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?
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 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 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
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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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