

## **Kool G Rap**

### **"Da Bosses Lady"**

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featuring Chameleon

(Scarface excerpt) That chick hes with....she like me. Oh she likes you

huh? How do you know? The eyes Chico....they never lie. What are you

serious? Yeah I'm serious....What do you think? Man thats the bosses

lady you're gonna get us killed. The bosses lady? fuck you man!....the

bosses lady...huh...that guys soft....you got some of that for

me?...would you kiss me if I wear that hat?

Verse 1 (Kool G. Rap)

I had to have her, since my first glance at her

pimp stance at her

watchin' men throwin' Benjamins and Grants at her

bottles of Italy and France at her

advance at her, spit romance at her

Champagne glasses chatter

ass fatter than that actress up in Family Matters

lips thicker than Mick Jagger

dick so hard the shit could stab her

she pushed a sick Jaguar

paint shined like it was black lacker  
she carried a small gat for back up  
whole shit spectacular  
peepin' out her frame, walkin' in back of her  
she had the hour glass shape  
had my blood flowin' fast paced  
past late, get that ass raped, fast tied up with mask  
tape  
mad papes, I could tell by the way she was draped  
her sex mate's caked up like Drake's  
he's got the crib by the lake  
wanted by the jakes  
for takin' powder weight outta state  
they straight sorrouned his crib with tower gates  
garden lookin' like a flowered wake  
every hour he make about enough dough to spoil this  
bitch sour  
sex, money, and power, pussy good enough to devour  
I hit her up inside the marble tiled shower  
then snapped back to reality  
he said her name was Valerie  
dont fuck around with that Ho, a nigga's on the salary  
pockets too low calorie  
her man will get his cavalry  
and straight turn the town to a shootin' gallery  
Chorus - off his life, to get in good with the bosses  
wife, cross his

life just to floss his ice, to get him hit for the cost of  
rice, torch

the night, if the thoughts is right, bodies could get lost  
inspite

repeat once

Verse 2: (Chameleon)

The bosses lady, I cocks the four-fifth and holds it  
steady baby

my man ships more weight than the fuckin' Navy

out to get this gravy, so you can't take mine

you crossed the line

fuckin' with the bosses devine

ay yo, his mans, they commit crimes

found out you tryin' to fuck with his dime

you layed your life on the line

but the cards are in my hands

I love this rich man, and fuckin' you is not in the plan

I'm out to get grands and live on my own land

so why fuck with that help?

I'm livin' in wealth, you under his belt

hourglass figure I know you felt

wonderin' how the pussy smelt

lavish taste will have you livin' in debt

fantasizin' 'bout his wifes sex,

so how could you disrespect the man

that supplies the cash for your checks?

on the low 'cause you know he blaze tecks

and you fear for whats next  
your life is in debt for tryin' to get my pussy wet  
realize the bigger picture  
I deal with bigger figures  
I got no time for affairs with the average niggas  
keep the lustin' to a limit  
'cause ain't no benefits in it  
too much to lose if I let you hit it  
you know the force is deep  
and you wanna creep  
thinkin' how sweet it would be if I just let you eat  
but to the boss yo, I gotta stay true  
the chump change won't do  
so me with you isn't happenin' boo  
verse 3: (Both)

(G. Rap) I like ya style, kid you get wild

let the chips pile

my clique slit smiles across your mans throat so look  
who's big now

barkin' on shit like a (?)

lame chick you got this shit foul

we got the big bricks shipped in from miles

while I'm whippin' shit with 6 plus 6 valves

makin' millions off Fiscal

we regulated,

boo I guess you haven't heard the latest about these  
new agents

stackin' outrageous

(Chameleon) Yeah, I heard about the way you flip birds,

got these niggas standin' on the curb sellin' cocaine  
and erbs

you and my nigga exchanged words then parted ways

you swore to God all day

your squad would spray my man in all kinds of sick and  
retarded ways

(G. Rap) straight gave him a harp to play

(Chameleon) I peeped your resume

(G. Rap) you with me Angel?

(Chameleon) yeah, no doubt, but I should bang you

Chorus 2X

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