Affirmative Action

Nas

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 manYo, 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 RottweilerWho 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 domeWe 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 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 outYo, 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 usReal 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 fiendsYukons and ninja black Lexus, 'Mega the pretty boy
With mafia connections it's The Firm nigga set itYo, 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' upstateAnd 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 EscobarIn 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 multimillionsIn 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 CzarSosa, 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 'BridgeMy 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 MarcyThe 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 cokeRaw 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 halfKeys 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 eightWe 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-fiftyNow triple that times three, we got three quarters of another KI
The Firm baby, volume one, uhh

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