

Realize

Bravehearts

[Chorus]

We live like we got left for time
Better get why
But in the end will you be satisfied
If your life
We got to realize (gotta realize)
Money, cars, niggaz, bars, clothes
No tellin what you know 'bout us

[Nashawn]

Minked out fresh line
Beam it out seat recline
All these hood chicks admire my shine
47 inch links, all kind of pieces
Drugs scales remember the days of drug sells
And now accountings send me checks in the mail
And I ain't got time for no sell
Diver Rims spinnin on a new CL
Too much money gotta stay on the DL
All these hoar hoes callin my cell
Forward the calls to my voice mail
Nashawn fortune pervail
Got these bitches feelin me like a blind bitch'll feel brail
I coped diamonds it ain't hard to tell
For my shine have a lead fight my charm like the head light
I know everythin that there is to know
That you gotta know to blow
We get that dough, holla is

[Chorus]

[Wiz]

Yo, I pick a brick up, the quicker picker upper
Cook on ovens, pushin shoven, the hustler
Early in the mornin, watch out for police
The D's and decoys try to destroy me
But I'mma...champ not a chump
I move swifin turn the pistol on the punks
But what will the jury say, think do
I can't think of that, fuck it
I might as well run cool
Through the projects like "Batman & Robin"
Cops and robbers, but I'm liver
Kill you and hide ya
What could I do but be a project nigga
That'll engine somethin quicker for figgaz
I can't lie to you
I realized how to survive and get money stay alive
But all my niggaz be so quick down and die
But all my thorough nigga know they can't take that money to th sky

[Chorus]

[Jungle]

Yo, we confronted Tupac smoked blunts wit Biggie
Got love from Suge Knight, did the clubs wit Diddy
I was just a lil kid when Nas from the Bridge

He would bail me from jail, keep me free from bids
Why play in the pool when I can surf in the ocean
Livin that rich life I like that camotion
The bitch wit the tities out, got a nigga open
My jewelry be showin, heavy when we rollin
Please don't bring yo girl around me
One look at Jungle she hand me the pussy
Just like a waitress servin my dinner
My diamonds be drippin, she need a bread winner
I burn C-notes hold 40 cal in plastics
Put fashion in the Benz, fuck it if I rap it
The money keep stackin in duffle bags and shit
We came a long way, ma tell 'em how we live

[Chorus]