

LiL Italy F/ Master P

"Firm Fiasco"

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Verse One: Nas Escobar, AZ the Vizuliza

As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be in
the Firm

I can remember when I first met Sosa, it was a glorious
time

There were wise guys everywhere, we were around

Twenty one, twenty two at the time

Yeah every place we go, every party

People would stop and stare when we walked in

We would give the doorman a hundred dollars just for
opening the door

Sosa would give the bartender two hundred dollars just
for keeping

The ice cold, yeah we were legends and we still are

Two hundred fallen angels, we balling from every
angle

Heavy bag gold, panamania changed angle

Let's tangle, tabernacles

Ill lukiens coming at you, fuck Parus

A billion years B.C., originally black Jews

Cashsews honey now roasted, let's kill the colprate

He owe us shit, toe toe toe with that four four bit

Fuck the hoe shit, mercury back tax ?birth? for me

Personally I existed when Earth was in need, indeed

Human lifeform transformed from light storms,
poltrons

Electrons nuetrons, iced long

Nights long, repltilaians I'll see ya'll in the next
millenium

What world are we really in, amphibians moved to the
Carribean

Underwater force, placed under the court of law

Usually sport Warlaw, my mind stay core raw

Fill of ambiants, love fine carats and cars that launch

Nonchalaunt, usually there are Jimmies up in the palms

Play low style, Guteians change my whole profile

Left the dope pile, bet the guard be around for awhile

Firm Islamic, hit the croner of the Earth just like a
comet

Verse Two: AZ the Vizuliza, Nas Escobar

See I like Esco, he knew everybody and everybody
knew him
He was the type of guy who routed for the bad guys in
the movies
But hey

Die for this Firm, live for this Firm
Niggas learn, never should come before your fam
From ki's to ported grams, these are corners in the
blue van
E's upon on us, cause of warrants
While we smoke hash cheese enormous, stack cheese
Travel the world like Taurus, went half with Sosa for
four bricks
Down in Camdon, we handlin' to D.C.
Chips on fights with China White's by they tight PP
Wanting PC but all they get is good dick or four clips
For loose lips, by the jungle flise
Suck the pearl tongue juices, off you fly misses
Take her out to the Spark's stakehouse, gentelmen
style
Coincidental, family's here
Meet fem fatale, French connection
Persian wet don, let's get this "F" on
The Ebony queen, Fox you grab my left arm
Dre made a QB the conton, BK and so on
Family strong ???? Nature, make sure we all get this
millionaire's paper
What a sweet site for sour eyes, may we rise
Hope for now on we never cross sides

Veres Three: Foxy Brown

You know what, most hoes would have left these cats a
long time ago
I mean if your man gave you a gun to hide, what would
ya'll hoes do?
But you know, the shit kinda turned me on

Black Madonna, hoes kill for they popals
Never seen a bitch like this, queen misses
Rock BDS's on the left wrists, trick check this
Respect this, Firm's niggas lie knee deep in this bitch
Wanna need bitch and have my pussy bleed, swear for
'em
Fuck and take the chair for 'em, whoever dare cross us
The thoughts that thoughts across a bitch's minds,
pops the nine

Leave 'em resting in peices, while my thorough bitches
peep this
Death before decid-a, screw me on the dick-a
Lace me in Gabanna, peep dat
Think I'm flippin' on these three cats,
Set yo clown ass right up with my down ass
Bitch to hold the cash and G's, stash the guns for 'em
And the icedy E Berkee, breathe the the sun for 'em
Long dick style, swallow the enemies cum for 'em
Pretty ass hoe, bitches fuck 'em and I dumb on 'em
When Nas pop the Crist, Fox cops the fifth
Make my doe up for OZ's, now hoes that's real uh-hh

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