

Thug Love

A Boogie wit da Hoodie

It's crazy, you're still pretty when you cry
We got London on the track She want that thug love, yeah
But this ain't no fucking love song
It's crazy you're still pretty when you cry
Push your panty strings over to the side
Gon' wake up and hit it, why you got your thong on? Yeah
You tellin' me that you want thug love
But you don't even kiss me when we making love
And that's how I knew that you was a dog
I cannot blame you
I can't even lie, I was the same, too
I might be the reason, yeah, I changed you
Girl, I never meant to play you
Now you don't trust niggas (Trust niggas)
The same way I don't trust bitches (Trust bitches)
I ain't gon' lie, I was a dog, nigga (Dog)
A thug nigga with a heart (A thug nigga with a heart)
Niggas finna send shots tryna get even
Headshot, leave you like a vegetable with needles, yeah
Rattin', that's gon' make them
Niggas run up on your people, yeah, yeah
Can't be eatin' on no cheese, that's it, nigga, nah
I just wanna be a rock star like The Beatles
I ain't no fucking stuntman, Evel Knievel
But I can get you stuck, man, fuck is you thinking, nigga?
Shooting like a Jumpman, 23 'em, yeah, yeah
Okay, yeah, that's Boogie in your nightmares
Yeah, okay, I used to bust juggs with my right hand
Yeah, okay, I used to bag it up with my left hand
To this day I never read the Bible so I might sin, yeah
Okay, yeah, that's Boogie in your nightmares
I ain't wanna be a pain, never do it right, yeah
I just hope my daughter never meet a nigga like me
'Cause I swear I already know that nigga's grimy
Yeah, that's how I feel, nigga
I fucked a lot of niggas' bitches and they still with 'em
And all the niggas that's with me, they was there since lil' niggas
And they the type to go catch a body and not tell niggas
But it's so hard to tell, though
I just hope you never tell, though, yeah, yeah
Ah, ah, just hold it down, yo, yeah, yeah
Ah, ah, stick to the damn code, yeah, yeah

I cheated on my girl so she want
All of— All of my passcodes
I was a asshole, I made up time for her
Bought her Louis Vuitton, Chanel, and Tom Ford, yeahBut you say you want thug love (Say
you want thug love)
But this ain't no fucking love song,
Yeah, yeah (Ain't no fuckin' love song)
Ah, ah, pretty when you cry, ah (Pretty when you cry)
Pullin' on your panty strings, put 'em to the side, oh
Wake up, hit it while you still got your thong
On, yeah, nah, nah (While you got your thong on)
You say you want thug love, you don't (You want thug love)
Even kiss me when we make love, oh,
Yeah, yeah (Kiss me when we make love)
You say that I'm a dog, ohBut you don't even kiss when we make love, oh

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