

# Kool G Rap, Thug For Life

[Intro/Chorus]

I'm thug for life, ain't no changin me  
I'm thug for life, ain't no changin me  
I pop off guns and live dangerously  
I'm lot more nigga than you aimin to be  
My Range bling, platty chain hang to the knee  
I'm thug for life, ain't no changin me

[Verse One]

Aiyyo, who got the drop, my gun been cocked  
Spits from four-fives to flintlocks, pinky finger with the pimp rock  
Hustle on dim blocks and sip Henn-rock  
Draw quick, got a second hand like Big Ben clock (ya heard?)  
Reach for that heat, put your wig in the wind pop  
Fill your belly with ten shots; if I get hit  
and you see blood then flood the bullet wound with gin shots  
Put beef in a Slim Jim box  
Bitch you wanna pinch and win slot  
Clap lead until your big friend drop  
Niggaz'll front until I send chin shots  
Beat the rock until they send cops (or what?)  
'Til one of us'll get carried out on the thin cot  
Emergency room skin chopped by ten docs  
Got it locked like a bid in the state pen box  
When I dares peers hangin to where my shin stop; before I struck rich  
Fucked bitches and killed 'em with a ten inch cock (f'real)  
Bitch nigga stuck him with a ten inch ock (y'know?)  
Bread bloods and stiff vodka, deep in this game  
Know the feds want the clique locked up  
We love brain so we headhunt like witchdoctors  
My lil' momma let lead dump from big poppa  
Even the Jake surrounded the spread with pig choppers  
that taste preposterous; tear gas, tanks of oxygen  
Like we in banks with hostages (what we want?)  
All we want is minks and ostriches (what?)  
Diamond cuff links and proper shit  
Snitches left stinkin in carpet stiff  
Or get they carcasses turned to link sausages (f'real)  
Ain't nuttin sweet, we known for bangin cartridges  
We got the heart for this  
No matter how light or dark it is (ya heard?)  
(No matter how light or dark it is, f'real)

Thug for life (what?) Rep by strips (killers)  
Let loose clips (dealers) Stack mad chips (you know we)  
Bag bad chicks (my niggaz) Push fly whips (all of the)  
Hoes blow dick (nigga) G flows sick (what?)

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

My whole life about chrome rims and stone gems (what?)  
Big boned skins, Capone brims, dick blown in my own Benz  
Quick to Scarface thugs who raise up blown brims  
Dolla trickin never politickin with grown mens  
Ideas of settin me up for loot I won't bend  
Just make that light bulb at the top of your dome dim (uh-huh)  
Who rap-happy nigga keep the lyrics and poems grim  
Get found at the bottom of the river with stone Timbs (word)  
Babyface, swimmin flash stomach and toned limbs  
Wake up every mornin work out in the home gym  
Reppin this rap game until my zone ends (uh-huh)  
'Til mixin boards melt down, the microphone bend (yea)  
I spit about street shit but never condone sin

Kept it thug for life baby followed my own trend

[Chorus]

Kid!! Word.. thug shit  
Queens shit for life nigga