

# Twilight (feat. Nas)

## Bravehearts

[talking]

Uh yea, yea, yea

Let's Go Niggas [laugh]

c'mon nigga, c'mon nigga [Chorus 2x]

I be dippin in tha twilight, wit gangstas,

Smokin weed up in my ride life

the same stuff, its still a bitch

livin like I'm rich

bang broads call me Mr. International

ghetto stars [Verse 1]

Yo' I talk like a champion, walk like a champion,  
body like a god, and I promise that Nas will hit you off,

flow like a gangsta, blum bum bum bum bum

bustin like dummies, so mami you come and lick

it off, I stay right, purple haze'd outfit stay on my ?

blood stay in my mouf, ? laid out

tequila sunrise and five 6's

surprise bitches

Nas from the trenches, hot as he survived

This is ?, here for good, Rep fo' my thugs,

plumper than last summer, stomach streched

from tha grub, good livin, good women

I fuck wit straight stallions, bowleg stances

go 'head handsome, but they all scream

my cars lean, hit up, every state, town, city

wit my braveheart team, pretty face,

round tits and ass, stay my queen,

keep a burna in tha trunk, ate all fifteen [chorus 2x] [Verse 2]

Yo' if you see me on mtv, don't forget

I'm tha same nigga from QB

Sittin on tha block, hungary & starvin

Imagin in performin' at Madison Square Garden

or Radio City, in New York City

Bring tha whole hood wit me, gallons of henny

My homie got shot right befo' my eyes,

I got shot too, but I survived

I was just a teenager, never had a pager

always had flava, chasin dat paper

I need dem diamonds, dem new clothes

Pretty hoes, dat Bently Coupe all red like a rose  
and everybody knows, my gun goes off  
in tha west coast, durty south, and up north  
Jungle tha boss, a natural born hustler  
I despise suckas, ya punk muthafuckas! [chorus 2x] [Verse 3]  
Nigga I'm high wit high hopes  
fuck tha bullshit, stand up in front of dat  
You get tha full clip, I'll beat a nigga senseless  
His skin is missin, listen, my knockouts is six  
So serious, bang wit a "be" on my chest  
y'all niggas is bitches, ya touch me and I'm  
pullin ya dress from stitches to stitchin'  
I hate y'all niggas, stomp you out like roaches  
Can't you see I'm here to get this paper just I'm suppose to  
I been a BraveHeart since semen, ? my pops schemin  
One thought to get up in my moms jeans and it came to this  
It feel like a muthafucka dreamin, but I'm here  
Fuck anything another nigga thinkin, see dem BraveHearts,  
damn, those my niggas, you got drama wit 'em  
Sleep witch a gun und a ya fuckin pillow  
This is real thangs, I know shit feels strange  
How dem QB niggas do thangs, check dis shit [chorus 2x]

Songwriters

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