

## **Firm, The "Desperados"**

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Nas:

You ever dance with the devil under the pale  
moonlight.

Desperados. Travlin. What the fucks up son. We could  
do this word up we could this.

Chrous:

Spendin to many nights on the hyena gettin right  
Breakin big face bennies, bettin against the freindly  
dice

I can't call it, It's goin to good to spoil it  
Tell it like it is, the raw shanala we bough it  
To many nights on the hyena gettin right  
Breakin big face bennies, bettin against the freindly  
dice

I can't call it, It's goin to good to spoil it  
Tell it like it is, the raw shanala we bough it

Canibus:

At a thousand degree Celsius I make MCs melt  
Fuckin my record label I appear courtesy of my self  
Let me explain how I maintain thresh holes to pain  
I walk across the sun bearfoot lookin for shame  
I rearrange your rib cage like a 12 gauge at close  
range  
And change the poistion of your frame  
My hard raps penetrates through your hard hats and all  
that nigga  
Get ya wig pealed back  
I scalpe you like the Indians on horse back  
Running bull will hit you harder than running back  
Stunning man with brave and cunning rap  
Swiftly running laps around 48 tracks  
Like uncut crack you feines keep coming back  
Heads is flippin like acrobats on gym mats  
From wacks to antelope tapes to digital decks  
It's critacal black that Canibus is ill like that  
In fact perhaps you should quit rap  
Instead of always tryin ta dis fact  
And niggas keep tellin you that ya shits wack  
I rip rafts

Hardcore raps rushin you to the floor mat  
Put you in the figure fourth, breakin taw rats  
Jump of the top turn buckuler land on your back  
Til I hear it snaple, crakle, the ref says chill black  
You get clapped bringin the wrong raps to combat  
Like bringin a paint gun to a shoot out with real gats  
Ya'll niggas is wack, rappin over microphone feed back  
My intelligence begins where yours peaks at  
From Fox Boogie and the see through bras year  
The nasty Nas year  
My nigga Nature will explain further if it's not clear

Nas & Foxy Brown:  
Millionaire look at the sky  
Make sure its still there  
Ice grill stairs that my jewelry is in heavy year  
Pian Carden backin a dapa den dime  
Now flex, table rex, Fox rock Inklein

Nas(2x):  
Initiated to the firm shit  
Real thugs learn quick  
Sit back and feel the ultimate hit

Az:  
Go lock in  
Do the knowledge  
Follow the doctrun, we clockin  
On your air waves keepin it rockin  
Blaze up, lift fire, light your purple haz up  
Fix ya tire, bitch ass niggas they should be caged up  
So raise up fuck the playin  
I'm sick of layin  
I could split your spleen off of SK  
Sheels rickashean  
Snatched up in supreme court  
Eyes half shut  
Gold defeandant court of life sentence seem to crack  
up  
We act what, to real  
Bag two mil  
Nigga cool steal  
Bet I'll be home before the news will  
Blast fuse and leave purple frank matthews  
Perhaps you confuse the concept black, cash rules  
Inkier  
Another halmo deas involved  
Known frezze condo C's  
Seven keys dissolved  
Daily routine, speakin up fo niggas who sling  
Hand to hand on them street corners clamin you king

It's time to lock this  
Join with us, let your glock spick up through the toxic  
Only fake niggas drocsnitch  
Get your guns out it don't take much for me to dumn  
out  
Play one route, lay ya shit down and run south

Nature:

What's the cause of this shit  
More statistics, deeper than the laws of physics  
Malabu sand the gorgeous bitches  
Weed from 1-2-5, my whole crew live  
A true desperado, one that never choose sides  
And show sympathy  
Just QB, an annotate  
Stock exchange  
Top of the game  
Watch them mention me  
Image is nothin just obey your thirst  
I blaze the puple haze sit in the day then display your  
birth  
For those concern or just eager to learn I speak for the  
firm  
With a zone to the chubbier ta burn  
Stashin my richies past traditions  
Like Olympics pass the torch  
Flip shit so ya'll could picture my thoughts, I'm driftin  
It's tight ill wakin up lookin like filth  
Twenty years younger same hunger same ice grill  
Genetically form grade A petagrey  
Born on the crime rhymes a swift tounge  
Helta set it free  
Theoretically peep how we bless this  
Young and restless,  
Guns and westins learnin to connect through lessons  
From coop fees to camps, niggas shoot wack  
It's a proven fact, 97 mine ya'll niggas move back

Chorus

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