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://damnlyrics.com/