

# Made You Look

## Jayda

Bravehearts, Bravehearts, Bravehearts  
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(Old school break beat, old school break beat)  
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Now let's get it all in perspective  
For all y'all enjoyment, a song y'all can step wit'  
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 wifie  
Thug girl who fly and talks so nicely  
Put her in the coupe so she can feel the nice breeze  
We can drive thru 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 wit'  
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', 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?

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This ain't rappin', this is street hop  
Now get up off your ass like your seat's hot  
My live niggaz lit up the reefer  
Trunk'a the car we got the street sweeper  
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 tension  
Ball or convention, free admission  
Hustlers, dealers and killers co'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 phoney  
    Pull out my waist, the Fagle Fo Forty  
    They shootin', 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', made you look  
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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 hazas  
Like Pun said, "You ain't even En Mi Clasa"  
    Maybach Benz, 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 leader, at last this a don you wit'  
My nines'll spit, niggaz loose consciousness

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