

## **The Firm**

### **"Five Minutes To Flush"**

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Five minutes to flush

They say they just wanna question me the interruption  
4 in the morning they knocked and caught me fuckin'  
Throw on something mad provocative play with the top  
lock  
Buy me some time so I can hide the shit kinda quick

Move the guns clip the herb  
They got me shook up plus my nut was disturbed  
Hide the chocolate pickin' up shells form off the carpet  
Baracaiding the door for war like a hostage

It's my crib, got my name on the lease  
Can't explain niggas just get arraigned and released  
But who snitched set me up, I think it's you bitch  
Sacrificing my life for you two kids?

Truth is, I got a business to lose eyewitness news  
Paper tellin' bitches to move, police turned this into a  
zoo  
Mad reporters, I laugh as I'm sippin' my brew  
They think they caught us

4 in the morning Feds are out at the door  
What you gonna do?  
What you gonna do when they come through for you?  
Ooh, ee ooh, ee ooh, ee yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
4 minutes left

About a minute went by they knocked harder  
My bitch went hysterical in shock  
Slapped her to calm her, 4-4 cocked to armor  
It's been a long day now I raid with jakes playin' in the  
hallway

It's senseless, enter my crib and can't prevent this  
Blockin' my entrance, trying to knock it off the hinges  
Battering rams coming inches, my hoe was buggin'  
Throw a fit throwin' puttin' coke in the oven

Like I'm Larry Davis the phone rang some D.A. bitch

"Nature turn yourself in" I didn't say shit  
Knowin' in my heart I'm a stay rich  
It's abusing, confusing them until they lose patience

Try to ease up, calm my nerves with the cheeba  
Hoping the door doesn't fall before the keys flush  
Thieves rush, plus the riot squad  
No surrender no retreat shit's deep but times is hard

4 in the morning Feds are out at the door  
What you gonna do?  
What you gonna do when they come through for you?  
Ooh, ee ooh, ee ooh, ee yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
4 minutes left

By the time they had busted in I had touched the cash  
Just flushed the last hundred grams nigga sub-duct the  
math  
They made me either that or let them take me  
Still in my night clothes fake like I'm asleep

Spoke to my rat, heard him ask where the coke at  
Predicate felon hope to never go back  
They had surveillance aware of all dealings  
Knew about bitches that liked to shoot and loot kept in  
ceilings

Searching my spot behind curtains stay cursing  
Chief of police finally meet him in person  
But I just flushed the yayo what could he say do  
Trying to flip on me, once was on the payroll

Trying to lay low he can't find what he need  
So instead I'm cuffed taken down for some weed  
But it's just for a short say, I call the Firm then emerge  
On the streets to return the next court day

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Ooh, ee ooh, ee ooh, ee yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
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