

## **Truth Hurts F/ Rakim**

### **"Affirmative Action"**

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Intro: AZ

This is what... this what they want huh?  
This is what it's all about..  
What? Time to take Affirmative Action son  
They just don't understand, youknowI mean?  
Niggaz comin sideways thinkin stuff is sweet man  
Yknahmean?  
Niggaz don't understand the four devils:  
Lust.. Envy.. Hate.. Jealousy  
Wicked niggaz man

[AZ the Visualiza]

Yo, sit back relax catchin contacts, sip your cog-nac  
And let's all wash this money through this laundry mat  
Sneak attack, a new cat sit back, worth top dollar  
In fact, touch mines, and I'll react like a Rottweiler  
Who pull the late, we play for high stakes at gunpoint  
Catch em and break, undress em tie em with tape, no  
escape  
The Corleone, fettucini 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 black

[Cormega]

Criminal 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 on your heater all your cream go  
between us

Real shit, my Desert Eagle got a ill grip  
I chill with, niggaz that hit Dominican spots and steal  
bricks  
My red beam, made a dread scream, and sprayed a  
Fed team  
Corleone be turnin niggaz to fiends  
Yukons and ninja black Lexus, 'Mega the pretty boy  
with mafia connections it's The Firm nigga set it

[Nas]

Yo, my mind is seein through your design like blind  
fury  
I shine jewelry sippin on crushed grapes, we lust papes  
and push cakes inside the casket at Just wake  
It's sickenin, he just finished biddin upstate  
And now the projects, is talkin 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, and 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 hellfire can't scorch me  
Cuban cigars meetin Foxy at Demars  
Movin cars, your top papi Senor Escobar

[Foxy Brown]

In the black Camaro  
Firm deep all my niggaz 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  
He money bags got Moet, Sean Don  
Bundle of sixty-two, they ain't got a clue what we about  
to do  
My whole team we shittin hard like Czar  
Sosa, Foxy Brown, Cormega, and Escobar  
I keep a fat marquis piece, laced in all the illest snake  
skin  
Armani sweaters Carolina Hebrera  
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  
Sittin on top of fifty grand in the Nautica Van, uhh!  
We stay incogni' like all them thug niggaz 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 Papa Chula  
spoke

Nigga with them Cubans that snort coke  
Raw though, an ounce mixed wit leak that's pure  
though  
Flippin the bigger picture, the bigger nigga with the  
cheddar  
Was mad dripper, he had a fuckin 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  
bringin 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 uhh..

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