

Kool G Rap, Da Bosses Lady

[Imitation of excerpt from the movie "Scarface"]

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

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[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
Ayyo, 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]