

# 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 will  
All 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 gang  
But 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, nigga  
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And you know that, I will  
Anywhere 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 range  
And 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 later  
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Now 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 waste  
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