

# Thug Chronicles

Kool G Rap

We bring the thug shit for real nigga  
You know how we do  
Y'all know how a nigga bring it  
Straight direct at you kid

Like a Don from out of Sicily; under the arm is where the pistol be  
Top of your forehead, the kiss'll be  
Planted ever so soft and gentle but die viciously  
Hours of torture, before the torture apply misery  
Days before I feel pity to give a guy liberty  
Seen him, his pants shitty and eyes all glittery  
I'll die a rich man before the FBI figure me  
40 stories up, inside a high rise in Italy  
No hidden forces, only natural courses deliver me  
Gray hairs from the great years, fears never shiver me  
Reminscin, how we car-bombed ignitions  
Of politicians, judges strong-armed to listen  
Men turnin up dead, or hurt harmed and missin  
Bulletproof cars are driven, Teflon edition  
Bodies cut up in large chunks, thrown in car trunks  
Music inside the bar stunk  
Gettin surrounded by bitches blowin cigars drunk  
One of my stonefaced goons'll make your heart pump  
Electrocution with cables that make the car jump  
The yard punks, that sinned with a life sentence for sellin hard junk  
The family, the whole commission  
Has been around since the days before prohibition (no doubt)  
Mathematics was good then, the slow addition  
Some overdosed down a coke slope, a dope addiction  
Lookin back on them days, I ran a whole division  
Some of the Jake and the state was tryin to throw the mission  
They caught a ticket ride to hell with no admission; beyond these tracks  
A life of networkin, sippin bourbon and co-gnac  
First version observin in stocks and bonds we stack  
The chronicles, these are the days of Don G Rap

With, murder on his mind, take it in blood  
We takin that aim, and niggaz throwin shit in the game

How it feel when we comin at you, these gats blowin at you  
Personally, don't give a FUCK where you at  
And an unfamiliar face, you know we like WHO DAT?  
On point nigga, it ain't goin down like that

We do our thing, underhandedly still, tuck a mill'  
For the family will, mansion and hot wheels in Amityville  
Treat a snitch nigga like Sam when he squeal  
Break the code of silence, just hand me the steel  
For every wrong done, a man'll be killed, there's plans to rebuild  
Curtains and drapes, got these Jakes tryin to can me for real  
Until then, be in the backyard with clam on the grill  
Or catch me laid up in the canope ill  
With two mamis handin me thrills; Vivica Fox body Vanity grills  
Rubberbandin these bills; tryin to duck the fame and the glamour  
Tryin to stay from out the range of the scanners  
Not tryin to get my frame in the camera  
Avoid tabloids and front pages

Bums get knocked off and bumped for favors  
Collect Trump papers with pumps and gauges  
Royale suites when I bunk in Vegas  
Got homicide searchin the city dump for neighbors  
Pinky ring with a chunk of glacier  
Copped a spot with a bunch of acres  
Some of them got they bodies slumped for capers  
Barcaleno hat, ducks and gators  
Got a crib full of housemaids, butlers and waiters  
My click, from the minor league jump to major  
We gon' rock until we jackpot, FUCK THEM HATERS  
If we have to run up in City Hall, abduct the Mayor  
Any man against the master plan can fuck with craters!

- repeat 1.5X

Word