Quick to Back Down

Bravehearts

Yeah
Bravehearts
Yeah
That boy Nas
Yeah
Me I'm your boy Li'l 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)I know your type I know your kind ya
Quick to back down
You be leaving when there's drama
Quick to back down
Fucking fake ass nigga
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back downYou ya whole crew ya
Quick to back down
Y'all don't want none of this ya
Quick to back down
And I hate y'all niggas ya
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back downFirst of all this is Nas I'm a braveheart veteran
And y'all already know who I'm better than
Y'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 L'il Jon, he da livest in the south
Fuck around and you get wires in your mouthCowards 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
Y'all talk shit but I smell fear, motherfuckerI know your type I know your kind ya
Quick to back down
You be leaving when there's drama
Quick to back down
Fucking fake ass nigga
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back downYou ya whole crew ya
Quick to back down
Y'all don't want none of this ya
Quick to back down
And I hate y'all niggas ya
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back downAy 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 meatI be fighting and stabbin', shootin' and laughin'
My ratchet blast on top of you bastards
Committin' 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 dieI know your type I know your kind ya
Quick to back down
You be leaving when there's drama
Quick to back down
Fucking fake ass nigga
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back downYou ya whole crew ya
Quick to back down
Y'all don't want none of this ya
Quick to back down
And I hate y'all niggas ya
Quick to back down

Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back downI'm fuckin' wit them, Bravehearts
My niggas is coming we just don't stop
Yall niggas is running I'm just goin' pop
I twist up my gun up and slap your mouth
With Li'l Jon down south
My religion is green motherfucker too late
Since birth I'm cursed, the worst motherfucker in da state
Time and time again you niggas back down, laugh now
Fuck ya numbers nigga y'all all fakeThe 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'm a Braveheart I'll be right here
Y'all talk shit but I smell fear, mothafuckasI know your type I know your kind ya
Quick to back down
You be leaving when there's drama
Quick to back down
Fucking fake ass nigga
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back downYou ya whole crew ya
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