

The Firm

"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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