

# Nas, Zone Out

(feat. Bravehearts)

Braveheart for life

[sample - repeated 8x "Z-z-z-zone Out"]

So y'all wit me? Yea, What, Yea  
Why don't y'all blast on these niggas, man

Tuck in your chain put your watch in your pocket  
Here come the Braveheart straight out the projects  
We live the life where the blood spills  
Same thing that get you cash nigga, get you killed  
Warnin', Jungle always keep a gun on him  
Pull out, {\*shooting sound\*}, four head gone 'n  
Sloppy, droppin' you birds  
Close range so my bullets don't swerve, curve  
No bullshit  
Back in ya hand, find me  
Call Earl, death is the ways of the world  
Y'all made criminals  
Tryin' to wild out there so crack, bust guns at Bow Wow's age  
Fightin' in jail, lookin' for heaven, livin' in hell  
Fuckin' 'em hos, born to cope since I was 12  
Way too foul walk around all the time  
With a gray Mack 10 and a pocket full o' dimes

Braveheart to the graveyard, let's go niggas  
Scared straight, but FUCK them hos  
Keep it, dead serious  
Believe it don't believe us, until you see me creepin',  
Now you sleep with them fishes  
G-W-I-Z, so delicious  
To all them ghetto and solo bitches in 'burban districts  
I'm movin on passin' chumps, and very thoroughly promoted by God's Son  
And this is the military turn it up  
My uzi weighs a ton, your son less thump nah  
Heat talk feet walk you run uh  
Rat ta-tat, Hear them shots come  
Drop son, pull out  
You better send 'em back son, or feel that casket  
The peeps be like one (one)  
I'm movin on passin' chumps, and very thoroughly promoted by God's Son

G-O-D S-O-N I S-O-O-T-H-E a female's estrogen  
With my testosterone, male hormone  
Enough for a giant's body, science S-C-I-E-N-C-E  
Don't tempt me, EMS against you, me I'm just, invincible  
Like Mike Jack said, for me and Al Sharpton won't be Broke in Harlem  
That's that, who made this style, solo or X  
Are you TFO's doctor or Mobb Deep  
Whoever, I freaked it yes, so meet ya death  
I never wear Esco, I got a New Line comin' like cinemas  
Remember the, original, y'all still tryina show niggas are rich  
Town house niggas  
I'm six cribs deep, six bank accounts in six countries  
Na I'm lyin', who gives a fuck that's so tired  
While pictures of Bravehearts just livin' it up  
A million of us, each nigga inchin' a bus  
You got a house in Virginia  
The only way you sicker than us  
Gettin' bagged with .22's now you's a ridiculous fuck  
No need for the gun play, it's ok, 'cause you dyin' anyway

Yo, this is for them High school drop outs  
Niggas who copped out  
If you prefer shots over knockouts  
Sniffin' coke, smokin' weed  
Sellin' crack, sellin' smack  
You thuggin' it, you ain't turn it back  
Braveheart's gettin' money ruthless 'till the world end  
Gettin' high with my enemy's girlfriend  
I used to have a bike on a bench  
Now I got a jeep on this trip  
Coke in the pot, heat on my head

Nigga dont stop blazin' cuz ya target's movin'  
Shoot 'till the gun's empty stupid, Queens  
Niggas so ruthless, really excuses is  
Useless to these swift executioners  
And thats Queensbridge nigga, all day  
Pump packs o' crack, smoke purple haze  
Runnin from D's quickly knockout rookies  
G Wiz you know what I'm all about  
To all my real niggas

[sample - repeated until end "Z-z-z-zone Out"]