

Bravehearts, Nas & Lil Jon

"Quick To Back Down"

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Yeah
Bravehearts
Yeah
That boy Nas
Yeah
Me I'm your boy Lil' Jon
Yeah
Right now we going to talk about these niggas

Yeah
That's got a lot of mouth, what?
Yeah
But when It's time to do some shit
Yeah
They folding, these niggas is folding and shit
Know what I'm talking 'bout, like paper
Yeah

I know your type I know your kind ya
Quick to back down
You be leaving when there's drama
Quick to back down
Fucking fake ass nigga
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya
Quick to back down

You ya whole crew ya
Quick to back down
Ya'll don't want none of this ya
Quick to back down
And I hate ya'll niggas ya
Quick to back down
Soft and cornflake nigga ya

First of all this is Nas I'ma Braveheart veteran
And y'all already know who I'm better than
Y'all know the beef in the hood it'll never end
Never hit the club unless I get's my berretta in
The letter N, short for Nasir
More drama than the President with North Korea
Gettin Krunk wit Lil' Jon, he da livest in the south

Fuck around and you get wires in your mouth
Cowards I despise and my power keeps on risin'
Niggas try to hate me but they keep recognizin'
Who's the next label I'ma burry
CEO's, rappers and A&R's go to the rap cemetery
And ya all got guns but ya scared to use 'em
Six million ways to die, nigga choose one
I'm a Braveheart I'll be right here
Y'all talk shit but I smell fear, motherfucker!

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Aye yo, all these niggas they afraid of the Bravehearts
I'll take a razor open your face up
I tried to tell these niggas we don't play
I run up on you broad day with a A-K
Cornball I can make your heart beat stop
Pop pop your body drop from a couple shots
When you see me in the street, we can handle the beef
If you see me in jail you know you dead meat

I be fighting and stabbin', shooting and laughing
My ratchet blast on top of you bastards
Committing sins in Cincinnati
We'll drive by in all black caddy's
A 21 gun salute
Your last words be, please Jungle don't shoot
Pussy, I'll put a slug between your eyes
And stand there and watch your punk ass die

I'm fuckin' wit them, Bravehearts
My niggas is coming we just don't stop
Yall niggas is running I'm just goin' pop
I twist up my gun up and slap your mouth
With Lil' John down south

My religion is green motherfucker too late
Since birth, I'm cursed, the worst motherfucka in da
state
Time and time again you niggas back down, laugh now

Fuck ya numbers nigga y'all all fake
The hunt is on, fuck if I'm wrong, test my dead arm
Robbery, heavily armed, might leave him gone
Bang him duff him, actin' like he don't know what's
going on
Hang 'em rush 'em get his clown ass his teammates
wrong
And, oh, he got a 22, give him the gauge the brave way
God ain't going to save his bitch ass today
Wait I'ma Braveheart I'll be right here
Y'all talk shit but I smell fear, mothafuckas

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