

Firm Fiasco (AZ, Foxy Brown, Nas)

The Firm

Verse One: Nas Escobar, AZ the VizulizaAs far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be in the Firm

I can remember when I first met Sosa, it was a glorious time

There were wise guys everywhere, we were around

Twenty one, twenty two at the time

Yeah every place we go, every party

People would stop and stare when we walked in

We would give the doorman a hundred dollars just for opening the door

Sosa would give the bartender two hundred dollars just for keeping

The ice cold, yeah we were legends and we still areTwo hundred fallen angels, we balling from every angle

Heavy bag gold, panamania changed angle

Let's tangle, tabernacles

Ill lukiens coming at you, fuck Parus

A billion years B.C., originally black Jews

Cashsews honey now roasted, let's kill the colprate

He owe us shit, toe toe toe with that four four bit

Fuck the hoe shit, mercury back tax ?birth? for me

Personally I existed when Earth was in need, indeed

Human lifeform transformed from light storms, poltrons

Electrons nuetrons, iced long

Nights long, repltilaians I'll see ya'll in the next millennium

What world are we really in, amphibians moved to the Caribbean

Underwater force, placed under the court of law

Usually sport Warlaw, my mind stay core raw

Fill of ambiants, love fine carats and cars that launch

Nonchalaunt, usually there are Jimmies up in the palms

Play low style, Guteians change my whole profile

Left the dope pile, bet the guard be around for awhile

Firm Islamic, hit the croner of the Earth just like a cometVerse Two: AZ the Vizuliza, Nas EscobarSee I like

Esco, he knew everybody and everybody knew him

He was the type of guy who routed for the bad guys in the movies

But heyDie for this Firm, live for this Firm

Niggas learn, never should come before your fam

From ki's to ported grams, these are corners in the blue van

E's upon on us, cause of warrants

While we smoke hash cheese enormous, stack cheese

Travel the world like Taurus, went half with Sosa for four bricks

Down in Camdon, we handlin' to D.C.

Chips on fights with China White's by they tight PP

Wanting PC but all they get is good dick or four clips

For loose lips, by the jungle flise
Suck the pearl tongue juices, off you fly misses
Take her out to the Spark's stakehouse, gentlemen style
Coincidental, family's here
Meet fem fatale, French connection
Persian wet don, let's get this "F" on
The Ebony queen, Fox you grab my left arm
Dre made a QB the conton, BK and so on
Family strong ??? Nature, make sure we all get this millionaire's paper
What a sweet site for sour eyes, may we rise
Hope for now on we never cross sides
Veres Three: Foxy Brown
You know what, most hoes would have left
these cats a long time ago
I mean if your man gave you a gun to hide, what would ya'll hoes do?
But you know, the shit kinda turned me on
Black Madonna, hoes kill for they popals
Never seen a bitch like this, queen misses
Rock BDS's on the left wrists, trick check this
Respect this, Firm's niggas lie knee deep in this bitch
want to need bitch and have my pussy bleed, swear for 'em
Fuck and take the chair for 'em, whoever dare cross us
The thoughts that thoughts across a bitch's minds, pops the nine
Leave 'em resting in peices, while my thorough bitches peep this
Death before decid-a, screw me on the dick-a
Lace me in Gabanna, peep dat
Think I'm flippin' on these three cats,
Set yo clown ass right up with my down ass
Bitch to hold the cash and G's, stash the guns for 'em
And the icedy E Berkee, breathe the the sun for 'em
Long dick style, swallow the enemies cum for 'em
Pretty ass hoe, bitches fuck 'em and I dumb on 'em
When Nas pop the Crist, Fox cops the fifth
Make my doe up for OZ's, now hoes that's real uh-hh

Songwriters

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