

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 h
er 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 In
dian 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 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?

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

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