

Hardcore

The Firm

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?

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

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

Your love, so good

You deserve some hardcore

That Firm shit, that Firm shit

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

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

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

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

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

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
That Firm shit, that Firm shit

Can't get enough, oooooh oooooh, oooooh ooooohooooh
That Firm shit, that Firm shit