

# Twilight

Bravehearts

(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  
Imagin in 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 Bentley 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 "b" 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 witcha gun unda ya fuckin pillow  
This is real thangs, I know shit feels strange  
How dem QB niggas do thangs, check dis shit

[chorus 2x]