## **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 Señor 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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