

I'm Leaving

The Firm

Yo, Nori know this and Nori know that
Yo but Nori know gat, why
'Cause Nori buck dat
Iraq'll make you famous

Throwing gang signs like it's sign language
Distinguish us from the others
Kidnap your baby, mothers
Bringing drama to the deep covers

Salute G, bust you down like a Lucie
Jose probably lay with a gold Uzi
Crunk Italy, Africa and Sicily
Niggaz acting sissy see

Pointing guns and missing me
Yo son, it's on son
Hey, yo, there's beef in the hood again
Niggaz came with hoods again

Thinking that it woulda been
Saw us from what we first did
When we did
Now we twist another wig, a mother lose another kid

But it's beef now, keep it short
Real brief now
Strike vigorous, no intentions of missing it
They sent the message or example, whatever

Set it up, man on man
Only to score we apply the plan
Quickly explain why you ran in this dark land
We lay you down in the sand

On the lines like the Internet
Many would come if you would pose off
Against my set, there ain't a nigga yet
Smoke so much, niggaz say I need nicarette
You say bogie but you used to say cigarette
Nine-oh, a new religion, a new beginning

I'm leaving
Baby, don't go
I know the block is hot
Boo, I'll watch your spot

I'm leaving, sweetie don't leave
I need you to stay with me, come on
Uh huh, uh, uh, uh huh, uh, uh

I'm leaving
Boo, I can't understand
And don't think that I'll be back again

It's like a bad dream and I can't wake up, mouth caked up
Knowing these cats is fake fucks and it ain't right

With no love, them hugs ain't tight
Son we used to pop bottles and slugs the same night

Hey, yo, they left me
Right hand damaged and I ain't lefty
Couldn't bust when I's supposed to pull
What I'm supposed to do?

Lay down, watch these niggaz
Spray me or maybe
We strike accurate
Blaze them plus they ladies

I woulda never thought we'd ever get caught in this way of life
Prosecution, if you violate a player's rights, say it twice
Nature soon to be engraved in ice
Hanging off my neck, glistens like it's framed in light

Niggaz call me Jose, shootin the Artie Clay
Benedict Arnold type, getting this rap loot
Still selling China White, either Allah or Christ
Married to marijuana, now my niggaz don't write
(Still ice, still living this life)

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You got the nerve to say that Nature's slipping?
The greatest vision, bald-head kid
Cartier frames, the latest Pippens
Doggystyle was my favorite position

Until I switched it, dead shit, got on some head shit
Headed in the wrong direction up in the Sheraton
QB to LA, still puffing my medicine
For those lost in the streets up north or deceased
For those struggling, unfortunate to eat

I dedicate this, tell me right now how do you rate this?
Whatever happened to the mule and the 40 acres
It's outrageous, the way the God finesse the basics
Invasion, me and Noreaga Firm made men