

Bravehearts, Twilight

(feat. Nas)

[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, ? layed 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
Imaginin 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 " on my chest
Yall niggas is bitches, ya touch me and I'm

pullin ya dress from stitches to stitchin'
I hate yall 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]