Realize

Bravehearts

[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 thorugh 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]