Yeah... some Firm shit, you know I mean? For all the niggas, in New York all across the motherfuckin' world (world), ain't nuttin' changed yet (ain't nuttin' changed yet) shit's still real (shit's still real)... Yo (Yo)

Yo major large niggas get they grind on cash, while the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass

I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to last Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past? Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past? Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

You know the routine, fast cars, rings get a crew seen We true fiends, old school style that's how we do things Born & destined, hands on many investments Strong, reflect this 'til I'm drawn back to the essence Street wise, 36 waist, small feet size The C.I.'s quick to slide off, once the heat rise Detour, poverty zone, police war Going through each dawn, searchin' new ways for me to eat more Fast learner, quiet storm, play the back burner Bureaucrats, I react like Nat Turner Hold weight, used to rock kicks wit no lace Fuck a soul mate, low heart pace, pulse at a slow rate Runnin' rapid, while others play as if they captive Brain's inactive, bein' subjected to this crab shit To each his own, fuck the foulness, need a week alone We can zone, all day long, on the speaker phone 600, nine five North, stay blunted, stress I came from it Sex got drained from it The new breed star gazin', raisin' two seeds To be free, the franchise is all a whole crew need....indeed

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past? Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

Whips & full clips & pussy lips Rubber grips attached to hips Past the journey to the crib, the purest sickness cura Holy Koran, sirah, leaves man to understand, I stand up as rough briva Heart is bleedin', stress got my hair line receedin' God look we feedin', leadin' my seeds, back to Eden And stay suspicious of promiscuous bitches Who don't wash & do dish & to big for your britches Lustin' riches, fuckin' the next man mistress You wonder why your pussy itches, fat ass sample wit out the glitches Shatter your mental, split your bean up like a lentel Disfigure your face, you recognizin' by the dental Hot lead from raw heat, left in store meat Lay it out on Broadstreet, before he Left all he heard was the echo from the shot Cops autopsy revealed, he was stopped by the Glock Devils lettin' off SCUDS, thugs trapped up in HUD houses New York, been infested by Bloods, lustin' for colors of red More black lies done shed through Yet the blood travelin' through veins remain blue Boned out until we zone out, no doubt

Chickenheads beg for the 9 inch Applehead
Their legs open like fallopian, lubricated by petroleum
Nine months later comes the ovary explosion
Bitch you stupid? A hundred dollars you couldn't recoup it
When I reign the truth on your brain you muted
Rula Zig-Zag, Zig Allah, plus Allah Zig, Zag-Zig
We addin' more knowledge to your wig

(Word up, word up) Yeah (Wu-Tang, Firm up in this piece know what I mean?)
Holdin' it down stamp of approval, you know? (Get ya brain washed, you know
what I'm sayin'?
Get ya muscle tendered & straight)
No doubt, no doubt
(Word up, the black God exists in the physical form, you know?)
The Firm baby, holdin' this, A to the Z, I know what time it is
(Aight) Armageddon