

Made You Look (remix)

Nas

Bravehearts, bravehearts

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Bravehearts

Now let's get it all in perspective

For all y'all enjoyment, a song y'all can step with

Y'all appointed me to bring rap justice

But I ain't five O, y'all know it's Nas yo

Grey goose and a whole lotta hydro

Only describe us as soldier survivors

Stay laced in the best, well dressed with finesse

In a white tee lookin' for wifey

Thug girl who fly and talks so nicely

Put her in the Coupe so she can feel the nice breeze

We can drive through the city no doubt

But don't say my car's topless say the titties is out

Newness here's the anthem put your hand up that you shoot with

Count your loot with, push the pool stick in your new crib

Same hand that you hoop with

Swing around like you stupid

King'a the town, yeah I been that

You know I click-clack where you and your men's at

Do the smurf, do the wop, baseball bat

Rooftop like we bringing 88 back

They shootin' aw made you look

You a slave to a page in my rhyme book

Gettin' big money, playboy your time's up

Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at?

They shootin' aw made you look

You a slave to a page in my rhyme book

Gettin' big money, playboy your time's up

Where them gangstas at? Where them dimes at?

This ain't rappin', this is street-hop

Now get up off your ass like your seat's hot

My live niggas lit up the reefer

Trunk'a the car we got the streetsweeper

Don't start none, won't be none no reason for your mans to panic

You don't wanna see no ambulances

Knock a pimp's drink down in his pimp cup

That's the way you get Timberland up
Let the music diffuse all the tention
Baller convention, free admission
Hustlers, dealers and killers'ca move swift
Girls get close, you'ca feel where the tool's kept
All my just-comin' homies, parolees
Get money, leave the beef alone slowly
Get out my face, you people so phony
Pull out my waist, the eagle fo-forty
They shootin' aw made you look
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book
Gettin' big money, playboy your time's up
Where them gangstas? Where them dimes at?
They shootin' aw made you look
You a slave to a page in my rhyme book
Gettin' big money, playboy your time's up
Where them gangstas at? Where them dimes at?
Bravehearts, bravehearts
Bravehearts, bravehearts
I see niggaz runnin', yo my mood is real rude
I lay you out, show you what steel do
Mobsters don't box, my pump shot obliges
Every invitation to fight you punk asses
Like pun said, "You not even En Mi Clasa"
Make backspins, back seat, TV plasma
Ladies lookin' for athletes or rappers
Whatever you choose, whatever you do
Make sure he a thug and intelligent too
Like a real thorough bred is, show me love
Lemme feel how the head is
Females whose the sexiest is always the nastiest
And I like a little sassiness, a lotta class
Mommy reach in your bag, pass the fifth
I'm a lead ya at last, this a don you wit'
My nines'll spit, niggaz loose consciousness

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