

Phil Collins

"Braveheart Party"

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[Intro] (Nas)

Yeah... ay yo Jungle... ay yo Wiz...
Come on man... Let's do this
It's a Braveheart party y'all
C'mon

[Chorus] (Mary)

Throw your hands up cuz we wanna dance
Don't be afraid just take a chance
Cuz this beat will rock your body
Get up on the floor and party
Now y'all tell me what y'all wanna do
Thinkin' while I have a drink or two
Throw your hands up everybody
Get up on the floor and party

[Verse 1] (Nas)

I move at night, respect my gangsta
Ready for whatever you bring, the mood is right
The club is righteous, tight with family
Squeezin on big old bubbles with no panties
Ladies who's sexually free
And once in a while live on the wild side, kinky & nasty
Middle fingers up and say "Fuck the world"
Throw your hands up, they can't fuck with you girl
And my fellas, two time felons, two nine tote and lethal
Quick to leave you wide open, if you gettin' tore down
Blowin' a blunt cloud, and the DJ's makin' you feel
thugged out
Put yo hands up

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2] (Jungle)

I pull in a V12 drop all red
Look at ma with that cat paw tat on'er leg
Come here girl can I kiss you, let me lick you
Show you what your body made for, you're official
You could be my baby mama lookin like that
What you drink, champagne or Cognac
What you like dancin diamonds, Dolce Gabbana

Fendi, Louis Vuitton, Gucci and Prada
A nigga like Jungle to always come thru
Shine in yo hood whenever the fuck you want to
Cause I'ma B.R.A.V., E.H.E.A.R.T. from QB
Put'em up...

Repeat Chorus

Party all night (Party all night)
Let's drink, no fights (Let's drink, no fights)
Party all night (Whachu wan' do?)
Let's drink, no fights (Drink up...c'mon, yeah, yeah...)

[Verse 3] (Wiz)

I'm blaze, haze for days
Blackout thinkin' of ways to get paid
Mac out corner I got it's all laid
Shorty, with a nice round ass in my face
Now do she want me to touch her?
Or do she want me to see?
Fuck is she comin wit me
A true BHG Wiz, not complex
Chin checks if it get hectic
Nigga Braveheart respected
Get bent at the bar, talk shit, walk it
And if I can't talk it, the false big cop a case
I'm here to blaze, roll up a dutch and take it to the face
Throw yo hands up

Repeat Chorus 2X

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