

Firm, The "Hardcore"

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What? That Firm shit, that Firm shit

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Everyday I'ma polli 'bout, who's the best hotty out?

And will they ever let Gotti out?

Am I real? Feel free to try me out

Guaranteed eternally, you signin' out

I only bang quarters, not a thing short of

Than a dime, rhyme like a crime scene reporter

Thought shorty would lose but the game taught her

Hoodrat just like Thelma, James's daughter

Killer put you on, got you laced in Bucon

Bledest stone, where the place you call home?

Brooklyn girl, plotted then I took the world

You know the whole drill, Na Na so ill

Make mills and escro, decimals

Cancoon, Mexico, X-and-O

Bracelets got all, along with gold

Now it's platinum rings, songs is sold

Hot from the jumpstart, let the gun spark

Thriller, will I shot to the top of the charts

Head honcho, cat Esco

Push everythin' from the Coupe to the Fo'
Never love a ho, get my dick sucked
Smoke the chocolate, trick my chicks up
Pass all the ki's to mami, whip it up
Fox get the B's, Bonnie live it up
Your love, so good
You deserve some hardcore
That Firm shit, that Firm shit
Your love, so good
You deserve some hardcore
That Firm shit, that Firm shit
Firm, nigga what? Get my twat licked
Never love a trick, get him for his chips
Fuck him and his dick, nigga where the six?
He actin' like a bitch, he should've known this
Got the stone the wrist, I ain't no bonin' this
Bomb ass shit, I could play with my shit
Rap niggas, capitalize, stock figures
Cognac is that liquor got me all numbed out
Now I'm in the street with the guns out
Niggas better take me home, 'fore I dumbs out
Might fuck around, lay somethin' down
Wit mad niggas out here to see that shit
We that click, runnin' shit up in New Yick
All the way down to Hicktown, layin' it down

Fox be the classiest, the sassiest

The clubs, all thugs grab my wrists, offer me moselle
Crist

More of the shit to hold you with, keep hatin' I'ma fold
your bitch

Should've known to control that chick, hoes mad, 'cos I
roll the six

Doe full of ices, black Isis

Sidewalk, my niggas stay fuckin' your girl

The rest be, hoes in stretch jeans with red seams

Take it from me, let a nigga dream

Make 'em lick that, get the cat for his cream

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It's about time I reverse that

Bitches learn game, rehearse that

It ain't no love, ma remember that

Ya hoes wanna slap while I got him on his back

Tryin', to hurt that

Think you're grown, half the niggas sittin' at home

Watchin' the kids, while you're gettin' it on

I'm too smart for that, caught you creepin'

Receipts in your Prada bag, sweets every weekend

Spendin' my doe, I coulda spent that on hydro

You ain't slick enough, think I don't know

Dumb ass, think I slept on your bum ass

Knew the whole stee 'bout a chip like me

Did it on G-P, let you eat me

Couldn't freak me, I'm better off with TV

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Can't get enough

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