

Nas, What You Gonna Do

Intro:

Straight out of QB niggas
This is nas, lo
With my braveheart niggas
Jungle, wiz and horse
fuckin with these cash money millionaires
so what yall gonna do about that
niggas

Hook:

We on your block
We got rocks
You got robbed
The man got shot
That nigga's dead
Come get revenge
We getting money
We in the benz

We drive cars
We fuck your hoes
We taking charge
We gettin dough
Yall niggas pussy
I cut your face
I'm in your hood
Every fucking day

[Verse One: Wiz]

Yeah What up nigga im back
Fuck you got the mac
Touch you and them niggas you with
The bigger your clique the bigger my clip
The bigger my gun them niggas im with is horse and jung
And of course youll become a corpse if you fucking with me
The 44 caliber killer don't tussle with me
I been to war couple of times slept in the cold
Shed tears seen it all been outside for years
What this life mean to yall?
Money ice and cars Bustin nuts in broads
Never trusting god
You better trust him had with you when you hustlin
It was him that kept me alive when niggas was bustin
He aint gonna save you so when I AK you and spray you
I run in your spot and take all whats yours
So you lay on the floor we expanding
What you gonna to do about it nigga?
Not a damn thing

Hook:

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We got rocks
You got robbed
The man got shot
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Come get revenge
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We ridin in the benz

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[Verse 2a]

What the fuck yall was born brave?
I put a slug through your cornbraids
Summertime broad day
You get your face blown right at the pay phone
I got big guns that break bones
Beef with me you take home to your family
Bullets fly randomly
Wet you like hard rain
Bravehearts gangbang

[Verse 2b: Nas]

Yo last night it was on Niggas came pistols drawn
Poppin off I had to run they shot one the kid is gone
niggas quick to get it on know the block im living on
queens bridge murders kings live merciless
heartless crazy mercedes the projects young killas OG's enemies targets
blow weed henessee more beef let it be
no chance of wetting me I hold heat in the streets
rolls royce drop top crusing where the women be
last nigga fucked around hes a hood memory
fresh nikes wife beater knicks jersey white sneakers
heavy like an ice freezer deadly not nice either
ill fuck the hoe with pussy that's mind blowing
do my thug dance in clubs with my nine showing
niggas tell they hoes, "why you fucking with nas?"
He just gonna nut on your eyes
have you suck all his guys
and also he say when you done cussin his by";
you aint thuggin you lie bitch
brave till we die bitch

[Verse 2c: Horse]

??? a nigga that would kill something over something small
the one you cant ??? with unless you paid in full
the one that hold grudges cause gun games for free
the only thing you wetting and splittin is ???
im the one that lift the skirts up on fake ass rappers
that be killin for a long time but now it don't happen
all them tough guys is wanksters they ??? me in their songs
im a braveheart till death so I got to die strong
a big man that's troublesome and follow no rules
run through crews after smoking blunts and sippin on brews
disrespecter pistol whippin hustlers for their cheddar
the deebo of the rap game but walk with a beretta
my heart is made of stone my eyes is filled with blood
survivors of the street wars yall niggas know whats up
from the projects to penthouse yall niggas better look out
before these braveheart motherfuckers put they gun in your mouth

Hook:

We on your blocks
We got glocks
You get robbed
The man get shot
That nigga's dead
Come get revenge
We getting money
We ridin in the benz

We drive cars

We fuck your hoes
We taking charge
We gettin dough
Yall niggas pussy
We cut your face
We in your hood
Every fucking day

Shit talking at end:

We in your hood
Every fucking day niggas
Every day niggas, huh
Look around niggas
We on top
What you gonna do about it nigga?
What you got to say about it nigga?
That's right
That's right
Run all over yall niggas
What yall gonna do about it? Nothin
Bunch of corny ass phony ass niggas
Get brave nigga we brave nigga (bravehearts!)
Brave to the death baby
(bravehearts!)