

# 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, you're fallin' in love  
With a thug right now  
Could it be you're fallin' in love  
With a thug's life style  
Could it be you're fallin' in love  
Right now, right now, right now  
Could it be, it can't be Pun I'm callin' ya bluff  
I must be high off this weed 'cuz I ain't fallin' in love  
All that I eva dreamed of was fuckin' a thug  
So I could bust a few slugs and sell a little drugs  
Be up in the Benz, chillin', rollin' ya blunts  
Have the Spanish mommies illi' 'cuz I'm sittin' in front  
And niggas on the block sick like what cha doin' wit that spic  
Y'all don't know? Puerto 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  
Frontin' 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  
Pun 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, lovin' 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"  
'Cuz you ma boo and I can never say, "I hate you"  
Could it be, you're fallin' in love  
With a thug right now  
Could it be you're fallin' in love  
With a thug's life style  
Could it be you're fallin' in love  
Right now, right now, right now  
I swept you off ya feet, you was just walkin' crossin' the street

And you was talkin' 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 checkin' my drawers  
Up north style right next to ma boys, just the little things  
Would impress her a lot like when I let her sit in the lex tryna  
Guess, where it's 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 with me but I'm like Darnell  
Shorty had eyes for me, it's a quarter passed one  
But that's another song, what was wrong? Why you took so long  
To put a brotha on? It was't long before we start bumpin'and grindin'  
Crushin' her spine and had her soundin' like Busta was rhyming  
Bustin' her hymen, the sight of sex she start bustin' out cryin'  
Her bus went by and she was ready up in there rydin'  
Cussin' and wildin', talkin' dirty in the back of the porch  
Whose pussy is this? Come on, daddy, it's yours  
Could it be, you're fallin' in love  
With a thug right now  
Could it be you're fallin' in love  
With a thug's life style  
Could it be you're fallin' in love  
Right now, right now, right now

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>