

# Kool G Rap, Da Bosses Lady

[Imitation of excerpt from the movie &quot;Scarface&quot;]

That chick he's with... (huh) she like me  
Oh, she likes you huh? How do you know?  
I know. The eyes Chico... they never lie  
What, are you serious?  
I'm serious... what do you think?  
Man that's the boss's lady  
{\*sarcastic\*} The boss's lady  
You're gonna get us killed  
Fuck you mayn! The boss's lady... that guy's soft  
You got some of that for me?  
Would you kiss me if I wear the hat?

[Verse 1: Kool G. Rap]

Had to have her  
Since my first glance at her, pimp stance at her  
Watchin men throwin Benjamins and Grants at her  
Bottles of Italy and France at her  
Advanced at her, spit romance at her  
Champagne glasses chatter  
Ass fatter than that actress up in Family Matters  
Lips thicker than Mick Jagger  
Dick so hard the shit could stab her  
She pushed a sick Jaguar  
Paint shined like it was black lacquer  
Carried a small gat for back up, whole shit spectacular  
Peepin out her frame walkin in back of her  
She had the hourglass shape, girls disgraced stay out her way  
Past late, get that ass raped, fast tied up with mask tape  
Mad papes, I could tell by the way she was draped  
Her sex mate's caked up like Drake's  
He got the crib by the lake  
Wanted by the Jakes for takin powder weight outta state  
Straight surrounded his grounds with tower gates  
Garden lookin like a flower wake  
Every hour he make about enough dough to spoil this bitch sour  
sex, money, and power, pussy good enough to devour  
Hit her up inside the marble tiled shower  
Snapped back to reality, told me her name was Valerie  
Don't fuck around with the help  
Nigga on the salary, pockets too low calorie  
Her man'll send the cavalry, straight turn the town to a shootin gallery

□□

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Off his life  
To get in good with the boss's wife  
Cross his life just to floss his ice  
To get him hit for the cost of rice, tossed at night  
If the thoughts is right  
Bodies could get lost in sight

[Verse 2: Camileone]

The boss's lady, I cocks the four-fifth and hold it steady baby  
My man ship mo' weight, than the fuckin Navy  
out to get this gravy, so you can't take mine  
You crossed the line, fuckin with the boss's devine  
Aiyyo, his mans, they commit crimes (yeah right)  
Found out you tryin to fuck with his dime, you lay your life on the line  
But the cards are in my hands  
I love this rich man, and fuckin you is not in the plans  
I'm out to get grands and livin on my own land  
So why fuck with that help? I'm livin in wealth, you under his belt (whatever)  
Hourglass shape I know you felt, wonderin how the pussy smelt  
Lavish taste'll have you livin in debt

Fantasizin 'bout his wife's sex, how could you disrespect  
the man who supply the cash for yo' checks? (So what?)  
on the low cause you know he blaze tecs, and you fear for what's next  
Your life could be dead, for tryin to get my pussy wet  
Realize the bigger picture, I deal with bigger figures  
Don't have time for affairs, with the average niggaz  
Keep the lustin to a limit, cause ain't no benefits in it  
Too much to lose if I let you hit it  
You know the force is deep, and you wanna creep  
Thinkin how sweet it would be if I just let you eat  
But till the boss show, I gotta stay true, the chump change won't do  
For me with you, isn't evident boo

[Kool G. Rap]

I like your style, kid you get wild, let the chips pile  
My click slit smiles across your man's throat, so look who big now  
Barkin on shit like a big growl, lame chick you got this shit foul  
We got the big bricks shipped in from miles  
While I'm whippin shit, 6 plus 6 valves  
Do a milli' from sick style, we regulate it  
Yo boo I guess you haven't heard the latest about these new ages  
Stackin outrageous

[Camileone] + (G. Rap)

Yeah, I heard about the way you flip birds  
Got these niggaz standin on the curb, leafers and herbs  
You and my nigga exchanged words then parted ways  
You swore to God all day your squad would spray  
my man in all kinds of sick and retarded ways  
(Straight gave him a harp to play)  
I peeped your resume (You with me Angel?)  
Yeah no doubt, but I should bang you

[Chorus]