

(Holy Matrimony) Letter From The Firm

Foxy Brown

Uhh, I mean damn
Me and you forever hand in hand
I'm married to The Firm boo, you got ta understand (understand)
I'll die for em, gimme a chair and then I'll fry for em (fry for em)
And if I got ta take the stand, I'ma lie for em (lie for em)
It's me and you, hand in hand (forever)
I'm married to The Firm boo, you got ta understand (that be we)
I'll die for em, gimme a chair and then I'll fry for em (fry for em)
And if I got ta take the stand, I'ma lie for em (uhh, suga)

Whattup Firm we got these niggaz cornered, so maintain
I got the drugs here, a good amounts the bed behind the back stairs
Like twenty grams plus the caravan
I left the keys by the safe, erase the phone and flip the license plate
Got all the phone calls tapes, and all the weights and ice
to get the dough and the guns, and then we straight
He had the block locked he knew the spot block
On some real web shit to get your spot knocked by killer cops
Tryin to get your shit rocked, he don't know, cause all along
We was plottin to drop on the low, he straight snitch
He don't know how it go, he saw Nas in all the Lex
Then a triple GS, foreala, I kinda think he got a
feeling I'm squealing me and Tone was on the phone
Probably thinkin we dealin this bug, make sure Un got all the guns
His man Son had the whole mob of arsons
runnin through Parsons

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And if I got ta take the stand, I'ma lie for em (lie for em)
It's me and you, hand in hand (hand in hand)
I'm married to The Firm boo, you got ta understand (forever we)
I'll die for him, gimme a chair and then I'll fry for em (Nas, AZ)
And if I got ta take the stand, I'ma lie for em

Check it peep the plot, so when I beep him y'all be creepin
Cormega know the spot, diminish him, 'Mega finish him
We power, the whole team shinin through like Ma rule
Worse come to worse we got shorties layin on forty-first
They want The Firm som'in awful, to tax som'in
The way we style have a nigga tryin to blast som'in
I guess the way we politic em probably got the niggaz
I know they layin like "Dunn, we got ta stick them niggaz"
In due time, they probably see the Apple sour
and once, we takin over, they'll realize The World is Ours
The faggot niggaz don't deserve bein CREAM
A bunch of snitches on the same team, tryin to reign supreme
Brooklyn Queens thing, we lionhearted never dear departed I mean
You're fuckin with Scarlett O'Hara
Desert em like Sahara, shit you never heard The Firm strictly murderous
Gun is out punana, The Firm's First Lady organizer

G'damn, me and you forever, hand in hand
I'm married to The Firm boo, you got ta understand
I'll die for em, gimme a chair and then I'll fry for em
And if I got ta take the stand, I'ma lie for em

It's me and you, hand in hand
I'm married to The Firm boo, you gots ta understand
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The General, soak time, my partner in crime, Nas and 'Mega
Gon' cry together, shit get real, we gon' die together
I'm like whatever for my team through the cheddah
through the CREAM we gonna stay together, it's Doe or Die
Through the slanted eyes, I organize family style
Lady Godiva, forever Firm Fox Boogie never lonely
We were wed in Holy Matrimony, whatever
Whichever, however, uhh, Firm style

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[repeat to fade]