

Letter to The Firm

Foxy Brown

[Chorus]

Uh, I mean damn

Me and you forever hand in hand

I'm married to The Firm boo, you got ta understand

I'll die for em, gimme a chair and then I'll fry for em

And if I got ta take the stand, I'ma lie for em

It's me and you, hand in hand

I'm married to The Firm boo, you got ta understand

I'll die for em, gimme a chair and then I'll fry for em

And if I got ta take the stand, I'ma lie for em Whattup Firm we got these niggaz cornered, so maintain

I got the drugs here, a good amounts the bed behind the back stairs

Like twenty grams plus the caravan

I left the keys by the safe, erase the phone and flip the license plate

Got all the phone calls tapes, and all the weights and ice

to get the dough and the guns, and then we straight

He had the block locked he knew the spot block

On some real web shit to get your spot knocked by killer cops

Tryin to get your sh~t rocked, he don't know, cause all along

We was plottin to drop on the low, he straight snitch

He don't know how it go, he saw Nas in all the Lex

Then a triple GS, foreala, I kinda think he got a

feeling I'm squealing me and Tone was on the phone

Probably thinkin we dealin this bug, make sure Un got all the guns

His man Son had the whole mob of arsons runnin through Parsons [Chorus] Check it peep the plot, so when I

beep him y'all be creepin

Cormega know the spot, diminish him, 'Mega finish him

We power, the whole team shinin through like Ma rule

Worse come to worse we got shorties layin on forty-first

They want The Firm som'in awful, to tax som'in

The way we style have a nigga tryin to blast som'in

I guess the way we politic em probably got the niggaz

I know they layin like "Damn, we got ta stick them niggaz"

In due time, they probably see the Apple sour

and once, we takin over, they'll realize The World is Ours

The faggot niggaz don't deserve bein CREAM

A bunch of snitches on the same team, tryin to reign supreme

Brooklyn Queens thing, we lionhearted never dear departed I mean

You're f~ckin with Scarlett O'Hara

Desert em like Sahara, shit you never heard The Firm strictly murderous

Gun is out punana, The Firm's First Lady organizer[Chorus]The General, soak time, my partner in crime, Nas
and 'Mega

Gon' cry together, sh~t get real, we gon' die together
I'm like whatever for my team through the cheddah
through the CREAM we gonna stay together, it's Doe or Die
Through the slanted eyes, I organize family style
Lady Godiva, forever Firm Fox Boogie never lonely
We were wed in Holy Matrimony, whatever
Whichever, however, uhh, Firm style[Chorus]

Songwriters

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