

## **Bravehearts**

### **"I Will"**

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*[Chorus-Wiz and Jungle]*

Now when I pull out that thang  
You know what I'ma do  
You's a dead motha fucka  
Or when I catch you wit no dough  
Without ya whole crew  
You be walkin through the whole hood naked, 12  
Gauge behind your ear  
Your mere mortal life I take it  
And you know that, I Will

*[Verse 1- Wiz]*

All my niggas is rude  
All my niggas'll shoot  
Every thought with emotion  
All the generals will will proof  
That we get at this paper  
Back smack these fools  
Do whatever for the cheddar  
Even clap that dude  
I'm even yellin', ain't no tellin  
What my niggas'll do  
When we start movin' ill  
That's when you know it ain't cool  
It ain't safe man  
This nigga watchin' my slang  
That's when he wanted to hang  
That's when he pledged to my gang  
But we don't fuck wit no badges  
Unless they takin' the blame  
Of a 20 corpse masacare  
And never sayin' my name  
Blastin' ya  
Never doin' a thang  
I never heard nothin, seen nothin  
Anyway  
My Braveheart (?) will wet you  
Hit you forget you  
Throw the cops off  
That nigga Wiz is a boss

I don't respect you  
Hit 'em up with AK's  
Bet you never come back  
When I get you, nigga

*[Chorus]*

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*[Verse 2-Jungle]*

Anywhere you see me standin'  
I make it like my block  
Ya wanna call the cops  
Cause my fo-five blocked  
I put you in the hospital  
Picture me poppin' you  
Standin' over top of you  
Survival's impossible  
A miracle  
My bullets be tearin' you  
Blood out ya bullet wounds  
Ya condition be critical  
I'm invisible  
Bangin' wit my gang  
My SK wit the scope  
Hit you long range  
And I know,

You don't wanna die  
I cant see it in ya eyes  
That ya life is a lie  
I'ma, mastermind  
Always on the grind  
From Alabama to Atlanta  
Sellin' them pies  
My homie's doin' time  
Comin' home spittin' rhymes  
I get a nigga a nine  
And a handful of dimes  
Henny no chaser  
Roll a dutch, not paper  
Lets get this money now

Nigga, never later

*[Chorus]*

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*[Verse 3- Wiz and (Jungle)]*

Now how we do wit snitch?  
(They get the street death penalty)  
(3 shots in tha head)  
(Tha mutha fuckin remedy)  
Nigga told on the whole family!  
(Yeah son we gon get him)  
(Bullets is gon hit him)  
(I don't care who wit him)  
So we jump in the V  
(Now we lookin for his crib)  
(Circle where he live)  
(Yo, look! There it is)  
Runnin' up the steps to the bitch  
Who snitched on my partner  
(Ay yo, yo, knock on the door son)  
(Shot his father!)  
Lettin off some low shots  
Bullets barkin and sparkin  
(We killin anybody)  
(In the apartment)  
On the getaway  
(Gun's out joggin to the cars)  
I think that nigga NaShawn  
Popped a little too far  
(Ay yo, Wiz)  
(There goes a witness!)  
Jungle handle ya business, nigga  
I'ma pull up wit the car wit the quickness  
(Fuck a courtcase)  
(I shot him in the face)  
And if the cops come  
None of these bullets goin to waste

*[Chorus]*

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*[music fades til end]*

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