

# Cormega "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, youknowlmean?
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 betweeen us

Real shit, my Desert Eagle got a I'll 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

U-Conn's 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 key

The Firm baby, volume one uhh...

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