

Thug Chronicles

Kool G Rap

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

Like a Don from out of Sicily; under the arm is where the pistol be
Top of your forehead, the kiss'll be
Planted 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
Seen him, his pants shitty and eyes all glittery
I'll die a rich man before the FBI figure me
40 stories up, inside a high rise in Italy
No hidden forces, only natural courses deliver me
Gray hairs from the great years, fears never shiver me
Reminscin, how we car-bombed ignitions
Of politicians, judges strong-armed to listen
Men turnin up dead, or hurt harmed and missin
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 cigars drunk
One of my stonefaced goons'll make your heart pump
Electrocution with cables that make the car jump
The yard punks, that sinned with a life sentence for sellin hard junk
The family, the whole commission
Has been around since the days before prohibition (no doubt)
Mathematics was good then, the slow addition
Some overdosed down a coke slope, a dope addiction
Lookin back on them days, I ran a whole division
Some of the Jake and the state was tryin to throw the mission
They caught a ticket ride to hell with no admission; beyond these tracks
A life of networkin, sippin bourbon and co-gnac
First version observin in stocks and bonds we stack
The chronicles, these are the days of Don G Rap

With, murder on his mind, take it in blood
We takin that aim, and niggaz throwin shit in the game

How it feel when we comin at you, these gats blowin at you
Personally, don't give a FUCK where you at
And an unfamiliar face, you know we like WHO DAT?
On point nigga, it ain't goin down like that

We do our thing, underhandedly still, tuck a mill'
For the family will, mansion and hot wheels in Amityville
Treat a snitch nigga like Sam when he squeal
Break the code of silence, just hand me the steel
For every wrong done, a man'll be killed, there's plans to rebuild
Curtains and drapes, got these Jakes tryin to can me for real
Until then, be in the backyard with clam on the grill
Or catch me laid up in the canope ill
With two mamis handin me thrills; Vivica Fox body Vanity grills
Rubberbandin these bills; tryin to duck the fame and the glamour
Tryin to stay from out the range of the scanners
Not tryin to get my frame in the 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 searchin the city dump for neighbors
Pinky ring with a chunk of glacier
Copped a spot with a bunch of acres
Some of them got they bodies slumped for capers
Barcaleno hat, ducks and gators
Got a crib full of housemaids, butlers and waiters
My click, from the minor league jump to major
We gon' rock until we jackpot, FUCK THEM HATERS
If we have to run up in City Hall, abduct the Mayor
Any man against the master plan can fuck with craters!

- repeat 1.5X

Word