

Bravehearts, I Will

(Chorus-Wiz and Jungle)

Now when I pull out that thang
You know what I'ma do
You's a dead motha fucka
Or when I catch you wit no dough
Without ya whole crew
You be walkin through the whole hood naked, 12 Gauge behind your ear
Your mere mortal life I take it
And you know that, I Will

(Verse 1- Wiz)

All my niggas is rude
All my niggas'll shoot
Every thought with emotion
All the generals will 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 wit no badges
Unless they takin' the blame
Of a 20 corpse masacare
And never sayin' my name
Blastin' ya
Never doin' a thang
I never heard nothin, seen nothin
Anyway
My Braveheart (?) 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 AK's
Bet you never come back
When I get you, nigga

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2-Jungle)

Anywhere you see me standin'
I make it like my block
Ya wanna call the cops
Cause my fo-five blocked
I put you in the hospital

Picture me poppin' you
Standin' over top of you
Survival's impossible
A miracle
My bullets be tearin' you
Blood out ya bullet wounds
Ya condition be critical
I'm invisible
Bangin' wit my gang
My SK wit the scope
Hit you long range
And I know,
You don't wanna die
I cant see it in ya eyes
That ya life is a lie
I'ma, 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

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3- Wiz and (Jungle))

Now how we do wit snitch?
(They get the street death penalty)
(3 shots in tha head)
(Tha mutha fuckin remedy)
Nigga told on the whole family!
(Yeah son we gon get him)
(Bullets is gon hit him)
(I don't care who wit 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 ya business, nigga
I'ma pull up wit the car wit the quickness
(Fuck a courtcase)
(I shot him in the face)
And if the cops come
None of these bullets goin to waste

(Chorus)

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(music fades til end)