

## Nas F/ Braveheart's "Quiet Niggas"

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Where my real niggas at  
Theres a lot of real niggas out there  
Theres a lot of real niggas everywhere  
Thats why you don't fuck with just anybody  
A lot of niggas is just on the low, chillin  
Not botherin nobody, until one motha fucka fuck with  
em  
And then all hell break loose

Hook (2)  
Quiet niggas will kill  
Loud niggas talk shit  
Them be the ones that get killed  
It's wild where we walk kid  
Is you brave nigga  
Is you a slave nigga  
Is you a made nigga  
Or is you a paid nigga

Well known gangstas, in trust  
That we bust  
Your heart and soul lies with us  
Boldly go where we once took a nigga before  
Now the motha fucka beggin for more  
Its the reason  
Standin here shakin, hatin the haters  
They watchin my paper  
Realize, a 4 5 will open his eyes  
Now what the fuck you think he saw before he drop  
Nigga standin there just like a cop  
Braveheart I'm screamin up the block  
Now the soldier, cadet, general in fact  
Don't let me get up and show yawl motha fucka's  
respect  
Plans connect  
The twinkle and diamonds upon my neck  
More jazz than Hornecek  
I blast and leave your corner wet  
Straight on top of ya  
Spittin like the trench coat mafia  
In a school yard we make it hard

Was poppin yawl  
We made our change was stoppin yawl  
They spray your names rest in peace on the ??? wall

Hook (2)

I wave gang signs at the youth, thats down for the  
cause  
Cling them things in the ??? you betta get yours  
Time is runnin out  
Your streets is gettin smaller as we speak  
Juliani turns these lights on so niggas can't creep  
I miss the shit of days we did this  
Please free John Gotti  
They kept the black man eatin, not killin everybody  
Drug wars is real  
You have no friends in the outfield  
Foul balls is deaf, umpires keep ice grilles  
Theres no tomorrow its the bottom of the 9 9  
Can't die a broke man with a bitch thats fine  
My hearts full of braveness so who the fuck will want to  
save this  
Fallen angel from fallen star and chaos on this nation  
Don't play us on your station if you pussy or you hatin  
You can find us in the hood; thuggin and regulatin  
Don't play us on your station if you pussy or you hatin  
You can find us in the hood; thuggin and regulatin

Hook (2)

We here to eat food, my peoples, be lethal  
Shots in your body make you see through  
Quiet niggas become jail riot niggas  
25 to life, big never cry niggas  
Floss when they up north  
Chest gettin bigger  
Celebs on the V I respect that nigga  
Rege on the regular chops is up; like a editor  
Come through on man gang like the predator  
If yawl wake I'll wet it up  
Jungle set it up  
The jackal rock you to sleep while I'm comin at you  
Air out your area, Queens Bridge forever, what  
Ill will the label  
Bravehearts yawl scared of us

Yo when those niggas ran these niggas stayed  
With these niggas switched up and bitched up afraid  
These niggas clicked up and ripped up the gauge  
Those niggas got jail and sick cause we paid  
Don't even rep Q B

You ain't got hood stripes  
Looters come through catch you frontin  
And its good night  
Know how much force this is  
Juggle horse and whiz  
Notin but horses kid  
We go to war for this

Hook (3)

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