

Five Minutes to Flush (Intro)

The Firm

Five minutes to flush
They say they just wanna question me the interruption
4 in the morning they knocked and caught me fuckin'
Throw on something mad provocative play with the top lock
Buy me some time so I can hide the shit kinda quick
Move the guns clip the herb
They got me shook up plus my nut was disturbed
Hide the chocolate pickin' up shells form off the carpet
Baracaiding the door for war like a hostage
It's my crib, got my name on the lease
Can't explain niggas just get arraigned and released
But who snitched set me up, I think it's you bitch
Sacrificing my life for you two kids?
Truth is, I got a business to lose eyewitness news
Paper tellin' bitches to move, police turned this into a zoo
Mad reporters, I laugh as I'm sippin' my brew
They think they caught us
4 in the morning Feds are out at the door
What you gonna do?
What you gonna do when they come through for you?
Ooh, ee ooh, ee ooh, ee yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
4 minutes left
About a minute went by they knocked harder
My bitch went hysterical in shock
Slapped her to calm her, 4-4 cocked to armor
It's been a long day now I raid with jakes playin' in the hallway
It's senseless, enter my crib and can't prevent
this
Blockin' my entrance, trying to knock it off the hinges
Battering rams coming inches, my hoe was buggin'
Throw a fit throwin' puttin' coke in the oven
Like I'm Larry Davis the phone rang some D.A. bitch
"Nature turn yourself in" I didn't say shit
Knowin' in my heart I'm a stay rich
It's abusing, confusing them until they lose patience
Try to ease up, calm my nerves with the cheeba
Hoping the door doesn't fall before the keys flush
Thieves rush, plus the riot squad
No surrender no retreat shit's deep but times is hard
4 in the morning Feds are out at the door
What you gonna do?
What you gonna do when they come through for you?
Ooh, ee ooh, ee ooh, ee yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
4 minutes left
By the time they had busted in I had touched the cash
Just flushed the last hundred grams nigga sub-duct the math
They made me either that or let them take me
Still in my night clothes fake like I'm asleep
Spoke to my rat, heard him ask where the coke at
Predicate felon hope to never go back
They had surveillance aware of all dealings

Knew about bitches that liked to shoot and loot kept in ceilings
Searching my spot behind curtains stay cursing
Chief of police finally meet him in person
But I just flushed the yayo what could he say do
Trying to flip on me, once was on the payroll
Trying to lay low he can't find what he need
So instead I'm cuffed taken down for some weed
But it's just for a short say, I call the Firm then emerge
On the streets to return the next court day
4 in the morning Feds are out at the door
What you gonna do?
What you gonna do when they come through for you?
Ooh, ee ooh, ee ooh, ee yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
4 minutes left

Songwriters

YOUNG, ANDRE / FLETCHER, JOHN / HUTCHINS, JALIL / SMITH, LAWRENCE / BAXTER,
JERMAINE Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUB
GROUP, WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC INC, SILVER FOX MUSIC GROUP

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>