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Nicole Kidman "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' Banjamins 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 Jaggers 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 sorrounded 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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