

Firm, The "La Familia"

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CORMEGA: Ayo guns and roses,
sons and soldiers, drug game,
cocaine, Acs and Range Rovers.
Snakes plan a way to set they own man up for grams
when they bag up crystal white at night,
pistols might lift you like heat seeking missiles,
streets tempt you, police out to get you,
cuz niggas you ran wit got knocked and snitched too,
your bitch knew, time you face,
you didn't hide the safe, now she fuckin in your fly
estate, by the fireplace, my shine stay lace,
mine's original. Firm la familia,
organized criminals boy, you just a hand to hand
soldier,
I'm a general, one way ticket to hell is what i'm sending
you, yo you idiot rookie cops know my props go high,
like Himalayan mountain, Mega bouncing in a Z3,
counting up Gs wit no doubt don.

NAS: I die for my niggas, stick you for pies and lie
for my niggas, plead guilty,
get the chair, then fry for my niggas,
its essential that we all ?
azay a like it? mental, we been through life,
cold blood living sinful, though we learned from old
thugs that made it, peeped how they played it,
we rated then evaluated, calculated,
ages we be, the days that we see,
chips freely, beyonds whips and tvs,
stock bonds, loot flip the cd,
but niggas hate to see you on top,
they'd rather be you whatnot,
i keep the desert eagle chrome cocked,
spot the figure thinking he's got quick,
why pop shit, my niggas leave you shot quick in a hop
skip, specialize in fly shit,
BS on my breath while niggas gossip on the dostic,
i'm on some doe or die shit.

AZ: Yo Na Na capo, the firm team Gestapo,
36 moves, 37 ways, triple days,

triple pays, Na Na, Fox boogy firm mama,
kniver, the lady Gadiva, or Scarlett,
whichever, O'hara, the hazardous,
we lace the lazarus, dripping Gambinana,
behind the line of, 3 na nas,
from head to toe laced up in Gabana,
with Sosa chick, the 4.6 Range Rover to Villanova,
from Castellano to Colombo,
Foxy Brown by by, beyond figures boo i die for my
nigga's
Roley, the firm control thee,
they chop keys to clock Gs, rock Crockeys, and drop
3s, and cop 3s.

AZ: Check my lingo, and all the white ice that make
my rings glow, i've seen doe, got a dime wife from
San Damingo, face it it's mathematics,
basics, far from fake shit,
my mind is sacred, my spins shine like a cuban
bracelet,
egyptian pharaoh, potent ganja used to get me paro,
now i inhale from gunshots through my double barrel,
beneath the ground is how the sound travel,
so what have you, keep your mind spread,
don't stop until they grab you,
used to bust guns, now its just stocks and trust funds,
Gs and CDs, sow my seed, cuz she'll touch some,
the foulness i once provoked is now behind me,
its gonna take more than selling coke now to bind me,
you had me thinkin, i gotta kill to keep from sinkin,
that cunni? way of life, that keep live niggas from
Lincoln, i saw it coming, thats why i slowed down from
dumbin, most of my crew was runnin, can't even afford
a summons.

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