

Thug Lordz f/ Eastwood

"Bulletproof Love"

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[Verse 1: Yukmouth]

Everyday I fuck with two bitches and they both got duties
One do dirt, the other do dishes
My one bitch is viscious, the other is a real hoe
The one under my pillow will leave a nigga crippled
The one layin' on my chest kno' how to work the strip pole
The other, family come from a long line of pistols
Now nina is a nine, and her brother is a 12 Gauge
Her mother is a .25 I packed in the 12th grade
Her pops, a .45 Heckler & Cock
And her uncle is a .44 glock, they make ya pop
Her grandma is a revolver, .357
Her grandpa, big Mack-11, send yo' ass to heaven
I got the whole collection, family tree of weapons
Desert Eagles, Ak's, Tech's, and Smiff & Wessuns
That's my protection for when I'm steppin' in the club
For you bulletproof thugs, this is bulletproof love

[Verse 2: C-Bo]

Uh, Uh
You like the best thing to happen to me
And you said if we hung together, wouldn't nuttin' happen to me
I ain't even want to come outside
You kept braggin' bout the sun, and how we can have fun outside
So we hopped in the ride, I got you on my side
And I'm feelin' the urgent moment like Bonnie & Clyde
You keep poppin' that gangsta shit
How you could pop any man, its a plan about stayin' ya chips
How anyone get in front of ya, holla
How anyone get in front of ya, keep dollas or don't bother the kid
It's a cold world, you put the heat in dis bitch
Your the reason that Bin Laden, ain't defeated dis bitch
So imma keep this bitch, get deep down in the streets with dis bitch
Leak wit dis bitch, sleep wit dis bitch

Eat wit dis bitch, creep on feet wit dis bitch
I'm in love with a snub, and it's bulletproof love

[Verse 3: Eastwood]

We close together like me any my daughter
A shotcaller, when it time to rob we both in tact wit the
manslaughter
I never knew that we would become so close
You on the block wit a nigga, everytime I slang yae and
post
And you can never leave me, you know I fucks you the
best
And if a nigga trip, I know you puttin' four in his chest
Do let the smooth jay fool ya, nigga my bitch will do ya
And they got nicknames like Nina's, Ross, Tech's, &
Rugers
I love mine, wit a nigga through hard times
And when I tried suicide you wouldn't let me die
Yeah it's all hood, that's why I keep you close
Everynight you sleep wit a nigga and rest yo' head on
my pillow
She's automatic, a Glock-9 Automatic
Ready to break off static, smashed off in a Benz wagon
I was a born leader, though I wasn't shown love
And that's how I feel in touch wit my bulletproof love

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