

## **Missy Elliott F/ B.G., Juvenile**

### **"Hardcore"**

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[Nas Escobar]

What?

That Firm shit, that Firm shit, what's that?

What?

That Firm shit, that Firm shit

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' daughter

Killer put you on, got you laced in Bucon

Bledest stone, where the place you call home?

[Foxy Brown]

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 game spark

Thriller, will I shot to the top of the charts

[Nas Escobar]

Head honcho, cat Esco

Push everything 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

Chorus: (x2)

Your love, so good

You deserve some hardcore

[Nas] That Firm shit, that Firm shit

[Foxy Brown]

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

[Nas Escobar]

Rap niggas, capitalise, 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

[Foxy Brown]

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 6  
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

Chorus (x2)

[Foxy Brown]

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

[Nas Escobar]

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

[Foxy Brown]

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  
[Nas] That Firm shit, that Firm shit

Interlude:

Can't get enough, ooooooh ooooooh, ooooooh  
oooohoooooh  
[Nas] That Firm shit, that Firm shit

Chorus (x3)

Interlude to fade

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