

Corinne Bailey Rae

"La Familia"

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Cormega:

Ayo guns and roses sons and soldiers drug game
cocaine ac's and range rovers snakes plan a way to set
they own man up for grams when they bag up cristal
white at night pistols might lift you like heat seeking
missles streets tempt you police stop to get you 'cause
niggas you ran wit got knocked and snitched too ya
bitch knew time you faced you didn't hide the safe now
she's fuckin in your fly estate by the fireplace my shine
stay laced mind original Firm La Familia organized
criminals boy you just a hand to hand soldier im a
general one way ticket to hell is what im sendin you yo
you idiot rookie cops know my props go high like
himilayan mountains Mega bouncin in the a z3 countin
up g's wit no doubt son

Nas:

I'll die for my niggas stick you for pies and lie for my
niggas plead guilty hit the chair and fry for my niggas
it's essential that we all ????

We been through life cold blood living sinful though we
learn from old thugs who made it peeped how they
played it we rated and evaluated calculated the ages
we be the day we see chips freely beyond whips and
tv's stockbonds loot and flippin cd's but niggas hate to
see you on top they'd rather be you what not i keep the
desert eagle up on cock spot the snitch and he's got
quick why pop shit my niggas leave you shot quick in a
hop skip specialize in fly shit vs on my breath while
niggas gossip im on some dough or die shit

Foxy Brown:

Ill nana capo the Firm team gustapo 36 moves 37 ways
triple days triple pays nana Fox boogy Firm mama
kniver the lady kadaver or scarlet whichever o'hara the
hazardous we lace the lazerous drippin gambinana

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