

## Firm Freestyle

## The Firm

Uh, uh huh, huh y'all cats ain't ready for the firm

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

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 disguises, 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  
where ya where ya at nigga?

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