

Foxy Brown, Firm Fiasco

Verse One: Nas Escobar, AZ the Vizuliza

As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be in the Firm
I can remember when I first met Sosa, it was a glorious time
There were wise guys everywhere, we were around
Twenty one, twenty two at the time
Yeah every place we go, every party
People would stop and stare when we walked in
We would give the doorman a hundred dollars just for opening the door
Sosa would give the bartender two hundred dollars just for keeping
The ice cold, yeah we were legends and we still are

Two hundred fallen angels, we balling from every angle
Heavy bag gold, panamania changed angle
Let's tangle, tabernacles
Ill lukiens coming at you, fuck Parus
A billion years B.C., originally black Jews
Cashsews honey now roasted, let's kill the colprate
He owe us shit, toe toe toe with that four four bit
Fuck the hoe shit, mercury back tax ?birth? for me
Personally I existed when Earth was in need, indeed
Human lifeform transformed from light storms, poltrons
Electrons nuetrons, iced long
Nights long, reptilaians I'll see ya'll in the next millenium
What world are we really in, amphibians moved to the Carribean
Underwater force, placed under the court of law
Usually sport Warlaw, my mind stay core raw
Fill of ambiants, love fine carats and cars that launch
Nonchalaunt, usually there are Jimmies up in the palms
Play low style, Guteians change my whole profile
Left the dope pile, bet the guard be around for awhile
Firm Islamic, hit the croner of the Earth just like a comet

Verse Two: AZ the Vizuliza, Nas Escobar

See I like Esco, he knew everybody and everybody knew him
He was the type of guy who routed for the bad guys in the movies
But hey

Die for this Firm, live for this Firm
Niggas learn, never should come before your fam
From ki's to ported grams, these are corners in the blue van
E's upon on us, cause of warrants
While we smoke hash cheese enormous, stack cheese
Travel the world like Taurus, went half with Sosa for four bricks
Down in Camdon, we handlin' to D.C.
Chips on fights with China White's by they tight PP
Wanting PC but all they get is good dick or four clips
For loose lips, by the jungle flise
Suck the pearl tongue juices, off you fly misses
Take her out to the Spark's stakehouse, gentelmen style
Coincidental, family's here
Meet fem fatale, French connection
Persian wet don, let's get this "F" on
The Ebony queen, Fox you grab my left arm
Dre made a QB the conton, BK and so on
Family strong ???? Nature, make sure we all get this millionaire's paper
What a sweet site for sour eyes, may we rise
Hope for now on we never cross sides

Veres Three: Foxy Brown

You know what, most hoes would have left these cats a long time ago
I mean if your man gave you a gun to hide, what would ya'll hoes do?

But you know, the shit kinda turned me on

Black Madonna, hoes kill for they popals
Never seen a bitch like this, queen misses
Rock BDS's on the left wrists, trick check this
Respect this, Firm's niggas lie knee deep in this bitch
Wanna need bitch and have my pussy bleed, swear for 'em
Fuck and take the chair for 'em, whoever dare cross us
The thoughts that thoughts across a bitch's minds, pops the nine
Leave 'em resting in peices, while my thorough bitches peep this
Death before decid-a, screw me on the dick-a
Lace me in Gabanna, peep dat
Think I'm flippin' on these three cats,
Set yo clown ass right up with my down ass
Bitch to hold the cash and G's, stash the guns for 'em
And the icedy E Berkee, breathe the the sun for 'em
Long dick style, swallow the enemies cum for 'em
Pretty ass hoe, bitches fuck 'em and I dumb on 'em
When Nas pop the Crist, Fox cops the fifth
Make my doe up for OZ's, now hoes that's real uh-hh