

Nas, Affirmative Action (Remix Edited Version)

(feat. Foxy Brown & AZ)

Verse One: Foxy Brown

Check it, uhh
Protect this, nigga for the necklace
I throw the death wish, the pretty slim sex shit
The rep this, remember Fox said this
We on some next shit, we are blessed this
The scares on our backs mean we met this
The lie for them, for 25 sentence
To keep my eyes on 'em, I straight knowin' when the light shine on 'em
Shitty drugs and drama, opposite three pretty thugs and a don momma
Fillin' the rest, the steel in they chest
And Boogs threw the kiss of death, it was over
And we laid out, chill I was open off the way he ate out
It was real, for real I was fuckin' wit' mills and he was frag-ile
We wowin', the brown stallion
Stay stylin', on the low foul'in'
The whole Firm woul'in', we lucked it
I know the trick bitch he fuck with, on some duct shit
Heard through the grade that she sucked it, Firm Sos and Esco
Mad loco, Fox and Mega for whatever and through this chedda
We gon' stay family, till we fry though
The fam will never split even if one of us die though
Along with our get go's, we gon' blaze til it brick-o's
Peep the na na, sweet taboo
The Firm tattoo on the tha tha, now tell me what crew
Hold it down like we do da da

Verse Two: Az the Vizuiliza

Till the death of this, murderous moves persue effortless
Ice neckalce, high priced dressed executives
Peep the grammer, flim built strong stamina
Forty-four nickel plate long with the silencer
Play for keeps in shut eye you stay sleep shit
Remain deep in ???? thrown at ya veins jeeps
Juiliani suite got all the kings goin' up for creek
Devil like biz now, who left his twirl in the streets
No intelligence, stritcly slow niggaz minds with ????
It's evident, Feds mess up paid ya residents
We all for livin', heavyweight Firm division
Mine, I check mine ?laswines? is my religion
You know the stees, take aim, cock and squeeze
It's the prophecies, got the philosciphies Socrates
Next up

Verse Three: Cormega

Yo I believe that's me (yo Mega represent for the family)
Aye yo, the Feds fot me in the top ten, cuz when my door got knocked in
A four four man's hoped in, my sinister mind
Shines like a Dilinger, Mega exhaulted Babyface crime emperor
Yo life is based on cultures and creeds, and feed the way
Be the thug nigga sess, I've seen niggaz tied up
Handcuffed and ???? , cold crisis is live when drugs supply driver
The Millenium drives up, rimes and my blinds ya eyes temporarily
Nas and Mega be heavily armed for felony, John you could never see
The next fat cat of NYC, It Was Written like ghetto life heirogriphics
Livin' since my real niggaz bailed me out of prision, a lot of scams
Cause the narcotics beamin', Queens had marked dollars
And the knowledge of thieves, my dream is the legacy
Of my penetentary, fake thugs couldn't even take gloves to burry me

Verse Four: Nas Escobar

To all thoroughbreds takin' the corners, ya'll need to join us
Firm most powerful nation of rap performers, high class generals
Confidence, payin' lawyers
Swift as Oscar Delaholia, green berett warriors
Fakes I keep them like the John Kennedy tape, in the new with two
Bustin' all in they face, I'm never worried cause your see through
My man built the Sugar Hill from sweet tooth, we all eat
Cause we I speak truth, uneducated black youth
Street diploma, teach Greeks and Romans but the legacy was stollen
It's a Firm thing, generally green I wrote the theme
On how to sell a million while ya cats are mad at ya promotion team
I roll with the nice as Fox, black ice pushin' whips without a license
Yeah, tight as five strokes, Nas got 19 wifies
Seven sheisty, nine of them Piceses
Three white meats under tight cheese, woulin'
Big links is heavy like bricks, used to want a pitbull
While feedin' them raw steak, it's core take
More cake, I take the time off the so-called king of the town
And lock it down