

Kool G Rap

"A Thug's Love Story"

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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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