Affirmative Action

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 papes
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 SeÃ±or EscobarIn the black Camaro
Firm deep, all my niggas 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
E Money bags got Moet Chandon
Bundle of sixty-two, they ain't got a clue what we about to do
My whole team, we shitting hard like Czar: Sosa, Foxy Brown, Cormega and Escobar
I keep a fat marquess piece, laced in all the illest snake skin
Armani sweaters Carolina Herrera
Be The Firm baby, from BK to the Bridge
My nigga Wiz, operation Firm Biz, so what the deal is
I keep a phat jew-el, sippin Crist-ies
Sitting on top of fifty grand in the Nautica Van
We stay incogni' like all them thug niggas 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 Baba Shallah spoke
Nigga with them Cubans that snort coke, raw though
An ounce mixed with leak that's pure though
Flipping the bigger picture
The bigger nigga with the cheddar
Was mad dripper
He had a fucking 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 bringing 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

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