcha won't survive  
10 hollow tips out my chrome 4 5, I got the drop on you  
Element of surprise nigga what you wanna do?  
I really seen dead people  
I got the 9 millimeter I can make you face see-through  
Transparent, potholes in your melon  
Damage from the ratchet happens if you tell it  
Jungle live by the morals of the street  
Not like snitch C.J or bitch Jay-Z  
In beef them niggas only play defense  
Guns never sparkin' afraid of my offense  
Too rusty, I put they body in the garbage  
Y'all niggas pussy, we Bravehearted  
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Jungle, Wiz, Wi, Wi, Wiz, Wiz, Braveheart  
My name is Beloved, I come from the past  
With insects crawling on me like I'm dead, I don't eat I just fast  
I don't beef I just blast, God's son, blood on my palm  
I left the cross, horny white nun's suckin' me off  
And black dike ones, dressed up like bush identical mask  
I fuck 'em hard with a sinister laugh  
And puff on cigar like Tony Montana  
Me and Sony got problems, if I die they say I'm only a martyr  
Step to me I'm Braver, do me a favor  
Put two in my waves, you can be paid  
The label puts you in my place, I'm Jewish like Sammie Davis Junior  
Holding a Louis suitcase with Colin Powell chopped in pieces  
Now I'm locked up with psycho's who eat they feces  
Colder hearts break me out and I reveal deep secrets  
About this street shit that y'all so obsessed by  
I rep my niggas to the death while the rest lie, the rest die, I'm Brave  
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