

# Executive Decisions

## The Firm

Diamond cut vocals carved sculptures, gats and hosters  
Macks and four fifths Two plagued verocious  
We smoked spliffs when the drolls lit, hoes get hit  
Have them blow dick, blow the whole click

Jeeps Tahoe, shoes be Salvatore Feragamo  
Catch a ammo, guess long like Motumbo  
From a land of heart, rap phantom stalk y'all  
While we bent a pork off a raw torch y'all

The God sports all dejour for all wear  
Push the Range all year, vision of war near  
I laid out for y'all in money and ice  
That's how I'm running your wife

Stay ripen at ripe  
Clip in your life down to pipe size  
Firm slice pies  
Couple of trife guys in tinted up white five's

Who's the first to set it at time my first pathetic  
Nature one of The Firm, our work's phonetic  
As seven digits, first class trips for summer never is it  
Outlaw remain pessimistic

Used to jostle in hostile environments  
Buying whips  
Cheating like fiver ricks requirements  
Psychics predict that I'll be dying rich

Until then catch me, chilling, flying in a giant six  
On some next shit  
Went from humble now to hectic  
Reminiscing when they use to call me desperate

Minor drawbacks  
I had to learn not to fuck with small cats  
In fake Cadier and straw hats  
Sic 'em on the mix tape

They think they're all that but just spread it through  
Never sound unreasonable, son  
Whatever the cause, I know it pleasurable  
Fought your way in the game, the wait is seasonable

We keep going on, we're gonna get this money  
(Take money, money, take, take money, money)  
(Take money, take, take money, money)  
We just play our part, we're gonna make this money  
(Make money, money, make, make money, money)  
(Make money, money, make, make money)

Show me the orbit, stock bonds, I own corporates  
Rock the law shift, filthy rich, we caught the coach smiths  
You must have lost sense, my whole firm, we walk with offense  
I push a Porsche bent, fuck your main bitch at your expense

Laws intense hivalates, death throughout the tri-state  
Who lie evade a '98 Lex in wide plate  
Well modernized, wide body cup with foreign eyes  
You far behind, I rock the reptiles

And steal a Karl Kani's, guard your eyes  
Mystical movements hard to size, we harmonize  
And to, it's the force that's way beyond the skies  
Love position, parlaying, duck and truck evictions

Thug intentions every few months, off this mission  
Its principles master my square  
No identical expansible  
I figure you wise and play it sensible

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