

Nas Featuring Bravehearts "Quiet Niggas"

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Where my real niggas at

Theres a lot of real niggas out there

Theres a lot of real niggas everywhere

Thats why you don't fuck with just anybody

A lot of niggas is just on the low, chillin

Not botherin nobody, until one motha fucka fuck with em

And then all hell break loose

Hook (2)

Quiet niggas will kill

Loud niggas talk shit

Them be the ones that get killed

It's wild where we walk kid

Is you brave nigga

Is you a slave nigga

Is you a made nigga

Or is you a paid nigga

Well known gangstas, in trust

That we bust

Your heart and soul lies with us

Boldly go where we once took a nigga before

Now the motha fucka beggin for more

Its the reason

Standin here shakin, hatin the haters

They watchin my paper

Realize, a 4 5 will open his eyes

Now what the fuck you think he saw before he drop

Nigga standin there just like a cop

Braveheart I'm screamin up the block

Now the soldier, cadet, general in fact

Don't let me get up and show yawl motha fucka's
respect

Plans connect

The twinkle and diamonds upon my neck

More jazz than Hornecek

I blast and leave your corner wet

Straight on top of ya

Spittin like the trench coat mafia

In a school yard we make it hard

Was poppin yawl

We made our change was stoppin yawl

They spray your names rest in peace on the ??? wall

Hook (2)

I wave gang signs at the youth, thats down for the
cause

Cling them things in the ??? you betta get yours

Time is runnin out

Your streets is gettin smaller as we speak

Juliani turns these lights on so niggas can't creep
I miss the shit of days we did this
Please free John Gotti
They kept the black man eatin, not killin everybody
Drug wars is real
You have no friends in the outfield
Foul balls is deaf, umpires keep ice grilles
Theres no tomorrow its the bottom of the 9 9
Can't die a broke man with a bitch thats fine
My hearts full of braveness so who the fuck will want to
save this
Fallen angel from fallen star and chaos on this nation
Don't play us on your station if you pussy or you hatin
You can find us in the hood; thuggin and regulatin
Don't play us on your station if you pussy or you hatin
You can find us in the hood; thuggin and regulatin
Hook (2)
We here to eat food, my peoples, be lethal
Shots in your body make you see through
Quiet niggas become jail riot niggas
25 to life, big never cry niggas
Floss when they up north
Chest gettin bigger
Celebs on the V I respect that nigga
Rege on the regular chops is up; like a editor
Come through on man gang like the predator

If yawl wake I'll wet it up
Jungle set it up
The jackal rock you to sleep while I'm comin at you
Air out your area, Queens Bridge forever, what
Ill will the label
Bravehearts yawl scared of us
Yo when those niggas ran these niggas stayed
With these niggas switched up and bitched up afraid
These niggas clicked up and ripped up the gauge
Those niggas got jail and sick cause we paid
Don't even rep Q B
You ain't got hood stripes
Looters come through catch you frontin
And its good night
Know how much force this is
Juggle horse and whiz
Notin but horses kid
We go to war for this
Hook (3

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