Affirmative Action

Princess Superstar

This is what, this what they want huh? This is what it's all about What? Time to take Affirmative Action son They just don't understand, you know I mean? Niggaz comin' sideways, thinkin' stuff is sweet man You know what I mean? Niggaz don't understand the four devils Lust, envy, hate, jealousy Wicked niggaz man Yo, sit back, relax, catchin' contacts, sip your cognac And let's all wash this money through this laundry mat Sneak attack, a new cat sit back, worth top dollar In fact, touch mines and I'll react like a Rottweiler Who pull the late, we play for high stakes at gunpoint Catch 'em and break, undress 'em, tie 'em with tape, no escape The Corleone, Fettucini Capone Roam in your own zone or get kidnapped and clapped in your dome We got it sewn, The Firm art of war is unknown Lower your tone, face it, homicide cases get blown Aristocrats, politickin' daily with diplomats See me I'm an official mack, Lex Coupe triple black Criminal thoughts in the blue Porsche, my destiny's to be the new boss That nigga Paulie gotta die too soft That nigga's dead on, a key heroin, they found his head on The couch with his dick in his mouth, I put the hit out Yo, the smoothest killer since Bugsy, bitches love me And Queens where my drugs be, I wear Guess jeans and rugbies Yo my people from Medina they will see you When you re up on your heater all your cream go between us Real shit, my Desert Eagle got a ill grip I chill with, niggaz that hit Dominican spots and steal bricks My red beam, made a dread scream and sprayed a Fed team Corleone be turnin' niggaz to fiends Yukons and ninja black Lexus, 'Mega the pretty boy With mafia connections it's The Firm nigga set it Yo, my mind is seein' through your design like blind fury I shine jewelry sippin' on crushed grapes, we lust papes And push cakes inside the casket at Just Wake It's sickenin', he just finished biddin' upstate

And now the projects, is talkin' that somebody gotta die shit It's logic, as long as it's nobody that's in my clique My man Smoke, know how to expand coke and Mr. Coffee Feds cost me two mill' to get the system off me "Life's a Bitch" but God forbid, the bitch divorce me I'll be flooded with ice so, hellfire can't scorch me Cuban cigars meetin' Foxy at Demars Movin' cars, your top papi Senor Escobar In the black Camaro Firm deep all my niggaz hail the blackest sparrow Wallabee's be the apparel Through the darkest tunnel, I got visions of multimillions In the biggest bundle, in the Lex pushed by my nigga Jungle He money bags got Moet, Sean Don Bundle of sixty-two, they ain't got a clue what we about to do My whole team we shittin' hard like Czar Sosa, Foxy Brown, Cormega and Escobar I keep a fat marquis piece, laced in all the illest snake skin Armani sweaters Carolina Hebrera Be The Firm baby, from BK to the 'Bridge My nigga Wiz, operation Firm Biz, so what the deal is I keep a phat jewel, sippin' Cristies Sittin' on top of fifty grand in the Nautica Van, uhh We stay incogni' like all them thug niggaz in Marcy The Gods, they praise Allah with visions of Gandhi Bet it on, my whole crew is Don Juan On Cayman Island with a case of Cristal and Papa Chula spoke Nigga with them Cubans that snort coke Raw though, an ounce mixed wit leak that's pure though Flippin' the bigger picture, the bigger nigga with the cheddar Was mad dripper, he had a fuckin' villa in Manilla We got to flee to Panama but wait it's half and half Keys is one and two-fifth, so how we flip Thirty-two grams raw, chop it in half, get sixteen, double it times three We got forty-eight, which mean a whole lot of cream Divide the profit by four, subtract it by eight We back to sixteen, now add the other two that 'Mega bringin' through So let's see, if we flip this other key Then that's more for me, mad coke and mad leak Plus a five hundred, cut in half is two-fifty Now triple that times three, we got three quarters of another KI The Firm baby, volume one, uhh

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