

## Chubs

### "The Firm Intro \*"

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\* actual song, not an intro or skit

Intro: Nas

Yo check this shit out, this is Escobar  
Out here chillin' with my nam, DJ Clue  
Ya know what I'm sayin'?, the boss of the bosses  
King of the tapes  
No doubt, Queens finest yaknawhamean  
The boss of the bosses and ya listening to DJ Clue  
Number one

uhhh, uh huh  
Uh huh, uhhh  
Ya'll cats ain't ready for The Firm  
Canivin' niggas, that's right  
Get the dough da da  
Uhh, uh huh  
Brooklyn shit

Verse One: Foxy Brown

All ya hoes wanna stop my chips  
Stare bitches down when I rock my whips  
Knowin' that you hate me on the low, pop block my dick  
Stick me for the ice on my whips  
Keeps the chrome fifths, make you so sick  
Ya'll hoes give me honestly, no choice but to chick  
'Ficially Firm, no extra shit  
No surprises, no diguises, no Fox's, lil' Nas's  
Strickly fam fam, AZ, 'Mega  
Na Na, Nas Esco forever  
While ya'll hoes is in a rage, ain't no tamin' ya'll  
Ya still a young bitch, and I'm shamin' ya'll  
Mad cause they know no click plain to ya'll  
And ya'll hoes is like "fuck me", the same to ya'll  
Ya really ain't got no time to play games wit' ya'll  
And if I feel like shittin' on ya'll, I'm namin' ya'll  
I'm soundin' kind of harsh, please ignore me  
Not to stop the rhyme flow - but ya'll mix tapes shorty  
(uh)

Nerve of ya'll hoes tryin' to gel me  
And uh, ya broke bitch what the fuck ya tryin' to tell  
me?

Chorus (Nas)

Where ya where ya where ya where ya where ya where  
ya  
Where ya...  
Where ya at nigga?

Verse Two: Nas

The boss of the bosses  
Rhymes in my mind like it's pearls and oysters  
Jewels, you dell, cause we bail in Porsches  
Of course it's, The Firm  
This court is ajurned, my thoughts is to burn  
Ya'll lil' Nas's, middle guys's, mouthin' off  
I want to speak to ya leaders, we roll to smoke Cheeber  
I shoot 'em in my two seater  
Yo he's the worst clown, the Jamie Foxx with his first  
album  
Verse rounds, if ya made it what it takes to stay paid  
I'm in the tre tre, double low, cause uh  
Guzzlin' Dom, twist on my 'dro, my drugs yo  
Glistenin' arm, rollin' platnuim, like my recrods  
My wallet be mad brollick, from Queensbridge projects  
To Hollies, stay real like calm stockings  
Hoes lovin' the dick, I smother my wrists  
To remind me of the days I was nuttin' like this  
I used to bust a nut on my fists, imagining  
It was some lip, suckin' my dick  
Now I'm handcuffin' my chicks, yours too  
Layin' back, gettin' the or-al  
In the back with the 4 too, zero  
Ya'll better respect black deniro, have ya crew grab for  
Mereo  
Of ya face with a halo, on ya building  
On ya block where ya stay yo, in ya career, niggas like  
"Remember him?" "yeah", niggas fucked with Esco  
The emporer, thought I might have passed ya Crist  
Yo a nigga pass you piss, made a raw move  
Now that nigga's ass is his', we The Firm baby boys  
Ya'll some Pacifists  
Kick the facts about real life and death situations  
Mack with real ice rings, breath tkin'  
See me floss with whores, double ways and doors  
The crew Pa Pa, Commishoner style and boo Za Za  
Gatherin' thoughts up inside the 12 bedroom casa  
Lit cigars on the way to see the Opera

Up in the balcony with the one lensed bin-ocular  
Black and white tuxes, black hustlers  
Fuck wit' us, Firm Business, let's discuss this....

Outro: Nas

Wha wha wha, The Firmilie  
L-E-S wha, wha wha wha  
Ha ha, ha ha ha ha  
Ha ha, Norie, ha ha  
QB, Brook-lyn, the Don  
We run New York  
Ya cock blockin', skinny ugly...fuckin'...  
Phoney lookin' bald headed, half way...afro ways havin'  
Phoney rhymin'...copy cattin' fake dick lickin' bitches  
What's the dealy? uhh

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