

Nas

"Affirmative Action - Featuring AZ, Foxy Brown And Cormega"

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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, you know I mean?

Niggaz comin' sideways thinkin' stuff is sweet, man
You know I mean?
Niggaz don't understand the four devils
Lust, envy, hate, jealousy
Wicked niggaz man

Yo, sit back relax catchin' contacts, sip your cognac
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

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 heroin, they found his
head on
The couch with his dick in his mouth, I put the hit out

Yo, the smoothest killer since Buggy, 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
between us

Real shit, my Desert Eagle got a ill 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

Yo, my mind is seein' through your design like blind fury

I shine jewelry sippi'n on crushed grapes, we lust papas

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

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 multi-millions

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 Herrera

Be The Firm baby, from BK to the 'Bridge

My nigga Wiz, operation Firm Biz, so what the deal is

I keep a phat jewel, sippin' Christies

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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