

# Thug Love

Remy Ma

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

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

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...

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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 h

ad 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 rhymin'

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?

Come on daddy its yours... its your, its your

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