

## **Bravehearts f/ Nashawn**

### **"Realize"**

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[Chorus]

We live like we got left for time  
Better get why  
But in the end will you be satisfied  
If your life  
We got to realize (gotta realize)  
Money, cars, niggaz, bars, clothes  
No tellin what you know 'bout us

[Nashawn]

Minked out fresh line  
Beam it out seat recline  
All these hood chicks admire my shine  
47 inch links, all kind of pieces  
Drugs scales remember the days of drug sells  
And now accountings send me checks in the mail  
And I ain't got time for no sell  
Diver Rims spinnin on a new CL  
Too much money gotta stay on the DL  
All these hoar hoes callin my cell  
Forward the calls to my voice mail  
Nashawn fortune pervail  
Got these bitches feelin me like a blind bitch'll feel brail  
I coped diamonds it ain't hard to tell  
For my shine have a lead fight my charm like the head  
light  
I know everythin that there is to know  
That you gotta know to blow  
We get that dough, holla is

[Chorus]

[Wiz]

Yo, I pick a brick up, the quicker picker upper  
Cook on ovens, pushin shoven, the hustler  
Early in the mornin, watch out for police  
The D's and decoys try to destroy me  
But I'mma...champ not a chump  
I move swifin turn the pistol on the punks  
But what will the jury say, think do  
I can't think of that, fuck it

I might as well run cool  
Through the projects like "Batman & Robin"  
Cops and robbers, but I'm liver  
Kill you and hide ya  
What could I do but be a project nigga  
That'll engine somethin quicker for figgaz  
I can't lie to you  
I realized how to survive and get money stay alive  
But all my niggaz be so quick down and die  
But all my thorough nigga know they can't take that  
money to th sky

[Chorus]

[Jungle]

Yo, we confronted Tupac smoked blunts wit Biggie  
Got love from Suge Knight, did the clubs wit Diddy  
I was just a lil kid when Nas from the Bridge  
He would bail me from jail, keep me free from bids  
Why play in the pool when I can surf in the ocean  
Livin that rich life I like that camotion  
The bitch wit the tities out, got a nigga open  
My jewelry be showin, heavy when we rollin  
Please don't bring yo girl around me  
One look at Jungle she hand me the pussy  
Just like a waitress servin my dinner  
My diamonds be drippin, she need a bread winner  
I burn C-notes hold 40 cal in plastics  
Put fashion in the Benz, fuck it if I rap it  
The money keep stackin in duffle bags and shit  
We came a long way, ma tell 'em how we live

[Chorus]

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