I Will

Bravehearts

Now when I pull out that thang
You know what I'm a do
You's a dead mothafucka
Or when I catch you for dough low
Without your whole crew
You be walkin' through the whole hood naked
12 Gauge behind your ear
Your mere mortal life I'll take it
And you know that, I willAll my niggas is rude, all my niggas'll shoot
Every thought with emotion, all the generals will proof
That we get at this paper, back smack these fools
Do whatever for the cheddar even clap that dude
I'm even yellin', ain't no tellin', what my niggas'll do
When we start movin' ill that's when you know it ain't cool
It ain't safe man, this nigga watchin' my slang
That's when he wanted to hang
That's when he pledged to my gangBut we don't fuck with no badges, unless they takin' the blame
Of a 20 corpse massacre and never sayin' my name
Blastin' you, never doin' a thang
I never heard nothin', seen nothin'
Anyway, my Braveheart [Incomprehensible]
Will wet you, hit you, forget you
Throw the cops off, that nigga Wiz is a boss
I don't respect you, hit 'em up with A K's
Bet you never come back, when I get you, niggaNow when I pull out that thang
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And you know that, I willAnywhere you see me standin', I make it like my block
Your wanna call the cops 'cause my fo-five blocked
I put you in the hospital, you picture me poppin' you
Standin' over top of you, survival's impossible
A miracle, my bullets be tearin' you
Blood out your bubble bullshit, your condition be critical
I'm invisible bangin' with my gang

My SK with the scope, hit you long rangeAnd I know you don't wanna die
I can see it in your eyes, that your life is a lie
I'm a mastermind, always on the grind
From Alabama to Atlanta sellin' them pies
My homie's doin' time, comin' home spittin' rhymes
I get a nigga a nine and a handful of dimes
Henny no chaser, roll a dutch, not paper
Lets get this money now nigga, never laterNow when I pull out that thang
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And you know that, I willNow how we do with snitch? They get the street death penalty
3 shots in tha head, tha muthafuckin' remedy
Nigga told on the whole family, yeah son we gon get him
Bullets is gon hit him, I don't care who with him
So we jump in the V, now we lookin' for his crib
Circle where he live, yo, look! There it is
Runnin' up the steps to the bitch who snitched on my partner
Ay yo, yo, knock on the door son
Shot his father!Lettin' off some low shots, bullets barkin' and sparkin'
We killin' anybody in the apartment
On the getaway, gun's out joggin' to the cars
I think that nigga Nashawn popped a little too far
Ay yo, wiz, there goes a witness!
Jungle handle your business, nigga
I'ma pull up with the car with the quickness
Fuck a courtcase, I shot him in the face
And if the cops come, none of these bullets goin' to wasteNow when I pull out that thang
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