

# Beauty And A Thug

Jaheim

So burgundy, the window to his soul  
It seems he tapes his eyes closed,  
From huffin on, that's what he's puffin on.  
His style is rough, he wears his hair in cornrolls,  
His jeans hang loose and low  
So his di..opps he cain't be comfortable I mean, he's gotta be comfortable.

Now she's the type that's compared to a rose that grew from the concrete,  
So sweet ya know,  
From the streets yo.  
Now she's the opposite of he,  
Have you ever seen a lion sleep on the bossum of a sheep?  
It's beautiful.  
Yeah thug though.

She's so beautiful and he's a thug,  
They're so different yet they're in love.  
He's so thugged out and she's so beautiful,  
They're so perfect cause they're in love.

Picture this, his warm velvet voice on a cold winters night,  
Sugar free, bitter truth.  
Building life from a slang so divine.  
Soul to soul, their flesh pressed,  
From a firm of onyx tenderness.  
He signed his name with a venom kiss,  
Upon a heart, I never heard of such bliss.

Now she's the opposite of he,  
Such as a butterfly and he's a killer bee.  
Yeah, she becomes a victim to his sting,  
And he's amazed by the colors of her wings.  
And the life he's led has left him with some scars,  
But, she viewed them all as mid-beauty marks.  
The moral of the story, plain as can be,  
He loved her cause, He is me.

Da Da-da-da da da da-da-da da

She's beautiful and he's a thug,  
Made for each other 'cause they're in love.  
She's a petal and he's a thorn,  
From a different type of story since they were born.