

Bravehearts

Yeah

Yeah

My beginnings was intense

Who'da thought I go legit

Fasho, yeah, yeah

We comin' blacker than Black Panther 2

Nobody this thorough, that's the truth

Never go against the family, that's something you don't do

Don't get Eddie Kane'd tryin' to sing your way back in the group (Nah)

Stars in the ceiling, God's Son in the building, rep that 7-1-8

It's hard to depart from that feeling, careful selling weight

The DA be watchin' you dealing

Get yourself straight

Before they find that paraphernalia

For those who claim a hundred million on taxes, beautiful actresses

Street dudes who turned activist, who used to move packages

Know Nas still here to remove the wall that our back against

Legitimize all your hustles before the gavel hit

It takes wakin' up early to face the moment debatin'

Should I save it or blow it, I mean, it's only some paper

None of my neighbors too nosy, the Joneses ownin' some acres

To be the greatest is lonely, but it chose me, I take it

Whatever the case may be

I'm outta space, O.D

NASA without the A at the end

Takeoff on three

What's the cost of a CD?

When 1500 plays is one sale

What's that to 1500 P's on one scale

For a starving artist trying to sneak out and reroute

Originality I seek out, let's clean house

To black homeowners, check it out

To black homeowners, take over and throw the lease out

This that movie reel, the Jordan Peele of this thing

Low-key, boss shit, pulling strings behind the scenes

On my soul, this for my kids, and the cold shit I done did

All them O's I tried to flip, who woulda thought I'd go legit? Yeah

And the cold shit I done did

Pretty girls who let me hit, who woulda thought I'd go legit? Yeah (Woo)

And the cold shit that you did

All them O's you tried to flip, who woulda thought you'd go legit? (Oh!)

Grown man business, Covid closed jail visits

Stoves still lit

Many still on the scales where the system failed my n\*\*\*\*\*

In the trial hearing, no bail, eye witness showed up, and snitches

I read Jesus' diary and ran and tell the streets

No, this ain't no hype, we in the belly of the beast

All they said was I would be a felon, be deceased

Instead I'm in Margiela and Loewe with the crease

The consummate, kill 'em all, call the bomb squad and the SWAT for this, uh

Got off the block for this, yeah

On my soul this for the kids, and the cold shit that I did  
Pretty girls who let me hit, it's only right I went legit? (Uh, 2 legit)  
And the cold shit I done did  
All them O's I tried to flip, who woulda thought I'd go legit? (Yeah, I do i  
t for y'all)  
And the cold shit that you did  
All them O's you tried to flip, who woulda thought you'd go legit? (Do it fo  
r y'all)

Yeah  
We was just chillin' on the sofa  
No job, no school  
Ghetto babies  
I was small time  
Small time to big time, you can do it too  
Go legit, yeah  
Believe in yourself  
Live the life you deserve  
That's how we do  
I ain't forget the roaches and mice  
I ain't forget all that