

# Thug Luv

Lil' Kim

Mm-hmm, ye-yeah..

Here come a bitch with the fly puss', and a nigga with the fly dick  
In the Mickey and Mallory mode, rollin through the streets on 24's  
On krunk screamin, "Die bitch!"  
Bout to shut yo' shit down, anybody that opposes to payin us a fee false  
If the straps don't bleed y'all  
We put stitches in yo' motherfuckin dome like a league brawl  
(Come and roll with this)  
Take a journey to the realm of the truth when I bust this  
It's the Duke and the Duchess  
Leavin haters 'buked and on crutches  
Niggaz you cannot touch this  
It's a new collaboration of Thug Luv  
between the Thug Queen and the Thug Lord  
More power than a drug lord  
Meant to be because we love each other the way we love war  
Gotta rider bet hug yours, cause I'm full of ambition  
and ammunition and a 50 like I smoked a sticky stack of hash  
Ain't no missin on no critical condition  
Murderin is the mission and we can bust a itchy atcha ass  
Feel the flow when I drop it  
Don't when to stop it, I'm goin pockets and layin bodies down  
Feel adrenaline from me and Kim and them  
We got it sewed from Brooklyn to Chi-Town  
See the artillery, we don't fuck around with silly games, plenty thangs  
Nigga plus I got an illy aim, stick 'em up, steal his chain  
Then I spill his brain, then I feel his pain  
Some of the consequences when you dealin with a plug thug  
And I'm backed up by the Queen, we gon' take over the world  
Whatchu know about Thug Luv?

You can't fuck with us; do it like a hustler  
Gotta keep it gangsta, can't no one collide with us  
All my true thugs and all my real bitches  
Won'tcha come and ride with us  
Do it like a hustler  
Gotta keep it gangsta, can't no one collide with us  
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It's the T-W-I-S to the T-A, K to the motherfuckin I-M  
Bout to shut yo' shit down  
Other albums come out ain't NOBODY gon' buy them  
Now who gon' deny them? I'm scared of myself, don't nobody wanna try Kim  
Y'all know you done fucked up  
(now whassup - y'all better come roll with us)  
Who's you Mister? It's Lil' Kim and Twista (and we about this)  
For those who doubt this, the game is ours (we gon' run you up out this)  
What a wonderful feeling when you're stealin a million  
But the billion jackpot's what I aim for  
Get your hands in the air, put 'em up, keep 'em high  
Don't want no problems - JUST GIMME WHAT I CAME FOR!  
Pull up on your block, eight straight Hummers  
Bout to have it locked, eight straight summers  
Bank account hold eight straight numbers  
Ain't no room for you whack newcomers

We the people's choice because we kick that  
nasty "Hardcore" shit that you wanna hear  
Can't fuck with us, hands down we win best murder rap of the year  
Pounds to the misters, hugs for the miss  
Bombs in the mail, sealed with a kiss  
All my bitches pop that thing like this  
All my niggaz wave that bling on the wrist  
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Kim is yo' flow hot?  
Like a gun shot  
Twist' is yo' flow cold?  
Well I think so  
Kim do you got dranks  
Crist' by the box  
Twist' do you got smokes  
Well I got 'dro, now baby we can roll

Do it like a gangsta, creepin like a murderer  
Strapped while I roll on chrome  
Lookin for the ones we at war with  
When we see 'em we gon' aim for your dome

Hear me Ma we can run this Earth together, come up worse than ever  
Havin big dreams while we back up this work together  
Let's set up shop on the block now, takin over yo' tip  
Even if we gotta slang dubs  
Go to war because I love blood, with a Queen by my side  
Whatchu know about Thug Luv?

Do it like a hustler, Lil' Kim and Twista  
Might as well ride with us  
Male groupies, girl groupies  
They're all gon' side with us  
Whatcha gon' do, it's the Duke and the Duchess  
You need to give it up  
We gon' take over the world  
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