

Affirmative Action (ft. AZ, Cormega & Foxy Brown)

Nas

This is what, this what they want huh
This is what it's all about
Time to take Affirmative Action son
They just don't understand, you kna'mean
Niggas coming sideways thinking stuff is sweet man
Niggas don't understand the four devils; lust, envy, hate, jealousy
Wicked niggas, manYo sit back, relax, catch ya contact, sip your cog-ni-ac
And let's all wash this money through this laundry mat
Sneak attack a new cat sit back, worth top dollar
In fact touch mine's and I'll react like a Rottweiler
Who could relate, we play for high stakes at gunpoint
Catch em and break, undress em, tie em with tape no escape
The Corleone, fettuccine 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 blackCriminal thoughts in the blue Porsche, my destiny's to be
the new boss
That nigga Paulie gotta die, he too soft
That nigga's dead on, a key of her-oin
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 bring your heater all your cream go between us
Real shit, my Desert Eagle got a ill grip
I chill with niggas that hit Dominican spots and steal bricks
My red beam, made a dread scream and sprayed a Fed team
Corleone be turning niggas to fiends
Yukons and ninja black Lexus, Mega the pretty boy
With mafia connections it's The Firm nigga set itYo, my mind is seeing through your design like blind fury
I shine jewelry sipping on crushed grapes, we lust papas
And push cakes inside the casket at Just wake
It's sickening, he just finished bidding upstate
And now the projects is talking 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 in 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 hell fire can't scorch me
Cuban cigars meeting Foxy at the Mosque
Moving cars, your top papi SeÑor Escobar

Songwriters

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CRUZ, CORY MCKAY, JEAN CLAUDE OLIVIERPublished by

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