

Firm, The "I'm Leaving"

Visit "[I'm Leaving](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, Nori know this and Nori know that
Yo but Nori know gat, why
'Cause Nori buck dat
Iraq'll make you famous
Throwing gang signs like it's sign language
Distinguish us from the others
Kidnap your baby, mothers
Bringing drama to the deep covers
Salute G, bust you down like a Lucie
Jose probably lay with a gold Uzi
Crunk Italy, Africa and Sicily
Niggaz acting sissy see
Pointing guns and missing me
Yo son, it's on son
Hey, yo, there's beef in the hood again
Niggaz came with hoods again
Thinking that it woulda been
Saw us from what we first did
When we did
Now we twist another wig, a mother lose another kid
But it's beef now, keep it short

Real brief now

Strike vigorous, no intentions of missing it

They sent the message or example, whatever

Set it up, man on man

Only to score we apply the plan

Quickly explain why you ran in this dark land

We lay you down in the sand

On the lines like the Internet

Many would come if you would pose off

Against my set, there ain't a nigga yet

Smoke so much, niggaz say I need nicarette

You say bogie but you used to say cigarette

Nine-oh, a new religion, a new beginning

I'm leaving

Baby, don't go

I know the block is hot

Boo, I'll watch your spot

I'm leaving, sweetie don't leave

I need you to stay with me, come on

Uh huh, uh, uh, uh huh, uh, uh

I'm leaving

Boo, I can't understand

And don't think that I'll be back again

It's like a bad dream and I can't wake up, mouth caked
up

Knowing these cats is fake fucks and it ain't right

With no love, them hugs ain't tight
Son we used to pop bottles and slugs the same night
Hey, yo, they left me
Right hand damaged and I ain't lefty
Couldn't bust when I's supposed to pull
What I'm supposed to do?
Lay down, watch these niggaz
Spray me or maybe
We strike accurate
Blaze them plus they ladies
I woulda never thought we'd ever get caught in this way
of life
Prosecution, if you violate a player's rights, say it twice
Nature soon to be engraved in ice
Hanging off my neck, glistens like it's framed in light
Niggaz call me Jose, shootin the Artie Clay
Benedict Arnold type, getting this rap loot
Still selling China White, either Allah or Christ
Married to marijuana, now my niggaz don't write
(Still ice, still living this life)
I'm leaving
Baby, don't go
I know the block is hot
Boo, I'll watch your spot
I'm leaving, sweetie don't leave
I need you to stay with me, come on

Uh huh, uh, uh, uh huh, uh, uh

I'm leaving

Boo, I can't understand

And don't think that I'll be back again

You got the nerve to say that Nature's slipping?

The greatest vision, bald-head kid

Cartier frames, the latest Pippens

Doggystyle was my favorite position

Until I switched it, dead shit, got on some head shit

Headed in the wrong direction up in the Sheraton

QB to LA, still puffing my medicine

For those lost in the streets up north or deceased

For those struggling, unfortunate to eat

I dedicate this, tell me right now how do you rate this?

Whatever happened to the mule and the 40 acres

It's outrageous, the way the God finesse the basics

Invasion, me and Noreaga Firm made men

Visit [Firm, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.