

## Kool G Rap

### "A Thug's Love Story Chapter I II III"

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Kool G Rap]

I know this chick yo mami is rich she push a six  
Living some bloodshed her man is pushing bricks  
Crib way out in the sticks they house looking slick  
It's like some shit straight out of a Hollywood flick  
Me and my clique met the chick up at Saint Nicks  
Honey was thick I was the first nigga to kick  
Yo mami was thick silk skirt with thigh split  
I couldn't quit trying to peep out the privates  
The live shit, you know how loose I get  
I'm scheming on her back, peeping her hips, fiending  
to hit  
Plump cherry lips, medium tits, Chink eyes her baby  
hair chick  
The type you want to pair with, have an affair with  
? flip me the digits, to the hip and the phone flip  
Said she had to split, hopped in the whip, headed up  
the strip  
Probably had to get with her man and shit  
Later on at night, I'm stressing love at first sight  
Some ain't right, I ain't the type of cat like me  
to be dealing with mad feelings  
And even though mami was mad appealing  
Body revealing and big wheeling  
This shit is illin, I don't like it  
Fuck it, I can't fight it  
I reaching for the cordless to call Miss  
I insist to get with this  
Tan Tone answer the phone, "Hello, who this?" (chick)  
"It's me baby, G Luciano, what up lady"  
"Fine and how you doing boo" (chick)  
"Ain't nothing new but you, angel, yo why don't you  
swing through  
"we could sip on some champagne from Spain boo"  
About an hour or two she came thru, fly hairdo  
We link, push in the six circle circle drink  
To purple mink, had mad bank, Chanel bag full of  
Benjamin Franks  
More ices than a hockey rink, face of a Saint  
Went for a drink ? Hot shots  
Would wanna spend those five digit o's, on bimbo's

Bar closed, back to her six double o, she drove  
My eyes closed her nigga dozed, when I awoke  
Saw mad snow, we at her spot at the Poconos  
Bridge robes, crib hot as a stove  
She changed out of her clothes, put on a silky bath  
robe  
Panty hoes with see thru holes, pretty toes  
Took me into the master suite, shit was sweet  
Jacuzzi four feet deep, with satin sheets  
As I was speaking to this half black/latin freak  
Met on a Manhattan street, body petite, fat on the  
cheeks  
I was getting open, started laughing and joking  
We weed smoking, stroking, the shorty's spoke and  
Said what the deal is, the realness  
My man is crazy as Bruce Willis  
If he catches us, he'll try to kill us  
He got a whole army of Kiiers  
Me no worry, I got the clapper son  
End of the first verse, chapter one  
Word  
Shit is real in the field  
Thug love story

[G. Luciano]

So here I am  
Laid up in this lavish house, up in the Poconos  
With this chick I don't even really know  
Steady stressing me how ill her man is  
So what I go and do, heh-heh, I nail her ass to the bed  
anyway  
Straight twisting mami's back out  
Hit three o'clock, fell right the fuck to sleep  
Clothes still on, breath smelling like Henrock  
Totally no kind of regards for this bitch's man  
I guess it's just another one of those G Rap adventures

[Kool G. Rap]

The next day about a quarter to eight  
I heard a squeek on the staircase  
Got the gat from under the pillow case  
Somebody broke in, now me and boo fully awoken  
Good thing I slept inside my clothes and shorty was  
frozen  
I'm waiting for a head to poke in, and start smoking  
The home invasion, right through the door, he started  
blazing  
Bullets was grazing, shit was crazy and  
I had to think to fast, let the gun blast, duck, then dash  
Heard a crash, they broke through the door, they on  
her ass

