

Bravehearts, Cash Flow

(talking)

yea , 2004, BraveHeart, uh huh

(Chorus)

First a studio, then a video, then we do a show

Count my cash flow

Then I fuck a hoe, roll up a smoke, jump in the range rove

Brand new clothes, I got all the hoes, on tha east coast

to tha west coast, yall know how we go

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Count my cash flow

(Verse 1)

I say we got them big guns dat tear yo ass up

How we do thangs, you'll get yo' ass gut

Styrofoam in yo' casket, you lying in tha dust

Yo' pistol packin years wasn't nuttin, see how we hit 'em

To tha body, and the streets so strong

Telling my bitches and my niggas hold on

I know I'm getting high, I fuck a bitch she cry

She hold me so tight never want me to be gone

Now I'm wrong, this Gee Wiz ?

Now you it's him it's me

I'm flossin wit my other half Jungle yall see

So when we step up we waste no time

We flut up ya fans, and take 'em, they mine

I throw a nigga, stomp a nigga BraveHeart style

No set can come close to us, fool, they clowns

The Battle of my ? it go round and round

I turn a stupid ass smile upside down

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2)

Yo' you popin off wit them BraveHearts

Gettin' money son it's all about dat paper

yea, them bitches want me on top of them

They see them diamonds, they always sparklin

I be ill legal wit dat desert eagle

I hit you all up in yo head in front of yo people

Nigga, I empty out on yo bitch ass

You'll be dead so fast shit push back

Cause life aint shit but bitches end millions

Good investments like acres and buildings

Lil Shortys in tha hood raisin them children

Baby dad locked up or somebody killed 'em

Fa real yo, it's crazy yo', drama all day yo

My niggas in prison wanna hear me on tha radio

Cause where I'm from yo, life aint a game yo

Jungle's my name yo, blow wit a fo' fo'

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)

Yo' the cash must be made
Organized crime, cook up a kilo break it down
to dimes, spread it out in packages ? and ?
Fuck them handcuffs the cops can't touch us
A fourty-five, they got accurate aim
If you aint in my game take a bullet to tha brain
Shit, nobody cares, life aint fair
I feel like I was born in an electric chair
Yo' wheres tha jungle, gon' be here for years
Just a stopper through the game like the numba man
In the hood, ? you got ? BraveHeart slam
Step up on tha side my man you don't undastand
I'm from tha QB side of things, things is things but
You know my niggas, yo they let them things ring
And we right, straight right through yall niggas
Snatchin dat paper, & you know we snatch a couple bitches right

(Chorus)

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