

Sting

"Thug Chronicles"

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[Kool G Rap]

Queens shit, we bring the thug shit for real nigga
You know how we do, y'all know how a nigga bring it
Straight direct at you kid

[Verse 1: Kool G Rap]

Like a Don from out of Sicily
Under the arm is where the pistol be
Top of your forehead the kiss will be
Plant it ever so soft and gentle but die viciously
Hours of torture before the torture apply misery
Days before I feel pity to give a guy liberty
Seat of his pants shitty and eyes all glittery
I'll die a rich man before the F.B.I. figure me
40 storeys up inside a high-rise in Italy
No hittin' forces only natural courses could 'liver me
Gray hairs from the great years the fears never shiver
me
Reminiscing how we car bombed ignitions
And Politicians, Judges strong-armed to listen
Men turning up dead or hurt, harmed and missing
(forever)
Bulletproof cars are driven Teflon edition
Bodies cut up in large chunks thrown in car trunks
Music inside the bar stunk . . .
Gettin surrounded by bitches blowin' some cigars
drunk
One of my stone face goons will make your heart pump
Electrocution with cables that make your car jump
The yard punks, the sin with the life sentence for sellin
hard junk
The family, the whole commission
Has been around since the days before prohibition
Mathematics was good then, no slow addition
Some overdose down the coke slope and dope
addiction
Lookin' back on them days I ran a whole division
Some of the jake in the State was tryna throw the
mission
They caught a ticket ride to hell with no admission
Beyond these tracks . . .

Our life and network of sippin' bourbon and Cognac
First version observing the stocks and bonds we stack
Thug chronicles these are the days of Don G Rap

[Havoc]

Wit' murder on his mind take it in blood
We takin' that aim at niggaz throwin' shit in the game

[Hook: Havoc]

Yo, how it feel when we coming at you
These gats blowing at you
Personally don't give a fuck where you at
And an unfamiliar face you know we like who that
On point nigga it ain't goin down like that

[Verse 2: Kool G Rap]

We do our thing under handily still
Tuck a mil for the family will
Mansion and hot wheels in Amityville
Treat a snitch nigga like Sam when he squeel
Break the code of silence just hand me the steel
For every wrong done a man will be killed
There's plans to re-build . . .
Curtains and drapes got the jakes tryna can me for real
Until then, be in the backyard with clam on the grill
Or catch me laid up in the canopy ill
With two mami's handing me thrills
Vivica Fox body vanity grills
Rubberbanding these bills
Tryna duck the fame of the glamor
Tryna stay from out the range of the scanners
Not tryna get my frame in a camera
Avoid tabloids and front pages
Bums get knocked off and bumped for favors
Collect Trump papers with pumps and gauges
Royale suites when I bunk in Vegas
Got homicide searching the city dumped for neighbors
Pinky ring with a chunk of glacier
Copped a spot with a bunch of acres
Some them got their bodies slumped from capers
Barcaleno hat, tux and gators
Got a crib full of house maids, butlers and waiters
My clique from the minor league, jump the majors
We gon' rock it 'til we jackpot fuck them haters
If we have to run up in City Hall abduct the Mayor
Any man against the master plan get bucked wit
craters

[Hook] - 3X

[Kool G Rap]

Word, Y'all know what it's about
Strictly about the big things, know what I'm sayin'
Big money, big cribs, know what I'm sayin'
Bitches with big asses, word up
Big chains and shit, know what I'm sayin'
Everything big kid think big, know what I mean
Big Guns and all that, y'all niggaz is big time dick
suckers tho'
Y'all don't know

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