

Thug Love (feat. Big Pun)

Remy Ma

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

(Big Pun)

Could it be your fallin in love
With a thug right now,
Could it be your fallin in love
With a thug's life style
Could it be your fallin in love
Right now, Right now, Right Noooooow

(Remy)

Could it be, it can't be hun I'm callin ya bluff
I must be high off this weed cuz I ain't fallin in love
All that I eva dreamed off 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 illin cuz I'm sittin in front
And niggas on the block sick like what chu doin wit that spic
Ya'll 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
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
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...

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(Big Pun)

Could it be your fallin in love
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Could it be your fallin in love

With a thug's life style
Could it be your fallin in love
Right now, Right now, Right Noooooow(Big Pun)
I swept you offa 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 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 thought marnia was 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 had 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 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' in the back on the porch
Whose pussy is this?
(Remy) Come on daddy its yours... (echoing) its your, its your()
(Big Pun)
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>