

## Cormega "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 didnt hide the safe now  
shes 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  
its 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 hes 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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