

# Thug Lordz, Bulletproof Love

(feat. Eastwood)

[Verse 1: Yukmouth]

Everyday I fuck with two bitches and they both got duties  
One do dirt, the other do dishes  
My one bitch is viscious, the other is a real hoe  
The one under my pillow will leave a nigga crippled  
The one layin' on my chest kno' how to work the strip pole  
The other, family come from a long line of pistols  
Now nina is a nine, and her brother is a 12 Gauge  
Her mother is a .25 I packed in the 12th grade  
Her pops, a .45 Heckler & Cock  
And her uncle is a .44 glock, they make ya pop  
Her grandma is a revolver, .357  
Her grandpa, big Mack-11, send yo' ass to heaven  
I got the whole collection, family tree of weapons  
Desert Eagles, Ak's, Tech's, and Smiff & Wessuns  
That's my protection for when I'm steppin' in the club  
For you bulletproof thugs, this is bulletproof love

[Verse 2: C-Bo]

Uh, Uh  
You like the best thing to happen to me  
And you said if we hung together, wouldn't nuttin' happen to me  
I ain't even want to come outside  
You kept braggin' bout the sun, and how we can have fun outside  
So we hopped in the ride, I got you on my side  
And I'm feelin' the urgent moment like Bonnie & Clyde  
You keep poppin' that gangsta shit  
How you could pop any man, its a plan about stayin' ya chips  
How anyone get in front of ya, holla  
How anyone get in front of ya, keep dollas or don't bother the kid  
It's a cold world, you put the heat in dis bitch  
Your the reason that Bin Laden, ain't defeated dis bitch  
So imma keep this bitch, get deep down in the streets with dis bitch  
Leak wit dis bitch, sleep wit dis bitch  
Eat wit dis bitch, creep on feet wit dis bitch  
I'm in love with a snub, and it's bulletproof love

[Verse 3: Eastwood]

We close together like me any my daughter  
A shotcaller, when it time to rob we both in tact wit the manslaughter  
I never knew that we would become so close  
You on the block wit a nigga, everytime I slang yae and post  
And you can never leave me, you know I fucks you the best  
And if a nigga trip, I know you puttin' four in his chest  
Do let the smooth jay fool ya, nigga my bitch will do ya  
And they got nicknames like Nina's, Ross, Tech's, & Rugers  
I love mine, wit a nigga through hard times  
And when I tried suicide you wouldn't let me die  
Yeah it's all hood, that's why I keep you close  
Everynight you sleep wit a nigga and rest yo' head on my pillow  
She's automatic, a Glock-9 Automatic  
Ready to break off static, smashed off in a Benz wagon  
I was a born leader, though I wasn't shown love  
And that's how I feel in touch wit my bulletproof love