

# Hardcore

## Foxy Brown & Nas

(Nas Escobar)

What?

That Firm shit, that Firm shit, what's that?

What?

That Firm shit, that Firm shit Everyday I'm a polli bout, who's the best hotty out?

And will they ever let Gotti out?

Am I real? Feel free to try me out

Guaranteed eternally, you signin' out

I only bang quarters, not a thing short of

than a dime, rhyme like a crime scene reporter

Thought shorty would lose but the game taught her

Hoodrat just like Thelma, James' daughter

Killer put you on, got you laced in Bucon

Bledest stone, where the place you call home?

(Foxy Brown)

Brooklyn girl, plotted then I took the world

You know the whole drill, Na Na so Ill

Make mills and escro, decimals

Cancoon, Mexico, X-and-O

Bracelets got all, along with gold

Now it's platinum rings, songs is sold

Hot from the jump-start, let the game spark

Thriller, will I shot to the top of the charts(Nas Escobar)

Head honcho, cat Esco

Push everything from the Coupe to the Fo'

Never love a ho, get my dick sucked

Smoke the chocolate, trick my chicks up

Pass all the ki's to mami, whip it up

Fox get the B's, Bonnie live it upChorus: (x2)

Your love, so good

You deserve some hardcore

(Nas) That Firm shit, that Firm shit(Foxy Brown)

FIRM, NIGGA WHAT? Get my twat licked

Never love a trick, get him for his chips

F\*\*k him and his dick, nigga where the six?

He actin' like a bitch, he should've known this

Got the stone the wrist, I ain't no bonin' this

Bomb ass shit, I could play with my shit(Nas Escobar)

Rap niggas, capitalise, stock figures

Cognac is that liquor  
Got me all numbed out, now I'm in the street with the guns out  
Niggas better take me home, 'fore I dumbs out  
Might f\*\*k around, lay somethin' down  
wit mad niggas out here to see that shit  
We that click, runnin shit up in New Yick  
all the way down to Hicktown, layin' it down(Foxy Brown)  
Fox be the classiest, the sassiest  
The clubs, all thugs grab my wrists, offer me Moselle Crist  
More of the shit to hold you with  
Keep hatin' I'ma fold your bitch  
Should've known to control that chick, hoes mad cos I roll the 6  
Doe full of ices, black Isis  
Side walk, my niggas stay f\*\*kin your girl  
The rest be, hoes in stretch jeans with red seams  
Take it from me, let a nigga dream  
Make em lick that, get the cat for his creamChorus (x2)(Foxy Brown)  
It's about time I reverse that  
Bitches learn game, rehearse that  
It ain't no love, ma remember that  
Ya hoes wanna slap while I got him on his back  
tryin to hurt that(Nas Escobar)  
Think you're grown, half the niggas sittin at home  
watchin the kids, while you're gettin' it on  
I'm too smart for that, caught you creepin  
Receipts in your Prada bag, sweets every weekend  
Spendin' my dough, I coulda spent that on hydro  
You ain't slick enough, think I don't know(Foxy Brown)  
Dumb ass, think I slept on your bum ass  
Knew the whole stee bout a chip like me  
Did it on G-P, let you eat me  
Couldn't freak me, I'm better off with TV

(Nas) That Firm shit, that Firm shitInterlude:Can't get enough, oooooh oooooh, oooooh ooooohooooh

(Nas) That Firm shit, that Firm shitChorus (x3)Interlude to fade

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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