Jumped off the balcony like a falcon Gee  
With honey right in back of me, feel on top of the snow  
in agony  
Shit was thick, couldn't get to the six, they loaded the  
fifth  
Saw the snowmobile yo fuck it  
We start jumped it, get on top of the shit and peeled  
Mad soldiers out in the field, busting they steel  
The raw deal, kill or be killed, shit is real  
Ten hit me right on my heels, trying to make a thugs  
blood spill  
In zero degrees, niggas on skis, me and these Gees  
Slipping through pine trees, we skid up behind these  
Two big rocks and left off shots, about four dropped  
The other six started to pop, I feel something hot  
I think I got hit, my jacket is ripped  
Loaded my last clip then broke out quick and checked  
the chick  
She on my back tighter than shit, like vise grips  
I started clapping, niggas rolled up in blowing black  
and  
Spotted this Rover by a log cabin, we got our as in  
Mash the gas, make the fucking wheel spin  
The safety again, and still doing a hundred and ten  
Shorty shivering, lips quivering, ski suits up in the back  
seat  
Pulled over the Jeep get it in  
And took a rest stop at the river bend  
We living, we made it the fuck out, mad slugs  
delivering  
Pretty soon we at my rest piece, up in the bedroom  
Got shorty boo tending my bullet wound  
Put on some tunes, she blew my shit like a balloon  
Up in the moonlit room, and dicking her womb  
Hitting full behind her, grinding her with my anaconda  
She rode the dick like a honda  
I took her to the point of no return like Bridgette Fonda  
She back spasmed, giving the crazy orgasm, from  
steady rhythm  
My dick glistened, her lips hit'em, I shot jism  
Then laid back in the sack and lit the ism  
I thought about the realism  
Niggas coming and bring they steel with them  
I got just the thing to deal with them  
Nickel plate Mac, the laser attached, with two clips  
packed  
Push a niggas whole head back, so I snatched that  
So quick spread out and play the layout  
Still on alert, me and the skirt, day in and day out

[G. Luciano]

Yo what's the matter mami, you scared or something?

[Mami]

I'm a little worried baby

[G. Luciano]

Yo, don't be worried about nothing, alright  
Everything is gonna be alright

[Mami]

OK

[G. Luciano]

Look, we just gonna go to your house, go get the  
money  
You know, we gonna get your backs or whatever  
And we gonna get out of there, alright?

[Mami]

Alright, ven paca papi, dame un besito

[G. Luciano]

Alright, grab that bag money

[Mami]

Let's do this, baby

[Kool G. Rap]

After three whole days of lamping, we broke camp and  
Went out to the beach, many mansions out in the  
Hamptons  
Brung the clamp, ready to shoot shit up at random  
Five hundred grand is buried in the sand  
We planning, up in the crib-o with big windows, I'm  
counting the dough  
She packing her clothes, had her Lexus in the back of  
the Rolls  
I saw the keys, I grabbed the G's, we on and took those  
Shit was sitting on some chrome momo's  
Tinted windows, a LS Ford double O  
Told the chick, yo you moving to slow  
Speed it up baby, we got to go  
And get this plane and hit the Caymans  
With the payment, somebody came in  
A platoon of goons with heaters aiming  
I drew the Mac 10 and started flaming, they did the  
same and  
Slugs spraying and blood raining, I left about seven  
thugs laying  
But this one cat was gaining, he grab the dame and  
Put the heater to the chicks brain and

I let my two guns drop, they got the drop  
They took us both to a boat dock, then on a yacht  
The chick's man was there with a sixteen shot  
Nigga was hot, took the glock and hit me dead in my  
knot  
Honey started to panic and yelling that money in  
spanish  
Thinking he's out to take advantage  
So we're out in the fucking Atlantic  
With no lifesavers and stranded  
Backhanded the chick on the floor, called her a whore  
Said, "amor you won't be pretty no more"  
Took us on a tour, down in the deck  
Guess he wasn't ready to kill us yet  
Saw this nigga there, holding the Tec  
Ready to wet, I'm started to sweat, a niggas stressed  
We up beside a horrible mess  
I saw a box with the letters on it S.O.S  
So I took out a flare gun and shot the kid in the chest  
Took the Tec from out his hand, now I'm ready to bless  
The madness, put the rest of them niggas to rest  
Looked around, the chick's man was the only one left  
Threw his ass over board and told him hold your breath  
Caught my breath, I seen honey down on the deck  
Eyes closed with a bullet hole dead in her breast  
Held her in my arms till her soul finally left  
I'm mad depressed, my baby was an innocent death  
A real thug lost the only women he loved  
And I bugged, busting slugs at the stars above  
Word

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