

TrackMasters

A yo you see that a major, tellin my flavor
All types of paper, I'm doin you a favor
So blaze the trees, come on baby please
Yo to lay with these girls pay the fees
Cause I stay in these, coop rabie bees
Jitty to the fifty, to the ACG's
And when I'm lazy B
Let the AC breeze, explain to my dames how the gamin be
So what you trippin about, in the club I be kickin em' out
I get em home then I'm twistin them out
If I still keep it real I be friskin them out, with my dick in they mouth
Then I'm kickin them out
Cause you miss the quote, cause even if this kid was broke
On you I wouldn't trick to know
Have me high at first like I sniff some coke
But now you gotta go don't forget your coat
Uh

We are the firm all stars
Fuckin your bitch we don't care who you are
We don't need no introduction, our music steady bumpin
From the crib to the club to your cars
Come fuck with us

If you know about us throw your hands in the air
From Teaxes to NewYork to Monclair
This be the knock from Flatbush to Little Rock
Even New Orleans be bout it bout it
It's hot

Uhhhhhhhhh
I gets 7:30 for the door daddy
Ain't know thing, ya'll know about the rings huh
Here you vibe and you balls with the big cat
Anything you tryin ta bring, been there done that
See the paper stack
I'm not a hater dog
Ya'll still crusin lands, I'm navagatin dog
Brooklyn tone
Baby girl flawsed night and left and baget stones in a James Bomd crome
See this pretty face, but you wanna stick it
If it's broke nigga we can let Tido fix it
I can't stop, I won't stop

Everything hot, first week out hit the top
Pretty Boy Relentless, Cop the Coop thats expensive
For instanse we rollin in fleets in ten to sixes
We smoke phiphers with a dime chick pullin all nighters
P be Mr. Macoroni
The world slick lies and pretty Tony
If you never new know you know me
Thats why they wanna blow me
We eat caviar, shine like a movie star
Firm click real thick, Nas tell em' who we are