

The Firm

"The Firm Intro *"

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* actual song, not an intro or skit

Intro: Nas

Yo check this shit out, this is Escobar
Out here chillin' with my nam, DJ Clue
Ya know what I'm sayin'?, the boss of the bosses
King of the tapes
No doubt, Queens finest yaknawhamean
The boss of the bosses and ya listening to DJ Clue
Number one

uhhh, uh huh
Uh huh, uhhh
Ya'll cats ain't ready for The Firm
Canivin' niggas, that's right
Get the dough da da
Uhh, uh huh
Brooklyn shit

Verse One: Foxy Brown

All ya hoes wanna stop my chips
Stare bitches down when I rock my whips
Knowin' that you hate me on the low, pop block my dick
Stick me for the ice on my whips
Keeps the chrome fifths, make you so sick
Ya'll hoes give me honestly, no choice but to chick
'Ficially Firm, no extra shit
No surprises, no diguises, no Fox's, lil' Nas's
Strickly fam fam, AZ, 'Mega
Na Na, Nas Esco forever
While ya'll hoes is in a rage, ain't no tamin' ya'll
Ya still a young bitch, and I'm shamin' ya'll
Mad cause they know no click plain to ya'll
And ya'll hoes is like "fuck me", the same to ya'll
Ya really ain't got no time to play games wit' ya'll
And if I feel like shittin' on ya'll, I'm namin' ya'll
I'm soundin' kind of harsh, please ignore me
Not to stop the rhyme flow - but ya'll mix tapes shorty
(uh)
Nerve of ya'll hoes tryin' to gel me

And uh, ya broke bitch what the fuck ya tryin' to tell me?

Chorus (Nas)

Where ya where ya where ya where ya where
ya
Where ya...
Where ya at nigga?

Verse Two: Nas

The boss of the bosses
Rhymes in my mind like it's pearls and oysters
Jewels, you dell, cause we bail in Porsches
Of course it's, The Firm
This court is ajurned, my thoughts is to burn
Ya'll lil' Nas's, middle guys's, mouthin' off
I want to speak to ya leaders, we roll to smoke Cheeber
I shoot 'em in my two seater
Yo he's the worst clown, the Jamie Foxx with his first
album
Verse rounds, if ya made it what it takes to stay paid
I'm in the tre tre, double low, cause uh
Guzzlin' Dom, twist on my 'dro, my drugs yo
Glistenin' arm, rollin' platnuim, like my recrods
My wallet be mad brollick, from Queensbridge projects
To Hollies, stay real like calm stockings
Hoes lovin' the dick, I smother my wrists
To remind me of the days I was nuttin' like this
I used to bust a nut on my fists, imagining
It was some lip, suckin' my dick
Now I'm handcuffin' my chicks, yours too
Layin' back, gettin' the or-al
In the back with the 4 too, zero
Ya'll better respect black deniro, have ya crew grab for
Mereo
Of ya face with a halo, on ya building
On ya block where ya stay yo, in ya career, niggas like
"Remember him?" "yeah", niggas fucked with Esco
The emporer, thought I might have passed ya Crist
Yo a nigga pass you piss, made a raw move
Now that nigga's ass is his', we The Firm baby boys
Ya'll some Pacifists
Kick the facts about real life and death situations
Mack with real ice rings, breath tkin'
See me floss with whores, double ways and doors
The crew Pa Pa, Commishoner style and boo Za Za
Gatherin' thoughts up inside the 12 bedroom casa
Lit cigars on the way to see the Opera
Up in the balcony with the one lensed bin-acular

Black and white tuxes, black hustlers
Fuck wit' us, Firm Business, let's discuss this....

Outro: Nas

Wha wha wha, The Firmilie
L-E-S wha, wha wha wha
Ha ha, ha ha ha ha
Ha ha, Norie, ha ha
QB, Brook-lyn, the Don
We run New York
Ya cock blockin', skinny ugly...fuckin'...
Phoney lookin' bald headed, half way...afro ways havin'
Phoney rhymin'...copy cattin' fake dick lickin' bitches
What's the dealy? uhh

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