

Missy Elliott F/ B.G., Juvenile

"Firm Freestyle"

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(Foxy) uh, uh huh, huh y'all cats ain't ready for the firm

uh, dats right, uh, uh huh, brooklyn shit

[Foxy Brown]

All y'all hoes wanna stop my chips

Stare a bitch down when I rock my whips(UH!)

Knowin that you hate me on the low, cock glock by
dicks

Stick me for the ice on my wrists

Keeps the chorme fifth, make you so sick

Y'all hoes give me honostly no choice but to shit

'Ficially Firm, no extra shit, no supprises

No disguses, no Foxes, lil Nases

Stictly Fan Fam, AZ, Mega, Na Na, Nas Esco for eva

When y'all hoes is in the range ain't no tame to y'all

I'm still a young bitch and i'm ashamed of y'all

Mad cuz they know no clique claimed to y'all

And y'all hoes is like fuck me, the same to y'all (thats
right)

And I really got no time to play no games with y'all

And if I feel like shittin on y'all, I'm namin y'all (UH!)

If I'm soundin kinda harsh, please ignore me

Not to stop ya rhyme flow, but ya'll makes takes shorty

The nerve of y'all hoes tryna gail me

And Uhhhh, ya broke bitch, what the fuck ya tryna stale
me

(Nas) where ya 4X(singing) where ya at nigga?

[Nas]

Lost to the bosses

Rhymes in my mind like these pearls and oysters

Jew-els you deal because we bail in porches

Of course its the firm, this court is ajourned

My thoughts is to burned y'all little nases

Middle guises mouthin off I wanna speak to y'all

leaders, you bump and smoke cheeba

I shoot em in my two seat-a

Yo you's the worst clown

The Jamie Fox with his first down, first rounds

If ya made it when it takes to stay paid

I'm in the trade trade in the double-o kuzzle
Guzzelin don twist on my dro my drugs yo
Glistenin um... rollie platinum like my records
My wallet be mad brolick
From Queen Bride Projects, the hottest

Still real from palm sockets
Hoes lovin the dick, I'll smuggle my wrist
To remind me of the days when it was nothing like this
I used to bust a nut on my fist, imaginin it was some
lips, sucking my dick
Now I'm handcuffin my chicks, and yours too
Layin back gettin the all woo, In the back of the four-
two-zero
Y'all better respect black DeNiro
Have ya crew graph a miro, of ya face with a halo
On your building on your block where you stay low
End your career, niggas like remember him, yeah
Nigga fucked with Esco, the emperor
Thought I might have passed you cris
Yo a nigga passed you pissed
Made the wrong move, now the nigga ass is His
We the firm baby boys, y'all surpass to this
Keep the facts about real life and death situations
Mack with real ice, rings, his breath taken
See me floss with whores, jumpin ways and doors
The crew papa commisioned out and clue(?) zada(?)
Gatherin thoughts up in the 12 bed room casa
The cigars on the way to see the opera
Up in the balcony with the wineians binocular
Black and white tuxes, black hustlers
Fuck with us, firm buisness we'll discuss this

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