

Throw Your Guns

The Firm

Y'know, personally, I'm for the paper, as long as we all see doe
Yo yo, big boys play for large sums, yeah
Even bitches got their shit tight
Aight, if you're with us, throw your guns up, what the fuck?
Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

You acquired the knowledge, my brainwaves cause riots in college
Science scholar in this world of violence and dollars
Firm rappin' god from the projects, it ain't hard
From medicate cars to platinum cars, my click is that large
To get they dick licked and back massaged by rich chicks
Who rock Versace bras in the drop, watchin' the stars

Yo, the conquest is ours, mission accomplished, shittin' on Congress
Benz whipped with the 6, on this 8 trillion tonnes
When I appear reptilians run from affilions
Willions [Incomprehensible], like Indians
Your style's a dream, we pop Cristal and drive Bentley's in
The same streets you can't get a penny in

All my real shootout niggas hear me when
Half-A-Mil shoot out with Bohemians, calicoes spittin' in
Niggas splittin' in the same position they sittin' in
What sentencin'? We got too much Benjamins
We even got triple six I E M plastic currency
With [Incomprehensible] Images of Quentin in

My niggas lay back
We use to pump a G, now we pump 100-K packs
Guns aimed at, destroy your whole world like K-mat
What part of the game's that? The curse, my hot verse is flame rap
Players got the game trapped, I be the king mack
All my bitches mine 'til they bring crack

Yo yo, big boys play for large sums
Stack up, strategize, watch the cons come
It's all a game, even bitches got their shit tight
On the scene 18, suckin' dick right and sip right
If you're with us, throw your guns up
What the fuck? Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

What? From NY to New Orleans, we all fiends
Court scenes, flashbacks to kidnaps and fought Cream
Guns bussin', stash house out in Flushing
Corruption, killer mental is foul adjustin'

Cold nights, handled the streets my whole life
Back up off kikes, focus for niggas who lost sight
Travel thought wise, beyond light years, way across skies
Short i's, so many makin' livin' off lies

Anti up, hopin' my new shorty don't stand me up
It had me stuck, after this session, I plan to fuck
Hot pursuit, a real splittin' image of Pop Duke
Block lasoo's, paper player part of my roots

So what'cha grow, Shelley? I lit his game so sincerely

Really, most rap cats couldn't come near me
So it's either or Peter pay Paul, you and yours
Fools are frost, regulate life through rules and laws

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Firm official, 8-50 I, burnin' pistol, Black Magnum P-I
Mack V-I, willie hat, Half beehive, wise guy
'95 I, look in my eye, praisin' Allah, project aimin' rod
Greatest star Agbar, pushin' a hot car
Shark Bar, private engagement, live entertainment

I grab mics and I explain it
How I went from the brawns to the brainless
To the minds of the wise and the famous
Nigga's wives admire the guy's arrangers
Kick off their wedding rings to give head to the king
It's just a cheddar thing, amaretta, Armani leather thing

We into better things like wettin' the brains
Jumpin' outta stretches and minks, crime connected with link
Up in the club buyin' drinks, bitches eyein' the spinks
Hustler haters hate us, my guns say, "Fuck what they think"
Once I copped a Hummer this summer with a buttoned-up mink

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