

## **Common Sense F/ Bilal**

### **"What You Gonna Do"**

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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:

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 ridin in the benz

We drive cars  
We fuck your hoes  
We taking charge  
We get the dough  
Yall niggas pussy  
We cut your face  
We in your hood  
Every fucking day

[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  
disrespector 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!)

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