

## The Firm "Hardcore - Nas"

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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  
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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  
That Firm shit, that Firm shit

Can't get enough  
That Firm shit, that Firm shit

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