

Kool G. Rap And Dj Polo "Da Bosses Lady"

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(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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