

Remy Ma "Thug Love"

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(feat. Big Pun)

[Intro]

Let me make love, love to you
Let me thrill you with my song
Let me replace the love and the faith...

[CHORUS:]

[Big Pun]

Could it be your falling in love
With a thug right now,
Could it be your falling in love
With a thug's life style
Could it be your falling in love
Right now, Right now, Right Noooooow

[Remy]

Could it be, it can't be hun I'm calling ya bluff
I must be high off this weed 'cause I ain't falling in love
All that I ever dreamed off was fucking a thug
So I could bust a few slugs and sell a little drugs
Be up in the Benz chilling rolling ya blunts
Have the Spanish mommies illing 'cause I'm sitting in
front
And niggas on the block sick like what chu doing wit
that spic
Ya'll know Puetro Ricans and Blacks make the cutest
kids
Ya hair, my eyes, ya nose, and my lips
If it's a boy I hope that God bless him with his daddy's
dick
Shit to tell the truth with you I know I'm safe
And another nigga fronting and get blown in his face
And I like that
You give me love and I give it right back
But when you flip don't you think I ain't gon' fight back
Hun you got dough, and you know I got a nice stack
So when you mad, go ahead take ya ice back
I just throw on some lipstick and the Stylistics "Break-up
to Make-up"
And you know I hook a steak up
Take you breakfast in bed, nigga soon as you wake up

Get my jewels back and take another trip to see Jacob
Loving the way I do this for you
And every kiss that I blew Poppy Chew was a kiss for
you
Stayed true, Faithful, you can never say I played you,
'cause you ma boo and I can never say I hate you...

[CHORUS:]

[Big Pun]

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[Big Pun]

I swept you offa ya feet, you was just walking crossing
the street
And you was talking to me or was it my boys in the jeep
Either or she said she loved the way I play ball
Go after the bigger niggas even though there was nice
and tall
Shootin' dice in the hall inside of my doorway checking
my drawers
Up North style right next to ma boys, just the little
things would impress her alot
Like when I let her sit in the lex tryna guess where its at
God blessed her with ass, she had the perfect mix, she
was Morena with an Indian twist
She had the cinnamon lips the edge was rimmy and
crisp
I thought she was Dominican the way she was swinging
them hips
I never had a clue that she wanna ride for me, But I'm
like Darnell shorty had eyes for me
Its a quarter passed one but thats another song, what
was wrong?
What took so long to put a brotha on, It wasn't long
before we start bumping and Grindin'
Crushing her spine and had her soundin' like Busta was
rhyming
Bustin' her hymen the sight of sex she start busting out
cryin'
Her bus went by and she was ready up in there rydin'
Cussin' and wildin' in the back on the porch
Whose pussy is this?
[Remy] Come on daddy its yours... *[echoing]* its your,
its your

[CHORUS:]

[Big Pun]

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