

Braveheart "I Wanna Live"

Visit "[I Wanna Live](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Braveheart niggas
Ill-will niggas
Made of steel niggas
Robothugs
We can't be stopped by them bitch-ass cops
Made of steel, y'all bullets don't kill
We break outta jail, fuck the system
To all our black babies, boys and girls
We school y'all wit' knowledge of the world
Only to God we hail, and this money we spend it
We spend it, it's the root of evil
But these black millionaires will live and survive
We will stay alive

A quick reality check, salaries and sex
Rodents spreadin' disease, and man'll carry it next
I been exposed to this game, so it's that I express
Blood, sweat and tears, for my stress, cigarettes and
beers
Newports or Kools, cautious dudes movin' in the Belly
I stay aware of who I'm talkin' to
Police payin' fiends off wit' food
For a Snicker bar, they knock on your door, come and
get you God

Hit you harder than a crack pipe, live the gat life
Gettin' drunk, full gallons down to half-pints
X-O to act right, stay slurring my speech
Hearin' silent screams at night, disturbing my sleep
Burnin' my weed, the smallest thug caught a bug
War stories on the bench till y'all caught a buzz
I made y'all watch when the game's hot, the same park
Niggas hustle and die without they Braveheart

I wanna live the way my brother lives
I shall not die
Why must we be so high?

I pray to God
Take me to your path
And show me how to live with all this cash

A black robe for my queen, guns and crack for my
team
Wit a map of fifty states that's flooded wit' fiends
It says, "Welcome to my town" but if you black you
hang
We don't tolerate no shit from pimps or gangs
Fuck that, that's the rule for them fake ass cats
Paradise is the place that you vacate at
Very few get to make it back, or get knocked tryin'
Holdin' they earning from the block, there's no returnin'
Trapped in the belly of the beast week to week

He shackled from his head to his feet, life is deep
New York City too small for everybody to eat
Some explore the world and don't give a fuck about the
penalty
Who's the enemy, him or me?
The war on drugs will never stop, you understand that
You hear me, Guiliani?

I wanna live the way my brother lives
I shall not die
Why must we be so high?

I pray to God
Please take me to your path
And show me how to live with all this cash

Yo it's bugged, how everybody that rhyme is thug
Either they sold drugs or rolled wit' Bloods
Smoke weed or blow slugs
Yeah, that's gangsta, but when I see ya you show love
Where them guns at?
All y'all niggas some really fun cats
Mothafucker, give me them shines, run that
Word is bond, y'all niggas fronted like y'all knew me
They rep the hood but they ain't from QB

Never stop this, overriding the cops, we got this
Bravehearts spot 'em and drop hits
Ever so harder than a mothafucker, you see it nigga
Diamonds glitter, what you want to split ya
Three-pound-sevens'll hit ya, focus on the picture
Sparks, gun fire sent, where he went
Did I miss? Perhaps, he collapsed on his back
Ten to the head, either that or pins in his legs
Niggas go under, the streets open up and suck you in

Bad luck is when you throw dice and nothin' wins
And everything you put your hands on be crumblin'
And when everything you plan on come to an end

Some light candles, wit Jesus picture on the glass
Hangin' crosses on they walls or either practice
witchcraft
To bring 'em good luck, put they faith on a horse race
Some niggas cook up, coke or cut up raw weight or
dough
We all share the same thoughts, not to be broke
Some pray for fortune, but this life ain't no joke
It's no joke

I wanna live the way my brother lives
I shall not die
Why must we be so high?

I pray to God
Please take me to your path
And show me how to live with all this cash

Bravehearts, Ill-will
Belly
Horse
Jungle, Wiz
Nature
We will survive
And teach
And reach
From heart to heart, my body and soul
Braveheart till the death

Visit [Braveheart](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.