

## Caedmons Call

### "Thug Chronicles"

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[Kool G Rap]

Queens shit, we bring the thug shit for real nigga  
You know how we do, y'all know how a nigga bring it  
Straight direct at you kid

[Verse 1: Kool G Rap]

Like a Don from out of Sicily  
Under the arm is where the pistol be  
Top of your forehead the kiss will be  
Plant it ever so soft and gentle but die viciously  
Hours of torture before the torture apply misery  
Days before I feel pity to give a guy liberty  
Seat of his pants shitty and eyes all glittery  
I'll die a rich man before the F.B.I. figure me  
40 storeys up inside a high-rise in Italy  
No hittin' forces only natural courses could 'liver me  
Gray hairs from the great years the fears never shiver  
me  
Reminiscing how we car bombed ignitions  
And Politicians, Judges strong-armed to listen  
Men turning up dead or hurt, harmed and missing  
(forever)  
Bulletproof cars are driven Teflon edition  
Bodies cut up in large chunks thrown in car trunks  
Music inside the bar stunk . . .  
Gettin surrounded by bitches blowin' some cigars  
drunk  
One of my stone face goons will make your heart pump  
Electrocution with cables that make your car jump  
The yard punks, the sin with the life sentence for sellin  
hard junk  
The family, the whole commission  
Has been around since the days before prohibition  
Mathematics was good then, no slow addition  
Some overdose down the coke slope and dope  
addiction  
Lookin' back on them days I ran a whole division  
Some of the jake in the State was tryna throw the  
mission  
They caught a ticket ride to hell with no admission  
Beyond these tracks . . .

Our life and network of sippin' bourbon and Cognac  
First version observing the stocks and bonds we stack  
Thug chronicles these are the days of Don G Rap

[Havoc]

Wit' murder on his mind take it in blood  
We takin' that aim at niggaz throwin' shit in the game

[Hook: Havoc]

Yo, how it feel when we coming at you  
These gats blowing at you  
Personally don't give a fuck where you at  
And an unfamiliar face you know we like who that  
On point nigga it ain't goin down like that

[Verse 2: Kool G Rap]

We do our thing under handily still  
Tuck a mil for the family will  
Mansion and hot wheels in Amityville  
Treat a snitch nigga like Sam when he squeel  
Break the code of silence just hand me the steel  
For every wrong done a man will be killed  
There's plans to re-build . . .  
Curtains and drapes got the jakes tryna can me for real  
Until then, be in the backyard with clam on the grill  
Or catch me laid up in the canopy ill  
With two mami's handing me thrills  
Vivica Fox body vanity grills  
Rubberbanding these bills  
Tryna duck the fame of the glamor  
Tryna stay from out the range of the scanners  
Not tryna get my frame in a camera  
Avoid tabloids and front pages  
Bums get knocked off and bumped for favors  
Collect Trump papers with pumps and gauges  
Royale suites when I bunk in Vegas  
Got homicide searching the city dumped for neighbors  
Pinky ring with a chunk of glacier  
Copped a spot with a bunch of acres  
Some them got their bodies slumped from capers  
Barcaleno hat, tux and gators  
Got a crib full of house maids, butlers and waiters  
My clique from the minor league, jump the majors  
We gon' rock it 'til we jackpot fuck them haters  
If we have to run up in City Hall abduct the Mayor  
Any man against the master plan get bucked wit  
craters

[Hook] - 3X

[Kool G Rap]

Word, Y'all know what it's about  
Strictly about the big things, know what I'm sayin'  
Big money, big cribs, know what I'm sayin'  
Bitches with big asses, word up  
Big chains and shit, know what I'm sayin'  
Everything big kid think big, know what I mean  
Big Guns and all that, y'all niggaz is big time dick  
suckers tho'  
Y'all don't know

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