

Firm "Throw Your Guns"

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Intro: AZ The Visualiza

Y'know, personally, I'm for the paper
As long as we all see doe
(Yo yo, big boys play for large sums) Yeah, uhuh
(Even bitches got their shit tight) Ha ha ha
Aight (If you're wit us throw your guns up, what the
fuck?
Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

Verse One: Half-A-Mil

You acquired the knowledge, my brainwaves cause
riots in college
Science scholar in this world of violence and dollars
Firm rappin god from the projects
It ain't hard, from medicate cars to platinum cars, my
click is that large
To get they dick licked and back massaged by rich
chicks
Who rock Versace bras in the drop, watchin the stars
Yo, the conquest is ours, mission accomplished, shittin
on Congress
Benz whipped with the 6, on this
8 trillion tonnes, when I appear reptilians run
>From affilions, willions ??? ???
Like Indians, your style's a dream, we pop Cristal and
drive Bentley's in
The same streets you can't get a penny in
All my real shootout niggas hear me when
Half-A-Mil shoot out with Bohemians, calicos spittin in
Niggas splittin in the same position they sittin in
What sentencin? We got too much Benjamins
We even got triple six I-E-M plastic currency with ???
Images *?of Quentin?* in, my niggas lay back
We use to pump a G, now we pump 100-K packs
Guns aimed at, destroy your whole world like *?K-mat?
*
What part of the game's that? The curse, my hot verse
is flame rap
Players got the game trapped, I be the king mack
All my bitches mine til they bring crack.....

Chorus: AZ

Yo yo, big boys play for large sums
Stack up, strategise, watch the cons come
It's all a game, even bitches got their shit tight
On the scene, 18, suckin dick right, and sip right
If you're wit us throw your guns up, what the fuck?
Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

Verse Two: AZ (aka Sosa)

What? From NY to New Orleans, we all fiends
Court scenes, flashbacks to kidnaps and fought CREAM
Guns bussin, stash house out in Flushing
Corruption, killer men-tal is foul adjustin
Cold nights, handled the streets my whole life
Back off ????? kikes, focus for niggas who lost sight
Travel thought wise, beyond light years, way across
skies
Short-i's, so many makin livin off lies
Anti up, hopin my new shorty don't stand me up
It had me stuck, after this session, I plan to fuck
Hot pursuit, a real splittin image of Pop Duke
Block lasoo's, paper player part of my roots
So what'cha grow, Shelley? I lit his game so sincerely
Really, most rap cats couldn't come near me
So it's either or Peter pay Paul, you and yours
Fools are frost, regulate life thru rules and laws.....

Chorus

Verse Three: Half-A-Mil

Firm official, 8-50 I, burnin pistol
Black Magnum P-I, mack V-I, willie hat
Half beehive, wise guy, '95 I
Look in my eye, praisin Allah, project aimin rod
Greatest star Agbar, pushin a hot car
Shark Bar, private engagement, live entertainment
I grab mics and I explain it
How I went from the brawns to the brainless
To the minds of the wise and the famous
Nigga's wives admire the guy's arrangers
Kick off their wedding rings to give head to the king
It's just a cheddar thing, amaretta, Armani leather
thing
We in to better things like wettin the brains
Jumpin outta stretches and minks, crime connected
with link
Up in the club buyin drinks, bitches eyein the spinks

Hustler haters hate us, my guns say "Fuck what they think"

Once I copped a Hummer this summer with a buttoned-up mink

Chorus

Outro: AZ the Visualiza

Bitches got their shit tight

If you're wit us throw your guns up, what the fuck?

Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

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